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Be not simply good: be good for something.

Thoreau

A TREASURE CHEST OF MEMORIES

A Treasure Chest of Memories

Edited by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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Under the titles *Heart Throbs* and *More Heart Throbs*

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
BOSTON, MASS.
EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

August 31, 1905

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that The National Magazine has awarded you one of the 840 prizes for your "Heart Throb" contribution.

Heartily congratulating you upon your success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Jr Mitchell Chapple

The above award has been submitted and approved.

Respectfully,

W. B. Allison

George Dewey

For the Judges

FACSIMILE OF THE NOTIFICATION OF AWARD

Signed by Senator Allison and Admiral Dewey—Each of the 840 Awards was Personally Signed by these Distinguished Friends of the National

FOREWORD

In the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for September, 1904, the following announcement was first published:

"I WILL GIVE $10,000 FOR HEART THROBS"

I am editing the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for what Lincoln loved to call us, "The plain people of America." President McKinley told me I could do it, and the magazine has been a success beyond all expectations.

Now, I want you to help me edit the NATIONAL, and I am going to give *ten thousand dollars* to those who will do it. What I want is real heart throbs—those things that make us all kin; those things that endure—the classics of our own lives. Send me a clipping, a story, an anecdote, or a selection that has touched your heart. It is in the American homes that I am searching for the literature that endures—those things that touch and pulsate with the best and noblest emotions and sentiment.

It may be in that old school book in the attic; it may be between the leaves of the family Bible; it may be in mother's scrapbook, yellow with age and hallowed by sacred memories; it may have been given you when you could scarcely read through the tears; it may be one of father's jovial jokes pasted on the side of his desk, or in that drawer long since unopened; it may be that clipping well worn from taking out of the pocketbook often to show a friend for a hearty laugh. Wholesome good cheer, humor, comfort, hope—those things that make dark days endurable and sunny days enduring. In this way I hope to get those priceless little gems which you have always looked for in your favorite periodical.

Heart throbs—yes, heart throbs of happiness, heart throbs of courage, heart throbs that make us feel better. *Those things that appeal to you must appeal to others;* that note of inspiration laid aside—bring it forth and let us make a magazine that will speak the language of the heart as well as of the mind. I want you to send me these clippings to show me what kind of stories interest you, your mother, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters

I want to know just what kind of short, pithy articles you would select if you were sitting here with me at my editorial desk. You are constantly reading stories and anecdotes in the magazines, books, newspapers, or religious periodicals. Perhaps you have clipped them or pasted them in your scrap-book, or you may have remembered where you have seen such a story, and said to yourself, "Well, that's about as bright as it could be." That is the kind of a story I want.

I have placed on deposit with the First National Bank, of Boston, *ten thousand dollars* ($10,000). This money to be held in trust until the time specified below, when it will be divided among those who help me. To ten persons sending in the best clippings, I will give each one

A PILE OF SILVER DOLLARS AS HIGH AS EACH SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT

That is, if you secure one of the first ten awards, and measure six feet high, or four feet five, I will send by express as many silver dollars as will measure your exact height, one silver dollar placed flat upon the other. The others will be 10 awards of $50 each for the next best stories; 20 awards of $25 each for the next best stories; 100 awards of $10 each for the next best stories; 200 awards of $5 each for the next best stories; 500 awards of $1 each for the next best stories.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY AWARDS IN ALL

Remember you may clip the stories or verse out of an old newspaper or magazine, or an old book, or you may remember a story some one else has told you, or you have read in years past but cannot give the source. Write it out and send it in, but I would like to know where it was published and when, so as to give due credit, but this is not binding, if your memory fails you. They may be bright, cheerful, humorous, pathetic or biographical, or anecdotal—anything you would call a good story.

United States Senator Allison and Admiral George Dewey will make the final awards on behalf of the Judges.

Sir Chapple

NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

This programme has been carried out to the letter, and every prize awarded and paid to the value of OVER $10,000; since in the multiplicity of contributors and contributions some few were omitted in the first allotment of prizes.

In consequence of the great apparent value of this unique collection, and a very large number of requests for their publication, HEART THROBS is now offered to American readers.

It should be remembered that this collection of short poems, essays, anecdotes, apothegms and stories has been gleaned from a vast mass of contributions, every one of which had been set aside and especially preserved by the contributor because in some way it had appealed with unusual force to the affections, hopes, experience, fancy, judgment or interests of the sender, and become dear to the heart; in short, a veritable "heart throb" of the contributor.

It would have been too much to expect that every one of the myriads of clippings and copyings would be a gem of literary excellence and refined taste; but every one was the chosen treasure of a human heart, endeared to it by the pleasure, encouragement, or consolation, with which its few printed or written words had, like the spell of the ancient magician, evoked blooming spring, radiant summer or fruitful autumn out of the lowering and chilling wintry days of human life. It should also be remembered that, unlike previous collections made by one or more scholarly editors, or compilers, this volume is made up of selections, nearly every one of which was accompanied by a personal letter telling of the circumstances or incidents which had endeared it to the sender. Many of these selections were yellow with age, worn threadbare, and carefully repaired and strengthened; odorous with lavender, rose and orris; stained with tears; printed on silk, or deftly limned and illuminated, and otherwise self-proven to be of a heart's treasure-trove.

It scarcely needed the letters, often written by toil-stiffened and age-trembling hands, to tell of the sacred memories recalled by these little scraps of written or printed paper, or of the helpful, hopeful lives which had been strengthened and uplifted by their silent ministrations. These letters were indeed oftentimes the real "heart throbs," revealing the normal ambitions and aspirations of the American people in all their vocations and walks of life, and their dominant note was that fearless optimism which has faith that in the end all will be well. Love, patriotism, faith, hope, charity, lofty aims and noble purposes; an honest reverence for all family ties and affections; a manly and

womanly regret for failure to do the very best that is in us; a deep and tender sense of bereavement blended with the noblest resignation in the hope of a blessed and immortal life; these and such as these are patent, not only in the matters contributed, but even more frankly and feelingly in the letters containing them.

Thus of two universally known poems, one wrote: "Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' although worn by years of use in text-books, is still full of inspiration." And another enclosing the noble threnody on "Resignation" said feelingly: "Occasions when such poems are applicable to our own experience make them immortal to us. These lines are fixed in my heart forever, as they fell, beautifully modulated, from the lips of a pure-hearted, sympathetic lady, at a memorial service in honor of my deceased cousin, a girl of eighteen summers, the companion of my boyhood." Many expressions were too personal, tender and sacred for publication, but their testimony to the immense value of every noble song and utterance in encouraging and inciting men to righteous, courageous and hopeful living and dying, was a mighty revelation to all who took part in the work of reading and comparing this wonderful tribute of the heart-treasures of fifty thousand American readers. They might, and often did grow weary of reading, comparing and filing the immense flood of correspondence and selections, but no one regretted the wonderful opportunity afforded them to see and know the tender, romantic, chivalrous, hopeful, patriotic, enduring virtues which underlie the apparently material and sordid aims so largely ascribed to the men of today.

The larger proportion of contributors from the Eastern and Middle States favored the standard poets of the 18th and 19th centuries, with a decided inclination toward American *illuminati;* the South drew largely on the romantic and chivalrous school of antebellum days; and the Western, Northwestern and Pacific States were more breezy, virile and original in the choice of topics and method of treatment. All sections, however, joined in seeking to make "household words" of selections from Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Ben King, Nixon Waterman, Frank L. Stanton, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Margaret Sangster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Hezekiah Butterworth, John Boyle O'Reilly, David Bates, J. G. Holland, Eliza Cooke, and others living or dead, who in the years to come will be numbered with the great singers of their age and people. There could be mighty essays written upon this simple contest and the lessons it has taught and will continue to inculcate for years to come; but the book itself will teach

them, without much need or comment or explanation. He who reads it understandingly will learn what thoughts and sentiments move the hearts of a people, who for the most part have a simple love for "Mother, Home and Heaven," which only needs to be fittingly appealed to, to evoke a hearty and generous response.

There be many who affect more artificial and "advanced" views of life and duty; for among eighty millions, the vast sea of public opinion must be foam-tipped, as well as underlain by ooze and decaying matter, but the mighty depths are crystalline, pure, and unvexed, moving only with the great currents which mitigate the rigors of heat and cold, and keep the universe sweet and beautiful forever. But little of this more artificial literature will be found in this collection; not because it has been ignored, but because it was not largely represented. Agnosticism, destructive evangelism, the iconoclasm of faith, may attract attention, but do not awaken the loving loyalty of Anglo-Saxon, Celt and Norseman, and the races who have affiliated with these to build up the American people. The judges have not always decided according to the arbitrary standards of literary taste and elegance but have rather sought out the latent, earnest emotions of myriads of the readers of the NATIONAL; of the people, as a people meeting and communing on a common ground of human sympathy. Their choice reflects, in my opinion, the heart value of a vast number of selections from contemporary literature, and that heart-value is in the end the supreme test by which men and art must fail or become immortal.

If this book affords the reader the pleasure and inspiration its creation has afforded to its contributors and compilers it will richly repay the heavy cost, in time, labor and expense, involved in its preparation.

It is certain that such sentiment and humor are dear to all Americans, and these heart throbs of the sons and daughters of the people are the pulse beats of the nation.

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They regret to announce the utter refusal of the publishers of the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to allow us to publish "You Never Can Tell," "Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr," "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," and "Worth While." These were deemed worthy of awards by the judges. The publishers of Mr. Frank L. Stanton's "A Little Hand," "Here's Hopin'," and the "Moneyless Man," also refused permission, which we must plead as our excuse for substituting others for these few prize winners. The author of Van Dyke's noble poem, "God of the Open Air," courteously gave permission, but his publishers would not consent.

Perhaps should a second volume be compiled out of the thousands of interesting and curious poems, novelettes and articles left to select from, these may be eventually granted to our readers. It only remains to thank and protect those who have so kindly and happily aided us in our difficult task.

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Hezekiah Butterworth's poems: "The Broken Pinion," "Lincoln's Heart," "The Taper."

Elizabeth Akers Allen's poem: "Rock Me to Sleep," "Sunset Songs and Other Verses," Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Richard Burton's poem: "Black Sheep," in "Lyrics of Brotherhood." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Charles M. Dickinson's poem: "The Children," (generally ascribed by contributors to Charles Dickens).

Robert J. Burdette, Pasadena, Cal., poems: "Alone," "Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'."

Sarah K. Bolton's poem: "The Inevitable."

Geo. D. Prentice, poem, "The Closing Year"; prose, "Where the Rainbow Never Fades," and "Death."

Little, Brown & Co., Boston: Edwin Arnold's poems, "Death in Arabia" (first line "He who died at Azan sends"), in "Pearls of the Faith," "Good Night! Not Good Bye." Collected poems. F. W. Bourdillon's poems, "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes," "Upon the Valley's Lap." Miss Sarah C. Woolsey's poem, "Begin Again," (pen name "Susan Coolidge").

James Jeffrey Roche's poem, "The V-A-S-E."

Holman F. Day, Lewiston, Me.: "With Love from Mother."

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Ben King's Verse, "Nothing to Do But Work," "Jane Jones," "Her Little Boy." Forbes & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Youth's Companion: Arthur Macy, "The Flag." Lulu Linton, "Watch the Corners," "The Fun in Life." Sarah K. Bolton, "The Inevitable."

Sam Walter Foss: "He Worried About It," "Hullo," "The Volunteer Organist," in "Back Country Poems." Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Walt Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain." Complete poems, etc. Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates: "Beautiful Hands," "Your Mission," "Sleep Sweet," in "Treasures of Kurium." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Alfred J. Waterhouse: "To the Man Who Fails."

Edwin Carlile Litsey: "Dreams Ahead."

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard: Charles Follen Adams, "Leedle Yawcob Strauss"; James Creelman's "McKinley's Dying Prayer," in "On the Great Highway."

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It has been a much greater task to learn the names and rights of authors and publishers than one would readily imagine, and if errors have crept in, it is not the wilful fault of

THE COMPILER.

HEART THROBS

I AM YOUR WIFE

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh, I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer."

The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half-closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

The lips of the surgeons moved.

"Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again.

"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out, and raindrops dashed against the windows.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the friendly lips.

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons.

James Creelman, in "On the Great Highway."

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;
The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home;
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

John Howard Payne.

PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure:
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half.
Who never failed, he never strove or sought.
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh,
And he who never doubted never thought.

Rev. J. B. Goode.

PAT'S FIRST NIGHT IN TOWN

Two Irishmen fresh from Ireland had just landed in New York and engaged a room in the top story of a hotel. Mike, being very sleepy, threw himself on the bed and was soon fast asleep. The sights were so new and strange to Pat that he sat at the window looking out. Soon an alarm of fire was rung in, and a fire engine rushed by, throwing up sparks of fire and clouds of smoke. This greatly excited Pat, who called his comrade to get up and come to the window; but Mike was fast asleep. Another engine soon followed the first, spouting smoke and fire like the former. This was too much for poor Pat, who rushed excitedly to the bedside, and shaking his friend, called loudly:

"Mike, Mike, wake up! They are moving Hell, and two loads have gone by already."

VIRGINIA'S LETTER

The other day I received a letter from the little blue-eyed girl, now grown to womanhood, who, in the days long gone by, waited at the gate for my daily home coming. How I am thrilled when I think of those meetings! Looking way down the road, she would recognize her papa, and how she would run to meet me; rushing into my arms, putting

those chubby arms about my neck, those cherry lips to my own, and greeting me with a kiss.

Enclosed in the letter was another. From its hiding-place in the pocket of my office coat, I have taken it out this morning to read it over. I often do so, for it brings to me so many sweet memories of other days.

Let me quote a few words from the first letter: "When I told Virginia I was writing to Grandpa, she wished to write you a letter also. You probably can read it," and Virginia's letter is the one I have before me now. Shall I describe it? The paper is the same as the mother's, on which are four closely-written pages. Did I say written? Yes, written in the child language; a language perhaps not taught in the schools, but understood by so many, many loving hearts. Those long, scrawling lines, characters that no Mongolian would attempt to imitate; scratches of pencil or pen no expert would attempt to duplicate; and yet this is the letter I carry about with me as I follow the routine of a busy life.

There may be some reason why an epistle like this has so much value to me. I remember years ago my family physician came to me one day and told me the mother of my five babies must go away for a change; she must leave the cares of home and children for a few months; and so she left us never to come back. All through those anxious days, when my time was divided between home and the sick chamber miles away, I would never visit the sick one, who was constantly growing weaker, but I was the bearer of letters like the one before me. With what eagerness that mother would break the seals of those missives, and smile or weep, when she would say to me, "I understand every word they have written."

Virginia's grandmother and her mother's baby brother lie side by side. The other babies have grown to be men

and women, and have left the old home, and I am alone. But when I receive such letters as the one I carry in my office coat, "I understand every word," and am young again.

J. W. C. Pickering.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headline sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER'S REPLY

Here is an account, told by Henry J. Erskine of Philadelphia, of the only instance in which Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States during General Arthur's administration, was ever taunted in court of the disfigurement of his face. It occurred during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchise rights of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia. Mr. Brewster was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania company. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company, this lawyer, with a voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: "This grasping corporation is as dark, devious and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness that was painful in the crowded courtroom. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Never before had anyone referred to Mr. Brewster's misfortune in such a

way, or even in any terms, in his presence. Instead of springing at the man and killing him like a dog, as the audience thought was his desert, Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your Honor, in all my career as a lawyer I have never dealt in personalities, nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy —and my mother, God bless her, said I was a pretty boy —when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day, with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart." The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of a lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb, but in an instant turned to the most contemptuous hisses, directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly wronged the great and lovable Brewster. That lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled to such insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field.

From the Chicago Times.

A LUDICROUS EXPLANATION

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn-books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptised, please send in their names at once." The

clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each."

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams. Music by Dr. Lowell Mason.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith, LL.D.

THE MYSTERIES

The early sunlight filtered through the filmy draperies to where a wondering baby stretched his dimpled hands to catch the rays that lit his face and flesh as dawn lights up a rose. His startled gaze caught and held the dawn of day in rapturous looks that spoke the dawn of Self, for with the morning gleam out came the greater wonder. It was the mystery of Life.

Across a cradle where, sunk in satin pillows, lay a still, pale form as droops a rose from some fierce heat, the evening shadows fell aslant, and spoke of peace. The twilight calm enclosed the world in silence deep as Truth, and on the little face the wondering look had given place to one of sweet repose. It was the mystery of Death.

At head and foot the tapers burned, a golden light that

clove the night as Hope the encircling gloom. Across the cot where lay the fair, frail form, his hand reached out to hers and met and clasped in tender, burning touch. Into the eyes of each there came the look that is the light of life; that spoke of self to each, yet told they two were one. It was the mystery to which the mysteries Life and Death bow down—the mystery of Love.

James Hunt Cook.

THE CLOSING YEAR

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form
And winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far windharp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tunes are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful

And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve,
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,

And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. . . . . .
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

George D. Prentice.

WITH LOVE—FROM MOTHER

There's a letter on the bottom of the pile,
Its envelope a faded yellow brown,
It has traveled to the city many a mile,
And the postmark names a little unknown town.

But the hurried man of business pushes all the others by,
And on the scrawly characters he turns a glistening eye;
He forgets the cares of commerce and his anxious schemes for gain,
The while he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

There are quirks and scratchy quavers of the pen
Where it struggled in the fingers old and bent.
There are places that he has to read again
And ponder on to find what mother meant.

There are letters on his table that enclose some bouncing checks;
There are letters giving promises of profits on his "specs;"
But he tosses all the litter by, forgets the golden rain,
Until he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

At last he finds "with love—we all are well,"
And softly lays the homely letter down,
And dashes at his headlong tasks pellmell,
Once more the busy, anxious man of town.

But whenever in his duties, as the rushing moments fly,
That faded little envelope smiles up to meet his eye,
He turns again to labor with a stronger, truer brain,
From thinking on what mother wrote from up in Maine.

Through all the day he dictates brisk replies
To his amanuensis at his side—
The curt and stern demand, and business lies,—
The doubting man cajoled, and threat defied.

And then at dusk when all are gone, he drops his worldly mask
And takes his pen and lovingly performs a welcome task;
For never shall the clicking type or shortened scrawl profane
The message to the dear old home up there in Maine.

Holman F. Day, in Lewiston Journal.

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

Senator George F. Hoar.

I WOULD, DEAR JESUS

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like the first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong and sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

Hon. John D. Long, ex-Governor of Massachusetts.

THE FLAG

Here comes the flag
  Hail it!
Who dares to drag
  Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs,—
Three for the stars
Three for the bars.
  Uncover your head to it!
  The soldiers who tread to it
  Shout at the sight of it,
  The justice and right of it,
  The unsullied white of it,
  The blue and the red of it,
  And tyranny's dread of it!

Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it.
All shall maintain it,
No one shall stain it.
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it,
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it,
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it.
Here comes The Flag!

Arthur Macy, in Youths Companion.

THE DEPARTURE

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old;
Across the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;"
"O wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 'twas such as this and this.
And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! Can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him!

Alfred Tennyson, in "The Daydream."

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Little by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh.
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

Edmund Vance Cooke.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve

that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Address of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

IF WE HAD THE TIME

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self that stands no show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered on no-luck land,
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—
If the tears aback of the bravado
Could force their way and let you know—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

Richard Burton.

MAMMA'S DIRL

Ev'ry night when shadows fly,
And the housework is put by,
And, shut-eyed, I sit and dream
Of the light on some far stream,
Of the blooms I used to know
In some field of long ago,
Then I wonder wearily
If the present holds for me
Half the joys of other days,
Half the gladness of old ways,
And sometimes my eyes are wet
With a half-forgot regret;
Then comes romping in to me
And up-clambers on my knee
Such a blue-eyed, laughing sprite,
And puts weariness to flight;
Such as makes the present seem,
More than yesterday, a dream
Of sweet things; and so I smile
O'er regrets of otherwhile,
And she says, and twists a curl:
"I am mamma's baby dirl!"
And the while I bless my lot,
Whispers: "Mamma had fordot!"

I had not forgot, ah, no!
Memory will sometime go
Down the ways we used to tread;
Ways with wondrous blossoms spread
It is not that we regret,
These old ways we don't forget,
It is just that laughter rang,
Just that lilting wild birds sang

O'er those ways of yesteryear
That still makes their mem'ry dear.
But I'm happier today
Than I was down any way
That my young feet used to tread;
Skies are bluer overhead,
And today's birds sing more clear
Than did birds of yesteryear;
I have got you by my side,
Bonny-haired and wonder-eyed,
You who clamber to my knee,
You whose laugh is full of glee,
And I'm happy; happy? Yes!
Glad for every sweet caress,
For each dimpling smile and curl!
Thankful for my "baby dirl."

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

JOHN WESLEY'S RULE

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

THE SIMPLE FAITH

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A MORNING PRAYER

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

HORACE GREELEY'S SORROW

We publish below a pathetic letter written by Mr. Greeley on the death of his little boy. Notwithstanding the fact that more than thirty years have passed since the words were written, they will awaken sympathy in many a heart that has known a similar grief:—

My Friend:—The loss of my boy makes a great change in my feelings, plans and prospects. The joy of my life was comprehended in his, and I do not now feel that any personal object can strongly move me henceforth. I had thought of buying a country place, but it was for him. I had begun to love flowers and beautiful objects, because he liked them. Now, all that deeply concerns me is the evidence that we shall live hereafter, and especially that we shall live with and know those we loved here. I mean to act my part while life is spared me, but I no longer covet length of days. If I felt sure on the point of identifying and being with our loved ones in the world to come, I would prefer not to live long. As it is, I am resigned to whatever may be divinely ordered. . . . We had but few hours to prepare for our loss. He went to bed as hearty and happy as ever. At 5 a. m. he died. . . . His mother had bought him a fiddle the day before, which delighted him beyond mea-

sure; and he was only induced to lay it up at night by his delight at the idea of coming up in the morning and surprising me by playing on it before I got up. In the morning at daylight I was called to his bedside. The next day, I followed him to his grave! You cannot guess how golden and lovely his long hair (never cut) looked in the coffin. . . . Pickie was five years old last March. So much grace and wit and poetry were rarely or never blended in so young a child, and to us his form and features were the perfection of beauty. We can never have another child, and life cannot be long enough to efface, though it will temper this sorrow. It differs in kind as well as degree from all that we have hitherto experienced.

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT

The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more—
And he worried about it.
It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before—
And he worried about it.
It will surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientifical books he had read,
And the whole boundless universe then will be dead—
And he worried about it.

And some day the earth will fall into the sun—
And he worried about it.
Just as sure and as straight as if shot from a gun—
And he worried about it.
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps,
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps"—
And he worried about it.

And the earth will become much too small for the race—
And he worried about it.
When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space—
And he worried about it.
The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there won't be room for one's tongue to stick out,
Nor room for one's thoughts to wander about—
And he worried about it.

And the Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrider—
And he worried about it—
Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida—
And he worried about it.
Our ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing-machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans—
And he worried about it.

And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt—
And he worried about it—
Our supply of lumber and coal will give out—
And he worried about it.
Just then the ice age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw—
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing—half a dollar a day—
He didn't worry about it—
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay—
He didn't worry about it.

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub—
He didn't worry about it.

Sam Walter Foss.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Matthew vi· 9–13.

WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES

It cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be

spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

George D. Prentice in "Man's Higher Destiny."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made,
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred! *Alfred Tennyson.*

FROM THANATOPSIS

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

MOSSES AND LICHENS

Moss and lichens: Meek creatures! The first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks. No words that I know of will say what mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fiber into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make his nest and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch for the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service

forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth children, unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

By the Contributor:—The reader will not fail to notice that this beautiful conclusion is in verse:

> The gathering orange stain
> Upon the edge of yonder western peak
> Reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

This we conceive to be, upon the whole, the finest passage of its order in the world; the most poetical, the most beautifully-imagined and the most exquisitely expressed.

COOL PHILOSOPHY

Johnny had told a falsehood and his mother was anxiously talking with him.

"The Bible says, Johnny," she told him, "that no one who tells lies can go to heaven."

"Mamma," he asked, "did you ever tell a lie?"

"I dare say I did, my son, when I was very small like you, and did not realize how wicked it was."

"Did papa ever tell a lie?"

"Perhaps he might, when he was a little boy; but he would not do it now."

"Well," remarked the young philosopher, "I don't know as I care about going to heaven, if there isn't going to be anybody there but God and George Washington."

Anonymous.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[Written in memory of President Lincoln, to whom the poem refers as the captain of the ship of State.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer me, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won,
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck: my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

"GOOD-BYE"

[Said to have been written by Ah Foo Lin, a Chinese student, in a friend's album.]

There is a word, of grief the sounding token;
There is a word bejeweled with bright tears,
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken;
A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean—
'Tis called "Good-bye."

HE FOUND IT

A well-known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full:
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

San Francisco Bulletin.

THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrows meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know.
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that blossom above
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessings such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!

Leigh M. Hodges.

THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight.

We're twenty! we're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—Young Jackanapes! Show him the door!
Gray temples at twenty? Yes! white if we please,
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old!
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me
laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke of our manhood in syllabled fire
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country . . . of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done,
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE POPPY LAND EXPRESS

The first train leaves at six P.M.
For the land where the poppy blows.
The mother is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain.
The passenger winks and nods and blinks
And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight P.M. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar.
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But "What is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great;
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

St. Louis Star Sayings.

FIRST STEAMBOAT PASSAGE MONEY PAID

Says the narrator of this incident:

I chanced to be in Albany when Fulton arrived with his unheard-of craft, the Claremont, which everybody was so anxious to see. Being ready to leave, and hearing the strange-looking boat was about to return to New York, I went on board, and, inquiring for Mr. Fulton, was directed to the cabin, where I found a plain-looking but gentlemanly-appearing man, wholly alone.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume? "

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"How much is the passage money?"

After a moment's hesitation he named the sum of six dollars, and I laid the coins in his hand.

With his eyes fixed upon the money, he remained so long motionless that I concluded there was a miscount, and asked:

"Is that right, sir?"

The question roused him; he looked up, tears brimming his eyes and his voice faltering as he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy, and this is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation; I would order a bottle of wine to commemorate the event, but really, sir, I am too poor."

The voyage to New York was successful and terminated without accident or delay.

Four years later, when the Claremont, greatly improved and renamed the North River, and two sister boats, the Car of Neptune and the Paragon, were regularly plying between New York and Albany, I again took passage.

The cabin was below and well filled with passengers. As I paced to and fro, I observed a man watching me closely, and thought he might be Fulton, and as I passed him our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, eagerly extending his hand and exclaiming:

"I knew it must be you. I have never forgotten your features. Come, I can now afford that bottle of wine."

As we discussed the nice lunch he ordered spread for us, Mr. Fulton ran rapidly and vividly over his experiences of the past few years. He spoke of the world's coldness and sneers, of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties which had followed him through his whole career of discovery up to his final crowning triumph of success.

"I have again and again recalled our first meeting at Albany, and the vivid emotions caused by your paying me that first passage money. That, sir, seemed then, and still seems, the turning-point in my destiny,—the dividing line between light and darkness—the first actual recognition of my usefulness from my fellow-men. God bless you, sir! That act of yours gave me the courage I needed."

AFTERWHILE

Afterwhile we have in view
The old home to journey to;
Where the Mother is, and where
Her sweet welcome waits us there,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door;
How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears, afterwhile.

James Whitcomb Riley.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
  Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
  While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
  I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD!

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalms xxiii.

"GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD"

Robert Burdette, in a talk to young men, said: "Get away from the crowd for a while, and think. Stand on one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are on a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out of one of those private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good."

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Thro' the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

ANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band:—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia D. Hemans.

BREAST FORWARD

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Robert Browning.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Such beautiful beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day!
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
And time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time—
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands must folded be.

But, oh! beyond the shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;

When crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

The favorite poem of Admiral Dewey, and by him suggested as his contribution. Also sent in by many contestants.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

'And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

CONSEQUENCES

A traveler on a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe his early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He paused again, and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Anon., N. Y. Magazine.

EBEN REXFORD'S DISCHARGE

It was Convention Day for the G. A. R. in the State of —(we'll say South Dakota). Eben Rexford was a prominent candidate for State Commander, but his opponents had whispered around that Eben had no discharge to show. There must be something crooked in his record.

On the day of the election, Eben arose in his place and addressed the chair as follows:

"Mr. Chairman,—It has been stated that I have no discharge, and as my name has been mentioned for Commander,

I wish to make an explanation. It is true that I have no discharge.

"When the President's call for troops reached my home in a little village back in New Hampshire, my older brother Samuel happened to be in the village that evening, and enlisted. When he got home, out on the farm a few miles, he told father and mother, and the matter was talked over. Samuel was the support of the family, father and mother being aged people, and as he understood the farm work better than I did, being only sixteen years old at that time, it was decided that Samuel should stay at home and I should go in his place. I went, and answered to his name at every roll-call all through the war. No, Mr. Chairman, I have no discharge, but Samuel has one."

Eben sat down, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and there was not a dry eye in that gathering of battle-scarred veterans. He was unanimously elected Department Commander.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE DOORSTEP

The conference meeting through at last,
  We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
  Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
  By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
  Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
  We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
  Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
  'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
  Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
  The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
  Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mold it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm, I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended,
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slying peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But, somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime,
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and who still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-brother of mine.

Joaquin Miller.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O death in life, the days that are no more.

Alfred Tennyson, "The Princess."

LET HER SLIDE

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the prowlers prowl, and the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right and—I know it.

Anonymous.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees' shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing morn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Thomas Gray, 1716–1771.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said.

James Whitcomb Riley.

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully, "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep soundly every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

Chicago Advance.

THE MAN OF SCIENCE DID NOT BITE

Miss Daisy Leiter has brought back from London a story about Charles Darwin:

"Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

" 'We caught this bug in a field,' they said. 'Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?'

"Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

" 'Did it hum when you caught it?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' they answered, nudging one another.

" 'Then,' said Darwin, 'it is a humbug.' "

New York Tribune.

A JUNE MORNING

Oh! have you not seen on some morning in June,
When the flowers were in tears and the forest in tune,
When the billows of morn broke bright on the air,
On the breast of the brightest, some star clinging there?
Some sentinel star not ready to set,
Forgetting to wane and watching there yet?

How you gazed on that vision of beauty the while,
How it wavered till torn by the light of God's smile,
How it passed through the portals of pearl like a bride,
How it paled as it passed and the morning star died.
The sky was all blushes; the lark was all bliss,
And the prayer of your heart was "Be my ending like this."

So my beautiful dove passed away from life's even;
So the blush of her being was blended with heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up in the dawn,
A window was open; my darling was gone.
A truant from tears, from time and from sin,
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in.

And when I shall hear the new song that she sings
I shall know her again, notwithstanding her wings,
By those eyes full of heaven; by the light of her hair,
And the smile she wore here she will surely wear there.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

THE LOVE OF HOME

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its root and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

Daniel Webster.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

TO HUSBAND AND WIFE

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone.

With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you

at variance. Renew and renew your vow. It will do you good, and thereby your minds will grow together contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will be truly one.

Anonymous.

HULLO!

When you see a man in woe,
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?
How's the world been using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz straight up and don't go slow,
Shake his hand and say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, ho!
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Just for wrapping up a soul;
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away:
Just the same as you and me,
Lonely ships upon the sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let your speaking-trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and cry, "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away;
When you travel through the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say, "Hullo!"

Sam Walter Foss, in New York Weekly.

THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
  To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah, well! Alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to read but words,
  Nothing to cast but votes,

Nothing to hear but sounds,
Nothing to sail but boats.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but commonsense
Can ever withstand these woes

Ben King.

HIS NEW BROTHER

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nother,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him;
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why! I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
An' then Mamma 'course she would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why," I says, "my sakes! is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
He's a sight.

He's so small, it's jest amazin'
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar;
All he does is cry and holler,
More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him;
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'll they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?

Joseph C. Lincoln.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
  Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
  To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
  Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
  Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
  The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish voices,
  For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
  You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
  Send the children to bed with a kiss!

In New Orleans Picayune.

SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair;

There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

James Whitcomb Riley.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS

I haf von fonny leedle poy,
  Dot gomes shust to mine knee,
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
  As effer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
  In all barts of der house,
But vat of dot; he vos mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles, und der mumps,
  Und everydings dots oudt;
He shphills mine glass of lager beer,
  Poots shnuff indo mein kraut;

He shtuffs mine pipe mit Limburg scheese,
Dot vas der roughest chouse,
I'd dake dot from no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes mine milk-ban for a drum
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make de schticks to peat it mit;
I tells you dot vas drue.
I dinks mine heat vas schplit abart,
He kicks oop sooch a touse;
But nefer mindt, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He ashks me questions sooch as dese:
"Who baint mine nose so red?"
"Who vas id cuts dot schmooth blace oudt
Vrom der hair upon mein hed?"
Und "Vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp?"
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot smchall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vildt
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vunce more I good haf rest
Und quiet dimes enzhoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydinks,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Charles Follen Adams, in "Leedle Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems." By permission of the author.

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
  Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
  Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
  Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
  Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
  May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
  This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
  But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
  And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
  By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Henry W. Longfellow.

NEVER SAY FAIL!

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
  Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
  And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
  They only prevail
Who daily march onward
  And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
  A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
  To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
  Though thousands assail:
How strong and how mighty
  Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
  Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
  In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
  From Heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
  Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
  And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
  And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
  All enemies quail,

In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's early morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

FORTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

Anonymous.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

THE DAYS GONE BY

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water lilies dripped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing glad belief in everything—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE DREAMS AHEAD

What would we do in this world of ours,
Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,
And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate
To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams—and faith—and love!

Edwin Carlile Litsey.

LOOK UP!

Look up! and not down;
Out! and not in;
Forward! and not back;
And lend a hand.

Edward Everett Hale's motto for The Lend-a-Hand Society.

SAND WILL DO IT

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track;
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed
that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.
In Richmond (Ind.) Register.

AWAY

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just—away!

James Whitcomb Riley.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A MEMORIAL DAY VISION

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators, we see the pale faces of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking

for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring, with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between the contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men became iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes

died. We look. Instead of salves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE

A Thought for the Opening Year

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.

Henry Van Dyke.

ROCK OF AGES—THE SONG

Some years ago the following exquisite verses appeared in Public Opinion, London. They surely have in them power to gently touch every heart and to soothe the weary. It is but one of the many beautiful forms of the story of a life lived according to faith in God.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From the girlish, guileless tongue;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreamed not then that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow.
Rode the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;

Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—'
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more a storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN IN 1862

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out, searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once:—"Father, father! Can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner today, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are boys of a soldier, too!—and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chickens and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle. "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government into debt, and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and with a droll smile bid him to "run along home and

feed the boys," and added: "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

In less than an hour, Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard on their way to the Cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps, cracking nuts and having a "state dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen was ours."

From Wide Awake.

THE MINISTER'S BLUNDER

Now, you know, there are anecdotes and anecdotes, short metre and long metre. I shall give you a long metre one, with a snapper at the end. It is about a Scotch-Irish minister who thought he was called to preach the Gospel, while he knew that he had the gift of oratory, and he never missed an opportunity to display it. An opportunity was afforded on the occasion of a christening. There was a considerable audience, made up of relatives, friends and neighbors of the parents. The preacher began by saying:

"We have met together, my friends, on a very interesting occasion—the christening of this little child—but I see already a look of disappointment on your faces. Is it because this infant is so small? We must bear in mind that this globe upon which we live is made up of small things, infinitesimal objects, we might say. Little drops of water make the mighty ocean; the mountains which rear their hoary heads toward Heaven and are often lost in the clouds are made up of little grains of sand. Besides, my friends, we must take into consideration the possibilities in the life of this little speck of humanity. He may become a great preacher, multitudes may be swayed by his eloquence and

brought to see and believe in the truths of the Gospel. He may become a distinguished physician, and his fame as a healer of men may reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and his name go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of his kind. He may become a great astronomer, and may read the heavens as an open book. He may discover new stars which may be coupled with those of Newton and many other great discoverers. He may become a distinguished statesman and orator, and by the strength of his intellect and eloquence he may control the destinies of nations, and his name be engraved upon monuments erected to perpetuate his memory by his admiring and grateful countrymen. He may become an author and a poet, and his name may yet appear among those now entombed at Westminster. He may become a great warrior and lead armies to battle and victory; his prowess and valor may change the map of Europe. Methinks I hear the plaudits of the people at the mention of his deeds and name. He may become—er—er—he might—er—" turning to the mother, "What is his name?"

The mother, very much bewildered: "What is the baby's name?"

"Yes, what is his name?"

The mother: "Its name is Mary Ann."

Mark Twain, in Ladies' Home Journal.

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR

Along the village streets, where maples lean
Together like old friends about the way,
A faithful pair oft and anon were seen—
He and his nag, both growing old and gray:
What secrets lurked within that old soul's breast:
Of mother-love, of throb of pains and ills.
All safely kept beneath that buttoned vest,
Receptacle of powders and of pills.
Thrice happy he when some fond mother's eyes
Grew moist with love unspeakable to find
Snugged to her breast her babe whose paradise
Within her soul and bosom were entwined.
How oft he held the wrist to mark the slow
Pulsations of the feebly-fluttering heart,
While his kind words, soft murmuring and low,
Essayed to calm the mourner's pain and smart.

He was to all a father, brother, friend;
Their joys were his, their sorrows were his own.
He sleeps in peace where yonder willows bend
Above the violets that kiss the stone.

Horace S. Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grasses and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

James Russell Lowell, in "Vision of Sir Launfal."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Cardinal (John Henry) Newman.

LAST WORDS OF WILLIAM McKINLEY

"Goodby, all. It is God's way. His will be done."

The late President McKinley's physician, Dr. Rixey, tells us that after his distinguished patient could no longer speak an audible word, he could distinguish his lips uttering in whispers the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

C. H. Grosvenor in "William McKinley, His Life and Work."

THE BIBLE MY MOTHER GAVE ME

Give me that grand old Volume, the gift of a mother's love,
Tho' the spirit that first taught me has winged its flight above.
Yet, with no legacy but this, she has left me wealth untold,
Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or the wealth of Ophir's gold.

When a child, I've kneeled beside her, in our dear old cottage home,
And listened to her reading from that prized and cherished tome.
As with low and gentle cadence, and a meek and reverent mien,
God's word fell from her trembling lips like a presence felt and seen.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that spring from its open page,
Written with all the fervor and zeal of the prophet age;
Full of the inspiration of the holy bards who trod,
Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if they gained a soul to God.

Men who in mind were God-like, and have left on its blazoned scroll
Food for all coming ages in its manna of the soul;
"Who through long days of anguish, and nights devoid of ease,"
Still wrote with the burning pen of faith its higher mysteries.

I can list that good man yonder, in the gray church by the brook,
Take up that marvelous tale of love, of the story and the Book.

How through the twilight glimmer, from the earliest dawn of time,
It was handed down as an heirloom in almost every clime.

How through strong persecution and the struggle of evil days,
The precious light of the truth ne'er died, but was fanned to a beacon blaze.
How in far-off lands, where the cypress bends o'er the laurel bough,
It was hid like some precious treasure, and they bled for its truth, as now.

He tells how there stood around it a phalanx none could break,
Though steel and fire and lash swept on, and the cruel wave lapt the stake;
How dungeon doors and prison bars had never damped the flame,
But raised up converts to the creed whence Christian comforts came.

That housed in caves and caverns—how it stirs our Scottish blood!
The Covenanters, sword in hand, poured forth the crimson flood;
And eloquent grows the preacher, as the Sabbath sunshine falls
Thro' cobwebbed aisle and checkered pane, a halo on the walls!

That still 'mid sore disaster, in the heat and strife of doubt,
Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and one by one march out,
Till forth from heathen kingdoms and isles beyond the sea,
The glorious tidings of the Book spread Christ's salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its torn and tattered boards,
As one of the greatest gems of art and the king of all other hoards,
As in life the true consoler, and in death ere the Judgment Call,
The guide that will lead to the shining shore where the Father waits for all.

From a Very Old Scrapbook.

IF ALL WHO HATE WOULD LOVE US

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue;
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is,
Would hardly be worth while.
If purses would not tighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears of melancholy
Were things that now are not;

Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;
If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the sabre,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

James Newton Matthews, in Washington Star.

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self.

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
Sir Walter Scott, in "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY"

For several years before his death, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the Youths Companion, because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk, there was found, in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the author had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, she could not have done so in more appropriate language.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live:
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

Ellen H. Underwood.

YOUR MISSION

(This was President Lincoln's favorite song, one which he encored when sung at a Sunday School convention in Washington in 1864.)

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
With the Saviour's true disciples
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;

Go and glean among the briers
  Growing rank against the wall
For it may be that their shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
  Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
  There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
  You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
  You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
  She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
  Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
  You can find it anywhere.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

THANK GOD EVERY MORNING

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

Charles Kingsley.

OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

John J. Ingalls.

ROCK OF AGES—THE HYMN

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure.
Save from guilt and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow;
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace.
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death.
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

SUCCESS

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Michael Angelo.

This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. *Mark xi; 24.*

The word "success" appears but once in the Bible, in the following verse:

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

Joshua i: 8.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand
  Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
  For the loving look of praise;
But while you gently chide a fault,
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear:
  Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on clay-cold lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
  Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for Death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
  Where the rose has faded away
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
  Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

On this happy Christmas morning, let none forget mother; be she ever so far away, let some tribute of love be sent her. Honor dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek —but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks and they are the sweetest cheeks and lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon earth. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms

and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her dearly and cheer her declining years with tender devotion.

Anonymous.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

The following poem was discovered by Mr. George Morgan, of the banking firm of Morgan, Drexel & Co., in a country newspaper. He carried it in his pocket for five years, occasionally reading it to his friends. Inquiries for copies of it were so frequent that he finally had it printed for distribution.

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deservèd praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
  By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
  Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

TRUTH, THE INVINCIBLE

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE THREE DUDES

Three dudes were walking along the street one morning and met an aged, decrepit minister, with long white hair and beard. Desiring to poke fun at the old man, the first called out, "Hello, Father Abraham." The second said, "Hello, Father Isaac," and the third chimed in, "Hello, Father Jacob." The minister, seeing the situation, and likewise using Scripture, quietly replied, "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to hunt his father's asses; and behold I have found them."

GOOD 'POSTLE PAUL

Oh, I done read de Good Book cl'ar plum' thro'
An' I tells you, hit's a mighty fine story;
I's fahmiliar with de Gospel, ol' an' new,
An' I 'low I's a-walkin' in de glory.
I like fo' to read 'bout de blessed Holy Ghos'.
An' de saints an' de mahacles an' veesions,
But de part ob de Book dat I likes de mos'
Is where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

When I looks down deep in mah po' ol' heart,
I wondah ef de Lo'd kin evah like me!
'Pears like a lightnin' 's gwine ter send a dart
Out ob de thundah-cloud ter strike me.
But I know ef we's good an' does what's right,
De great Judge is kin' in his deceesions,
An' I turns to de Book an' I gits mah light
Where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

Ef yo' faith's kinder shaky an' you don' jes' know
  Ef yo' feet is on de rock or in de mire,
'Postle Paul kin tell you de way you orter go
  Fo' to keep you from gettin' in de fire.
You kin slip by Satan ez slick ez a dart,
  An' you won't hev no wrecks er no colleesions,
Ef you read de Good Book till you git it all by heart
  Where Paul p'ints his 'pistle at de 'Phesians.

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

S. S. COX'S FAMOUS "SUNSET"

This extraordinary production gave the writer, Senator Cox of Ohio, the immortal name of "Sunset Cox."

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever before to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of a golden interpenetrating lustre which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden luster was transfused into a storm cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The South and East received the copious showers, and the West

all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere, reminding us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion:"

> "The appearance instantaneously disclosed
> Was of a mighty city, boldly say
> A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor without end."

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a Paradise in the distant and purified air.

The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the West. The "great eye in Heaven," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church-bells pealed, the laughter of children, out and joyous after the storm, is heard with the carol of birds, while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it is good to have a home; good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

From the Statesman of May 19, 1853.

STAR–SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous night
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS

Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

CHORUS

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band, that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave;

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and foul war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

THE LITTLE COAT

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See; his pen-knife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets, and a box of caps—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible-verses said—
Such as this his memory kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook-and-line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle-worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing-gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here—a soiled yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote;
Dotting—"Vine grows round the stump,"
And—"My sweetest sugar lump!"
Wrapped in this—a padlock key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
And some powder in a quill,
Corked up with a liver pill;
And a spongy little chunk
Of punk!

Here's the little coat, but oh!
Where is he we've censured so?
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back, and never fear—
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead;
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more, but, absent thus,
Beckon us.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

And Theodore Roosevelt! Future history will carve his name in the niche of eternal fame. He is the very embodiment of all that is best and noblest in American manhood. A true knight, a man without fear and without reproach. He is the apostle of deeds, of strenuous life, of life full of duties to be performed, tasks to be executed, wrongs to be rectified. The joy of life pulsates in his manly veins, the triumph of the righteous battling with the numerous octopi that threaten to undermine our industrial existence glistens in his eyes; a better helmsman, a steadier steersman to guide the vessel of this republic does not exist. His is the voice of justice, of fairness, of absolute equality among all classes. Happy is the land that can boast of such a man, that can appreciate his virtues.

Dr. Elias Copeland, Portland, Me., Jan. 4, 1904.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight,
My friend would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought

Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all tonight.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

Ascribed to Rev. A. J. Ryan, 1862; also to Alice Cary, Ben King, and others.

TO A WATER-FOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of Heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

MY MOTHER

Many will be glad to see reprinted the following poem, which has been a classic for a century. No scrapbook (if such things exist nowadays) is complete without it.—*Editor.*

Who fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who wast so very kind to me—
My mother.

Oh, no, the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,—
My mother.

Jane Taylor.

WATER

Sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain and the laughing rill—in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain. Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peak glitters like gold bathed in the morning sun—brewed in the sparkling dewdrop; sweet, beautiful water—brewed in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea—brewed in the fleecy foam and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract—brewed in the clouds of Heaven;

sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hailstorm—as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white. Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon—sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrops of Earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven—sweet, beautiful water.

John B. Gough.

LINCOLN'S RULES FOR LIVING

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. May be there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift. *Abraham Lincoln.*

I RESOLVE

To keep my health;
To do my work;
To live;
To see to it I grow and gain and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in meekness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-astray—
On, with what strength I have;
Back to the way.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

The great big church wus crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv silk
An' satin rich as cream that grows on our ole Brindle's milk;
Shined boots, b'iled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stovepipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel down in prayer.

The elder, in his poolpit high, said as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith rheumatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed drunken tramp of low an' rowdy style
Give an introductory hiccup an' then staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense ov sin.
An' thro' thet air uv sanctity the odor uv ole gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man perfanes the house uv God. W'y, this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumbling feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the stairs an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
That seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain,
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees;
He slam dashed his whole body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry;
It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out into the sky.
The old church shook an' staggered and seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our ears,
That brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed of old-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home an' love and baby-days, an' mother an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak of hope, a song from souls forgiven,
Thet burst the prison bars uv sin an' stormed the gates of Heaven;
The morning stars they sung together, no soul wus left alone,
We felt the universe was safe an' God wus on His throne.

An' then a wail of deep despair and darkness came again,
An' long black crepe hung on the door uv all the homes of men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight,
An' then—the tramp he staggered down and reeled into the night.

But he knew he'd tol' his story, though he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story that our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry that day,
When the elder rose an' simply said, "My brethren, let us pray!"

Sam Walter Foss.

PRESIDENT TUCKER'S LETTER

President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College tells the following story on himself:

Some years ago he passed several weeks in a Maine country town. The next season he received a letter from his boarding mistress asking him to return. In reply he stated he should be glad to pass another summer vacation with her, but should require some changes.

"First," said the college president, "your maid Mary is persona non grata. Secondly, I think the sanitary conditions would be improved about your house if the pigsty could be moved a little farther from the house."

President Tucker was reassured when he received the following in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs since you were here last summer. Be sure and come."

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'

De Massa ob de sheepfol'
  Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' medder,
  Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
  "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

"Oh," den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
  "Dey's some dey's black an' thin,
An' some dey's po' ol' wedders,
  But de res' dey's all brung in;
  But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' medders,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's o' de sheepfol'
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in";
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' medders,
T'ro de col' night rain an' win',
An' up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa's piercin' thin,
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gedderin' in.
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gedderin' in.

OUR MOTHER

How oft some passing word will tend
In visions to recall
Our truest, dearest, fondest friend—
That earliest friend of all.

Who tended on our childish years,
Those years that pass as hours,
When all earth's dewy, trembling tears,
Lie hid within her flowers.

Thou star that shines in darkest night,
When most we need thy aid,
Nor changes but to beam more bright
When others coldly fade.

Oh, Mother! round thy hallowed name
Such blissful memory springs,
The heart in all but years the same,
With reverent worship clings.

Thy voice was first to greet us, when
Bright fortune smiling o'er us,
And thine hand that's readiest then
To lift the veil before us.

Or if dark clouds close round our head
And care steals o'er the brow,
While hope's fair flowers fall crushed and dead
Unchangèd still art thou.

AN ANCIENT TOAST

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting the sparkling cup on high—

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep-graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions shall have passed,
So holy 'tis, and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery, flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said—"My mother!"

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris.

DARBY AND JOAN

Darby, dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on;
Darby, dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I,—
Ah, lad, how you cheered me then,
"Things will be better, sweet wife, again!"
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby dear, but my heart was wild,
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered, "Heaven knows best,"
And my heart found rest;
Darby dear, 'twas your loving hand
Showed the way to the better land—
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
Life grew better and Heav'n more near:
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then:
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

A READER'S PRAYER

Charles Lamb once said he felt more like saying grace before a good book than before meat. H. H. Barstow, receiving his suggestion from Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Writer's Prayer," in "The Ruling Passion," gives us a suggestive "Reader's Prayer."

Lord, let me never slight the meaning nor the moral of anything I read. Make me respect my mind so much that I dare not read what has no meaning nor moral. Help me choose with equal care my friends and my books, because they are both for life. Show me that as in a river, so in read-

ing, the depths hold more of strength and beauty than the shallows. Teach me to value art without being blind to thought. Keep me from caring more for much reading than for careful reading; for books than the Book. Give me an ideal that will let me read only the best, and when that is done, stop me. Repay me with power to teach others, and then help me to say from a disciplined mind a grateful Amen.

YOU KISSED ME

You kissed me! My head drooped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak,
Flashed up as in flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast; oh! your arms were so bold:
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, my breath, and my will
In delirious joy for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of rapture outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy that belong to the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine, my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunkard when foolish with wine
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath;
While your arms clasped me round in that blissful embrace,
While your eyes melt in mine could e'en death e'er efface,
Oh, these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you wish that your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

WATCH THE CORNERS

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout, or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

Lulu Linton, in Youths Companion, Feb. 6, 1902.

WHEN JENNY RODE TO MILL WITH ME

When Jenny rode to mill with me,
The daisies bared their bosoms,
The spring winds rumpled every tree
And stirred a storm of blossoms.

The squirrels scampered from the hedge
The cows were in the clover,
The lilies rimmed the river's edge,
And dusky doves flew over.

The white road seemed to welcome us,
By shaken dewdrops dented,
The groves with song were tremulous,
By lovely violets scented.

The mad wind seemed to envy all
The curls beneath her bonnet,
And let the dew-dashed blossoms fall
In twinkling showers on it.

How well the way old Milton knew
In all the springtime weather,
His back was broad enough for two,
And so—we rode together!

He loitered in the light and song,
He knew the spell that bound me,
And that the way was never long
While Jenny's arms were round me.

The rose had then no cruel thorn
To mar the moment's blisses,

The miller took his toll in corn,
  And I took mine in kisses.

Now Jenny's mine "till death do part"—
  Yet, though the years are many,
The dear old road runs round the heart
  That framed the face of Jenny.

And Jenny's eyes are tender still,
  Her lips a nest of blisses,
As when, in crossing to the mill,
  I took my toll in kisses!

Philadelphia Times Herald.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid a dumb animal came from the lips of the late Senator George Graham Vest. The occasion was a trial over the killing of a dog, which was held in a Missouri town when he was a young lawyer.

Senator Vest appeared for the plaintiff, while Senator Francis M. Cockrell, then a country practitioner, represented the defendant.

Young Vest took no interest in the testimony and made no notes, but at the close of the case arose, and, in a soft voice, made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that

a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

When he concluded his remarks there were but few dry eyes in the audience. The case was submitted without further argument, and the jury promptly returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

BLOW! BUGLE, BLOW!

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Alfred Tennyson, in "The Princess."

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

"PASS UNDER THE ROD"

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion, she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!

But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God
"I love thee! I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee! I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

I saw a fond father and mother, who leaned
On the arms of a dear, gifted son;
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at his end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.

And I saw them again, bending low o'er his grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderer care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world:
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee! I love thee! pass under the Rod!"

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor relatives who had seven, to take one of them; and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John; John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
This is his letter: "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;

I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stopped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautifull and fair.
I saw on James' rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, not for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not **thee.**"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad;
Trusty and truthful, good and glad;
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers.

"MY DARLING'S BLIND"

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week, leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake or sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother, and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another young lady, who often smelled a rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindliness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posey?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward temptingly:

"Baby may have the posey."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and oh! such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen, and still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then, in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of His designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the

gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which that little one will often and often willingly offer years of existence. For her the birds will sing, but the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How vividly bitter all this as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals. And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

Utica, N. Y., Tribune.

THE RETURNED BATTLE FLAGS

Framed and displayed in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Augusta, Me. Written by Moses Owen; born at Bath, Me., July 21, 1838, died at Augusta, Me., Nov. 11, 1878. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1861, a lawyer and also a soldier in a Maine regiment during the war for the preservation of the Union.

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags; yet methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fight;
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,

As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags; yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears,
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed; of the coming day.
Silent they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their flags come home, why come they not?

Nothing but flags; yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags; yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

Moses Owen.

MOTHER

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
  More sacred than all other.
An infant, when her love first came—
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
  The blessed name of mother.

George Griffith Fetter.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST

First published in 1797

At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

THE BROKEN PINION

I walked through the woodland meadows,
  Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
  A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
  It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
  Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
  By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christ-like pity,
  I took him to my heart.

He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

BEGIN AGAIN

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
  Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God in His mercy, receive, forgive them;
  Only the new days are our own,
  Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
  Here is the spent Earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
  To face the sun and to share with the morn,
  In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
  Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
  And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
  Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

BETTY AND THE BEAR

In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes—an excellent meal—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering frau,
"Thar's a b'ar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a b'ar!" "Well, murder him, then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.
As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the keyhole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him again,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty alone
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvelous story afar,
How "me and my Betty just slaughtered a b'ar!
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev seed it,
Come and see what we did, me and Betty, we did it."

Anonymous.

A PRISON INCIDENT

It is said that there are no more horrible prisons than those found in certain provinces in Russia. A traveller, just returned from these provinces, gives an interesting incident in connection with prison life there. A colonel was appointed to take charge of one of the largest and most noxious of the prisons. It was situated in the center of an important

province, and was filled with turbulent men and abandoned women. Harsh discipline, poor food, insufficient ventilation, uncleanliness and hopelessness—all conspired to brutalize the inmates.

Especially was this true of the women. The longer they were imprisoned, the more depraved and unmanageable they became, until it needed a disciplinarian of the severest type to keep them under control. The colonel could manage the men, but the women defied him, and he began to think that he must resort to flogging to subdue them.

One morning the colonel's young wife took a walk in the prison yard. She was a gentle enthusiast, who had made up her mind when her husband first entered upon his official duties, to reform, if possible, the women prisoners by kindness. This purpose she failed to accomplish; for kindness seemed to have no more influence over them than solitary confinement. As she walked in the yard one morning she became apprehensive and nervous lest some harm might be done her baby whom the nurse carried beside her and for the first time had taken into the enclosure.

As soon as the women prisoners caught sight of the child they ran to it, gesticulating wildly. The mother gave a shriek and stood at bay before them, prepared to defend her babe from violence. The guard came running up; but instead of the abusive language which had heretofore greeted the young wife, the poor women broke into raptures over the babe.

"Oh, the darling! Let me hold him." One after another stretched out her marred arms in entreaty toward the obdurate nurse.

"Isn't he the innocent!" exclaimed the vilest of the prisoners. At that word several of them peered into the pure face of the child and then broke down, tears streaming down their cheeks.

Begging to hold the baby, the laughing, crying, gesticulating women crowded around the child. The eternal motherhood lighted up their embruted faces, and the sight of unimpeachable innocence softened every stony heart.

Then the colonel's wife had a happy thought. "The best conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to tend the baby for half an hour."

The women, whom neither kindness nor punishment had been able to restrain, became docile to every word and order. At the end of the week it became almost impossible to decide which one had earned the coveted reward. The baby made weekly visits to the prison yard, and the gentle, humanizing effect upon the women seemed almost miraculous. Innocence is irresistible.

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
  'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Madeline S. Bridges.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the Earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Daniel Webster.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

TODAY!

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but Today.
Grasp it, and teach it to obey

Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.

You and Today! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.

With God himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! attain!

Anon., from British Weekly.

TO MY MOTHER

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis our common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

John Allen Wyeth.

WHEN OTHER LIPS AND OTHER HEARTS

When other lips and other hearts
  Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
  The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
  A recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
  And you'll remember me.

When coldness and deceit shall slight
  The beauty they now prize,
And deem it but a hollow light
  That beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
  'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
  That you'll remember me.

Balfe's Opera, "The Bohemian Girl."

CHANNING'S SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

William Henry Channing.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses.
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

FOR ALL THESE

I thank Thee, Lord, that I am straight and strong,
With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
That two score years, unfathomed, still belong
To the allotted life Thy bounty gave.

I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

I thank Thee that I love the things of Earth—
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
Yet need not fear the mystery of end;
But more than all, and though all these should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees!—I thank Thee for my friend.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

Edwin L. Sabin.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lead from the fragrant hedge,

Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

AT HOME

The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy grey
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

Bayard Taylor.

WHILE WE MAY

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes

We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find
We see them! For not blind
To love, we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me.
But just odd ways—mistakes or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to see and go.

Frances B. Willard, in The Independent.

BRAVE LOVE

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was recently asked to name his favorite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of fugitive verse, written many years ago, the author of which is unknown:

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear. *Urbana (O.) Journal.*

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE PATTER OF THE RAIN

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in raining tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every patter on the shingles
  Has an echo of the heart,
Many long-forgotten fancies
  Into being quickly start,
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain on the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
  As she used long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers,
  Ere she left them to the dawn.
Oh! I see her bending o'er me
  As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER

"Now I lay me—say it, darling,"
  "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
  O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep." "To s'eep," she murmured;
  And the curly head bent low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
  "You can say it all, I know."

"P'ay de Lord," the words came faintly—
  Fainter still, "my soul to teep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
  And my child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
  When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice gently whispered—
  "Mamma, Dod knows all de yest."

Oh! the trusting, sweet confiding
  Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
  He who hears my feeblest cry!

Col. Thos. H. Ayars

TRUE REST

Rest is not quitting
  The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
  Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
  Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
  After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
  The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
  And this is true rest.

Goethe

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustering spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced—the old flag met his sight;

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—outblazed the rifle blast;

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A ROSE TO A FRIEND "EVERY YEAR"

Oh, to know why a soul of man blooms under sod;
When the flowers are wov'n in the sunlight of God!
Who would call back a spirit, from newly found bliss,
To the blooms that lie buried in bosoms of this?
'Twas the bud of thy friendship in bosom half-blown
That caused me to love thee when its presence was known.
And no garland immortal I'd weave for thee now
Would befit thee without half-blown rose on thy brow.

Aye, the heart to thine leaps, my new friend, yet old friend,
And its warmth draws me nearer, and closer to end
Of our parting, and waits for the dawn of the day
Where the shadows of clay from our lives roll away.

C. A. Fernald, Jan. 19, 1905.

AULD LANG SYNE

Favorite selection of Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), and by him contributed.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Robert Burns.

DAY DREAMS

He was a little, ragged, half-clad, barefoot urchin. His blue denim trousers hung in baggy folds on a body slender almost to emaciation, and were held in place by an old suspender which had evidently done similar duty for an older member of the family in an earlier time when it rejoiced in a community of service—it had been one of a pair, now, alas, widely separated! A hickory shirt and the crown of an old hat completed the young man's attire. As it was a frosty morning in fall, it was not too warm an outfit, even if the poor little form it barely covered had given evidence of better feeding.

Two scraggy, spotted cows ambled along on the two sides of the road, furtively and thievishly encircling with their rough tongues as much of the frosty grass as the youngster would allow them opportunity to take between cuts of the long whip which he carried, the better to enable him to walk in the middle of the track where the sharp, rough surface of the frozen sand, though not at all pleasant to his bare feet, was still preferable to the grassy side of the road.

He had been awakened, as usual, by that authority which, to his young mind, represented the supreme will of the universe—without its providence—his father. He would as soon have tried to dodge a flash of lightning as to evade an order of that sort. He had been told, as usual,

to "git a hustle" on him, and "git them cows to pasture." It was too early in the fall to be "wearin' out his boots," so there he was walking on the sides of his feet, so that the bottoms might have a chance to get warm again, and thinking, not entirely without bitterness, surprising as it may seem, of what he would do when he was a man!

The autumn sun just peeping over the eastern hills shed a golden light on the landscape, and seemed to give a far-away promise of warmth strangely at variance with the frosty rain. But a gleam of hope as golden and roseate as that light had taken possession of that young soul, and in the waking dream, all unconscious of his torn and scanty garb and of the biting frost of that dreary morning, the mists of years were rolled away, and he saw himself as he was to be.

The hard road, the scraggy cows, the long, damp, frosty grass and all the pain and misery of the present faded away. In imagination he was a man, rich, powerful and respected. He saw around him not the barren slopes on which from day to day it was his task to attempt to eke out the pitiful livelihood to which he had been accustomed; but, far as the eye could reach, rich fields of waving grain shone like a sea of emerald in the yellow sunlight. Giant oaks and elms reared their heads in the crystal air and cast deep, cool shadows over the velvet lawn. The stately columns of a noble mansion standing among the trees, with happy children playing about, completed the picture. And it was all his—his land, his home and his children; not little half-clad, half-starved beggars, cowering away from a father's voice, but happy, free-hearted children, with the lovelight in their eyes, thronging and clambering to meet him whenever he appeared.

And he would meet them with a gentle word; never should they hear the rough harsh tones that so terrified him at times. He would be a father indeed to them, all

gentleness and kind—"Hi! there! What the devil are you a-dreamin' about, anyway? You just better git a move on you now, and git them cows to pasture, or you'll git no breakfast this day! You confounded, lazy, good-for-nothin'—Ef I git my hands on you, you'll move faster 'n that! !"—

Back comes all the frost, cold and misery. But thank God for the day dreams, for all that!

From Cleveland (O.) Leader, Sept. 2, 1900.

FOUND BY THE SHEPHERD

These beautiful lines were sent to a friend in Valparaiso, Chile, whose little boy had died under peculiarly sad circumstances. I hope they will comfort many hearts in whose homes stands an empty cradle.

The sun from on high his glory flinging
Filled all the land with a golden glow;
And the glad light fell o'er a mother singing
A tender lullaby, sweet and low:
"My lamb! my lamb! may the Shepherd behold thee,
As He did the little ones of yore,
And safe in His loving arms enfold thee
For evermore! Oh, for evermore!"

Ah me! ah me! o'er the brightest morning
The storm may break and the storm-clouds fly;
And the fairest flowers life's path adorning
Spring up and blossom but to die.
The sunlight fades and the shadows thicken,
A chill wind blows from a far-off shore,
And the mother's arms, to her heart sore stricken,
Shall clasp her darling—ah! nevermore.

But as the bright arch through the storm comes shining
And tells of the mercy that cannot cease,
So now, through the storm of her sad repining,
There comes a glad whisper of hope and peace:
"Thy lamb that was lost, lo! the Shepherd found it,
And safe to His own green pastures bore;
And the everlasting arms are around it
For evermore! Oh, for evermore!"

FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

PHILIPPIANS III: 13

But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. *St. Paul.*

GOD'S SERVING ANGELS

'Tis written that the serving angels stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.
Quicker than thought His high commands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them speed,
Bearing the word of power from star to star—
Some hither and some thither, near and far.
And unto these naught is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond His pity, which embraceth all,
Because His eye beholdeth all which are,
Sees without search, and cometh without care;
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Edwin Arnold.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE," SAID WILLIE

"I should like to die," said Willie, "if my papa could die, too;
But he says he isn't ready—'cause he's got so much to do;
But my little sister Nellie says that I must surely die,
And she and mamma—then she stopped because it made me cry.

"I remember that she told me once, while sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary watching over her and me;
And if I was only good—Nellie told me so before—
That they let us into Heaven when they see us at the door.

"I shall know no more of sorrow, I shall know no more of sin—
I shall see mamma and Nellie, for I know they'll let me in;
But I'll have to tell the angel when I meet him at the door,
That he must excuse my papa, because he couldn't leave the store.

"I know I shall be happy, and shall always want to stay—
I should like to hear the singing—I should love the endless day;
I would like to look at Jesus—I'd love him more and more,
And I'd gather water-lilies for the angel at the door.
Nellie says that it may be I shall soon be called away—
If papa was only ready I should like to go today;
But if I go before him to that world of light and joy,
I guess he'll want to come to Heaven to see his little boy."

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot—
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan,
With frequent bends to left or right,

In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
  But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green—
  The broken millstone at the mill—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
  The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
  No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds, we know not why,
  And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
  With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
  With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
  From some unholy banquet reeled—
And since our devious steps maintain
  His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
  Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still—
  To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath—
  Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
  We still can see our Father's door!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A FEARFUL OPERATION

Dr. Wagner put on a doleful look as he said there would be a serious operation at his house that afternoon.

"I do not suppose you will perform it," said the hardware man.

"No," said Wagner, "it is too difficult for me"—an admission that he rarely made in public.

"What is the nature of it?" said the hardware man.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "my wife is going to have her kimona cut out."

"What is that?" said the hardware man.

"Why, it is something that covers no part of the body and touches nowhere."

R. W. Payne.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

O praying one, who long has prayed,
And yet no answer heard,
Have ye been sometimes half afraid
God might not keep His word?
Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears?
Does Heaven seem blind and dumb?
Is hope deferred? Believe—believe—
The answer time will come!

"Ask what ye will"—His word is true,
His power is all divine;
Ye cannot test His love too far;
His utmost shall be thine.
God does not mock believing prayer;
Ye shall not go unfed!

He gives no serpent for a fish,
Nor gives He stones for bread.

Thy inmost longings may be told;
The hopes that turned to shame,
The empty life, the thwarted plans;
The good that never came.
Say not, "The promise is not mine,
God did not hear me pray;
I prayed—I trusted fully—but
The grave hath barred the way."

God heard thee—He hath not forgot,
Faith shall at length prevail;
Yea—know it! Not one smallest jot
Of all His word can fail.
For if ye truly have believed,
Not vain hath been thy prayer!
As God is true, thy hope shall come—
Sometime, someway, somewhere.

Mrs. Havens.

MAY IT BE EVER THUS

The following lines may not be of use to you, but express in simple language a sentiment worth remembering, one which any citizen would do well to think of when patriotic thoughts enter his mind, hoping that "May it be ever thus":

No North, no South, no East, no West,
But one great nation Heaven blest.

Chas. B. Thompson.

DO THY DAY'S WORK

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near;
Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.
Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter, and the head must bow,
And far above the failing foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous.
We can give kindly speech
And ready helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smiling silence teach.

We can give gentle thought
And charity by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought.
We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness; unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy, that make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain fare on unchecked
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect,
Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill.

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As through the land at eve we went,
  And pluck'd the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
  And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
  And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies our child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
  We kiss'd again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson, in "The Princess."

ALMOST HOME

A little winding railway in a southern county connects two widely parallel systems and is known as the C. & G. The trains are small and meek when compared with the long aggregation of cars with which they connect at G.

But to the old man who sat today in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches, defects were not apparent. For forty years little cars like these had passed his door; along this same road he and Mary had taken their wedding trip. How proud he was of her when they returned, and he had taken her home, where his father and his father's father had lived before him. There they had lived and labored together,

going on Saturdays to the village and on Sundays to the little church; and there Tom had been born.

It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago; for so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him today; the rocking chair where she used to sit would be very still. The old man choked a little and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it. He had been lonely and Tom had persuaded him to go live with him. But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. He said nothing. They were kind to him, and he must not seem ungrateful. He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back, but he grew so silent, white and still that his son, watching his wistful face, was touched.

"Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me." And the old man answered humbly: "Tom, I am old and getting childish, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else before, and—and she's there, Tom."

So today he was going home; back to the hills and trees; back to his old house and graves; back where she had left him to wait until she had called him; and the journey was almost done.

The sunshine crept across the car, and the noise of voices grew lower and lower. Somehow it was evening, and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells, as the cattle came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the love-light as strong in her eyes as on the day they were married, stood **Mary, the wife of his** youth.

"I am late," he said, "and tired."

"Come," she said, "you can rest now; it is only a step more," and—a long, quavering sigh of relief—and—he was at home. The little rough train went jolting along and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him he did not answer.

E. Crayton McCants.

THE CHILDREN

When the lessons all are ended,
  And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather round me
  To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
  My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are halos of Heaven
  Shedding sunshine of joy on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
  Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart well remembers
  When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
  A portion of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
  And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
  And the fountain of feeling will flow
When I think of the path, steep and stony,
  Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them.
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households
They are angels of God, in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from home and from Heaven.
They make me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus can liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil—
But my prayer would bound back to myself—
Ah! a seraph can pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness;
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction—
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more.

Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Charles Dickens.

THE GOLDEN SIDE

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Mrs. Bertha W. Davidson.

FAME

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

Henry W. Longfellow, in "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

A GOOD FRIEND

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he have a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by

ill-report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridescent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment. Friendship is a gift, but it is also an acquirement. It is like the rope with which climbers in the high mountains bind themselves for safety, and only a coward cuts the rope when a comrade is in danger. From Cicero to Emerson, and long before Cicero, and forever after Emerson, the praises of friendship have been set forth. Even fragments of friendship are precious and to be treasured. But to have a whole, real friend is the greatest of earth gifts save one. To be a whole, real friend is worthy high endeavor, for faith, truth, courage and loyalty bring one close to the Kingdom of Heaven.

By Atmos.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry W. Longfellow.

PASS ON THE PRAISE

"You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And, forgetting it all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also, and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story—the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle, and one man hearing it thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellowed and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So, because he kissed her and praised her, the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass on the praise.

A word and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repossess a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise.

Does your clerk do well?

Pass on the praise.

Tell him that you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better tell him again. Thus you see good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "Mother." Don't plead, "Hear me, mother; you were a kind mother; you were a good mother, and smoothed away many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you now wish to give.

Why call so late? Pass on the praise today.

Selected, Kansas City World.

BEREAVED

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss—such arms, such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears, that would be comforting—
But ah! so sadder than yourself am I
Who have no child to die!

James Whitcomb Riley.

HE WHO DIED AT AZAN SENDS

He made life—and he takes it—but instead
Gives more; praise the restorer, Al-Mu'hid!

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends:

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white, and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
'I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What we lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;

The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
Let the chard be Earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store.

Allah Glorious! Allah Good!
Now Thy grace is understood;
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
Life from death and earth from heaven;
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Toward the throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!

Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace,

When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept,
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death—
Now I see—is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"La Allah illa Allah! Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Sir Edwin Arnold in "Pearls of the Faith."

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay;
Look not between the shelt'ring bars
Upon tomorrow,
But take whatever comes to thee,
Of joy or sorrow.

Mary F. Butts.

FADED COAT OF BLUE

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In a lonely grave unknown lies that heart that beat so true;
He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave,
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried, "Give me water, and just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come—
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in Heaven, in my faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He said, "My dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find it if she comes;
I fear she'll not know me among the good and true,
When I meet her up in Heaven in my faded coat of blue."

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

No one was nigh him to close his sweet eyes,
And no gentle one was by him to give sweet replies;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he's sleeping in his faded coat of blue.

No more the bugle calls that weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

HAIL, SOVEREIGN LOVE

The following beautiful poem was written by Major Andre, a few days before his execution:

Hail, sovereign love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a Hiding Place.

Against the God who built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a Hiding Place.

And thus the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love, arrest that man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding Place.

Indignant justice stood aview
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face:
"This mountain is no Hiding Place."

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel soon appeared;
He led me at a placid pace,
To Jesus as a Hiding Place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell
Which must have sunk a world to Hell.
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became their Hiding Place.

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

John Andre.

THE OLD BROWN SCHOOLHOUSE

It stood on a bleak country corner,
The houses were distant and few,
A meadow lay back in the distance,
Beyond rose the hills to our view.
The roads crossing there at right angles,
Untraversed by pomp and array,

Were cropped by the cows in the summer;
I've watched them there many a day.

In memory's hall hangs the picture,
And though years of sad care are between,
It hangs with a beautiful gilding,
And well do I love it, I ween.
It stood on a bleak country corner,
But boyhood's young heart made it warm
It gloried in the sunshine of summer;
'Twas cheerful in winter and storm.

The teacher, oh, well I remember;
My heart has long kept him a place;
Perhaps by the world he's forgotten,
His memory no time can efface.
He met us with smiles on the threshold,
And in that rude temple of art,
He left with the skill of a workman
His touch on the mind and the heart.

Oh, gay were the sports of the noontide,
When winter winds frolicked with snow;
We laughed at the freaks of the storm king,
And shouted him on, all aglow.
We dashed at his beautiful sculptures,
Regardless of all its array,
We plunged in the feathery snowdrift
And sported the winter away.

We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Beguiled with our pencils and slate;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our manhood's estate.

O days of my boyhood! I bless you;
While looking from life's busy prime,
The treasures are lingering with me
I gathered in life's early time.

O still to that bleak country corner
Turns my heart in its weariness yet,
Where leading my gentle young sisters
With youthful companions I met.
I cast a fond glance o'er the meadow;
The hills just behind it I see
Away in the charm of the distance,
Old schoolhouse! a blessing on thee!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

BLACK SHEEP

From their folded tents they wander far,
  Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
  Their paths are dream-beguiled.
Yet haply they sought but a wider range,
  Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
  Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
  Summoned their feet to tread

Midst the cruel rocks where the deep pitfall
And the lurking snare are spread.
Maybe in spite of their tameless days
Of outcast liberty,
They're sick at heart for the homely ways
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night when the plains fall dark,
And the hills loom large and dim;
For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.
Meanwhile, Black Sheep! Black Sheep! we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

Richard Burton, in April Atlantic, 1899.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

I hear them in the whispering winds,
The forest's rhythmic strain,
The chime of bells, that sinks and swells,
The patter of the rain.
I hear them in the vesper call
Of birds from copse and tree;
Each note prolongs the dear old songs
That mother sang to me.

I hear them in the ocean's voice,
The prattle of the child,
The dashing rill, the fountain's trill,
The tempests fierce and wild.

I hear them through the silent night,
In dreams they echo free,
Since memory throngs with tender songs
That mother sang to me.

I heard them when a babe I lay
Upon her loving breast,
And when a child their charms beguiled
My eager brain to rest.
I hear them now, and some last hour
Across death's swelling sea
My soul shall wing, while angels sing
The songs she sang to me.

Lalia Mitchell, in Farm Journal.

THE SONGS THAT MOTHER SUNG

Go, sing the songs you cherish well,
Each ode and simple lay;
Go, chord the notes till bosoms swell,
With strains that deftly play.
All, all are yours to sacred keep,
Your choicest treasures 'mong;
But give to me till memory sleeps,
The songs that mother sung.

When life's dark pæan's plaintive rounc'
Falls 'cross the weary way,
To drown, in sighing, mournful sound,
The dirge of dismal day,

Then softly back lost strains will steal,
From cradle anthems rung,
To drown the woes that sorrows feel,
In songs that mother sung.

And when the ebb of eventide,
Afar across the strand,
Sets out to where the billows ride,
Beyond life's shifting sand,
Then softly back above the roar,
Of mad, mad waters flung,
Oh! back, bring back to me once more
The songs my mother sung.

HANNA'S COURTSHIP

Nearly thirty-eight years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland. He was poor, plodding, and, to the casual observer, a very every-day sort of young man. Daniel Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the state. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul. Gussie Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the daring young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He refused absolutely to grant the young suitor even time enough to beg. He said "No!" curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter he tried to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this unknown man, Hanna." He said he never, never could consent to such a choice for his child.

Gussie Rhodes told her father, with many a reassuring embrace, that she would never marry without his consent, and she added, "But, papa, dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark Hanna." Then she promised her father not to see her lover or to write to him for a year at least. A foreign tour was taken for that change of scene which is supposed to work wonders in heart affections.

For nearly a year the "change of scene" prescription was faithfully pursued, and the patient, always cheerfully submissive, gentle and charming, obviously grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair, the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I shall always love Mark Hanna. I told you that, you know, a year ago."

Poor old "Uncle Dan" Rhodes! Sending for the obscure young man, he said to him: "Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you; that is my only reason for accepting you as her future husband. You are poor. I'll fix it so Gussie can live as she has been accustomed to, and I suppose I must see you marry her."

Now the coming young man cast ever so slight a shadow of his future greatness on the opportunity of the present.

"Mr. Rhodes," said he, "I most gratefully accept the gift of your daughter's love, but I cannot make her my wife unless she will be content to live as my means will enable us. I can neither accept aid nor permit my wife to accept it from anyone."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie Rhodes were married, and the bride went from her father's big house to live in a tiny cottage, where, with one maid of all work, she was as happy as a queen.

Newspaper Clipping.

ENGLISH KNIGHTS AND IRISH KNIGHTS

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man, who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel, on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deucid stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair in a deep rich brogue:

"Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight, and every damn night—Michael Murphy."

From the New York Sun.

DISTANCE THE ENCHANTRESS

The sails we see on the ocean
  Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
  As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
  With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
  Before we can reach its height.

Stately and fair the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Lofty and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach;

Oh, Distance, thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

THE FUN IN LIFE

A sense of humor is more valuable for a busy woman than all the latest inventions for making housekeeping easy. The patent dish-washer, the self-feeding and self-shaking range, the washing-machine, the bread-mixer and the egg-beater all put together will not help "mother" through Saturday morning so well as the ability to laugh long and heartily.

Unfortunately, there is no school where this accomplishment can be learned. The giggling girl is not so sure to grow up a laughing woman. She may regard herself and her own affairs with a portentous seriousness. Egotism is fatal to a true sense of humor. So is a lack of imagination. So is that morbid conscientiousness which is our least desirable inheritance from Puritanism.

That family is fortunate indeed where the mother is first to see a joke and to lead the mirth. In too many homes her sole share in merriment is her dismal "I'm sure I don't see what you're laughing about!" The mother, an invalid for years, who could answer an inquiry about her health with a quizzical smile and a quick "Sick abed, and worse up!"

was not a burden but a joy to the children who found her room "the jolliest place in the house."

A nonsense rhyme, a droll conundrum, a lively repartee, a story of misadventure may all serve as sauce for a dull day. The appetite for fun may be coaxed to grow by what it feeds on, until the mature woman, laden with responsibilities, can smile at her own small trials and help others to follow her example. She will learn first not to cry over spilt milk, and later will master an even more useful accomplishment, and will laugh over it.

Youths Companion, 1903.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!

Many a summer the grass has grown green
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song.
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your breast in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep.

Florence Percy (pen name): Elizabeth Akers Allen.

A BIT OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

She took up one of the magazines and glanced through it casually, but somehow it did not appeal to the old lady, and so she laid it down again. There was a volume of poems, richly bound in vellum, on the table by her side, and for a little while the story of its gallant knights and lovely maidens bewitched her. But soon the weight of the book began to tire her feeble hands.

After that, quite as a last resort, she took up the evening paper and glanced through it, just to while away the time. She had never taken much concern in politics, the latest Parisian fashion did not interest her in the least, but presently three little verses, wedged in between a lurid account of a murder and a patent medicine advertisement, caught her eye.

The poem was Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," and at the very first lines of it the old lady became all attention:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands,
And the little tin soldier is covered with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

Very slowly, as she read on, the tears came into her eyes and dimmed the spectacles so that she could scarcely see the lines of the second verse:

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
Then, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little boy.
Oh, the years are many—

Yes, they were many! It was more than half a century ago now. The paper dropped from the old lady's hand and rustled to the floor. There was no use in trying to read any more, for her thoughts had flown away now to the time when she had had just such a Little Boy Blue as that. Since then she had had lots of other children. Even now, as she sat there in the twilight, she could hear the shouts of her grandchildren at play not far away, but little Geordie had been her first-born and somehow the others were different, and nobody knew just how but herself. She had daughters to console her in her widowhood, and when her married daughter had died her children had been left. But with little Geordie it was different. They only knew of him by the little headstone in the graveyard; but to her—why, after reading that little poem, it seemed as though it were only yesterday that he was toddling along beside her, rosy and bright and full of fun. And he used to say just those things—she remembered.

"Why, mother," said her daughter, as she came in, "you've been crying! What's the matter?"

"It was nothing, dear," answered the old lady, as she wiped her eyes. "I was reading, you know, and it upset me a little. It was only a bit of newspaper verse."

JUDGE NOT

Judge not!—though clouds of seeming guilt may dim thy
brother's fame;
For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the brightest
name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circumstances may
Have wrought the sad result that takes an honest name
away. Judge not!

Judge not—the vilest criminal may rightfully demand
A chance to prove his innocence by jury of his land;
And surely, one who ne'er was known to break his plighted word,
Should not be hastily condemned to obloquy unheard.
Judge not!

Judge not!—thou canst not tell how soon the look of bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dewdrops in the morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.
Judge not!

Judge not!—but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell;
Man's judgment errs, but there is One who "doeth all things well."
Ever, throughout the voyage of life, this precept keep in view:
"Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do to you."
Judge not!

Judge not!—for one unjust reproach an honest heart can feel
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed steel.
The worm will kill the sturdy oak, though slowly it may die,
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rushing from the sky.
Judge not!

Anonymous.

LEFT ALONE

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw,
  This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all,
  Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year,
  "Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
  An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
  'Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy
  And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
  Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything,
  And see her not sittin' up there.

A-pourin' the tea an' passin' the things,
  An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
  An' more than my share of cake.

'I'm too big to be kissed," I used to say,
  But somehow I don't feel right
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse,
  Nobody saying "good-night,"

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
  An' pushin' my hair back so—

Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
  But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong,
  She waz always so safe and sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
  That she couldn't up and cure!

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
  That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
  An' old maid aunties, and such.

I can't make out for the life of me
  Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
  A-needin' and wantin' her so.

I tell you, the very lonesomest thing
  In this great big world today
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
  'Cause his mother is gone away.

Toronto Globe.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
  Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—
  In blackness of heart, that we war to the knife?
  God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
  God pardon us all for the triumph we feel

When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather
  Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
  And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
  On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
  Ere folding the hands to be and abide
  Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
  Look at the herds all at peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
  And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—
  Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
  Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
  All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
  Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

Joaquin Miller.

THE BROOKSIDE

I wandered by the brookside,
  I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
  The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
  Nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade;
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton.

WHO, THEN, IS FREE?

Who, then, is free? The wise man
Who can govern himself. *Horace.*

JUST BE GLAD

Oh! heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we have missed of calm, we couldn't have, you know!
What we have met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If they blow.

We have erred in that dark hour, we have known;
When the tears fell with the showers, all alone,
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER?

Pray, may I ask you, worthy lad,
Whose smile no care can smother,
Though busy life throbs round about,
Have you written home to mother?

You are fast forgetting, aren't you, quite,
How fast the weeks went flying;
And that a little blotted sheet
Unanswered still is lying?

Don't you remember how she stood,
With wistful glance at parting?
Don't you remember how the tears
Were in her soft eyes starting?

Have you forgotten how her arm
Stole round you to caress you?
Have you forgotten those low words:
"Good-by, my son; God bless you?"

Oh! do not wrong her patient love;
Save God's, there is no other
So faithful through all mists of sin;
Fear not to write to mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk
As walked the Master, lowly;
Tell her how hard it is to keep
A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer,
A light, a beacon burning;
Whose beams shall reach you far away,
Shall lure your soul returning.

Tell her you love her dearly still,
For fear some sad tomorrow
Shall bear away the listening soul,
And leave you lost in sorrow.

And then, through bitter, falling tears,
And sighs you may not smother,
You will remember when too late
You did not write to mother.

Jane Ronalson, in Banner of Gold.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light—and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face, it had passed like a dream through haunts of

misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight-folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say: If one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

Charles Dickens, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN"

All I ask is a square deal for every man.

Theodore Roosevelt, May 6, 1903, at Grand Canyon, Ariz.

INDIRECTION

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine. *Richard Realf.*

A LOOK AT LIFE

Born of a fine old Pennsylvania family, educated at the State University, he entered business with his father in the coal and coke industry. The Trust desired his business, and after a bitter fight that killed his father, he was forced to sell at a disadvantage. His life and conscience seared by the heartless strife of competition, he left his sorrowing mother at home, set out for the West, and stopped on the auriferous deserts of Nevada.

Here were men with eyes so trained to see such magnificent distances that the mental vision unconsciously encompassed a broad outlook on life, the insignificance of self and selfishness, and the joy and value of an unenvying brotherhood. He felt this in the very air, but, being soured and suspicious of mankind, he did not heed.

Roulette and faro, run openly, were a fascination. He risked a dollar and won, and the passion was on him. The fevered, nervous strain and sleepless hours required stimulants, hence drink, debauches and the gamut of fast living were a natural consequence.

Finally, his earlier training asserted itself, and his true nature revolting at the depths to which he had fallen, he packed a burro and started for the hills. Crossing a hot sand-blown desert, his parched throat burned with desire

for its usual strong drink, and later became caked hard and dry for the want of moisture, but he pushed on toward a known spring, and willed that he would not turn back toward the accursed source of his debasement. Maddening thirst robbed him of his reason, and he wandered a maniac, tearing his hair and biting his arms, to suck moisture from his blood.

Instinctively following the burro, he reached the spring, a pool worn in basalt which held but a gallon, supplied by a tantalizing drip, drip, drip from a crevice above. The burro having drained the pool, the man laid on his back to catch each drop as it fell, lingering a night and day between death and unconsciousness, and waking to curse and bless each life-giving drop, he slowly regained his reason and strength.

As night stole over the desert, and the stars in their brilliancy seemed to bend down to fraternize with man, he knelt in fervent gratitude to God. Searching the vastness of the universe, endeavoring to solve the problem of infinity, as he lay on the mountain side, the seriousness and joy of life were revealed. What was puny man in the presence of such majesty? Yet man was an important part, and was given a soul to live through eternity, had been given the power to choose evil from good, that there might be a reward for doing good. Surely the Kingdom of God was within him. The knowledge had come that true happiness is only attained by "loving thy neighbor as thyself."

While endeavoring to secure a greater supply of water at the spring, he uncovered a rich vein, and returned to his home and mother a wealthy man.

No kind word or act is now too small for him to do. He sends ten young men to college each year, and for whatever cause he chooses to champion, his personality insures success and his lieutenants are legion.

Ralph Van Dorn.

LITERAL OBEDIENCE

A young teacher who graduated from the normal school last June, was asked one day last week to substitute in a higher grade than her own. She was a little nervous over the temporary promotion, and was anxious that everything should go off in the usual good order. While instructing the class in composition, she said: "Now, children, don't attempt any flights of fancy. Don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result of this advice, one little boy turned in the following composition:

"I ain't goin' to attempt no flite of fancy; I'm just goin' to write what's in me, and I got a hart, a liver, two lungs, and some other things like that; then I got a stummick, and it's got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of peppermint candy, and my dinner."

IF I WERE A VOICE

If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice—
  That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might.
  And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
  Telling a tale, or singing a song,
  In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And, whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice—
I'd seek the kings of Earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,

And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

Charles Mackay.

LINCOLN'S LETTER

The Philadelphia Ledger publishes a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to a Mrs. Bixby of Boston, which the Ledger says "has been engrossed, framed and hung in one of the Oxford (English) University halls as a 'specimen' of the purest English and elegant diction extant." The letter has an additional interest. It is peculiarly appropriate now, when so many mothers are mourning their sons, who were killed in battle or suffered the worse death, that from disease. The letter follows:

Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S PROPOSAL

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:—

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you

faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, Lincoln.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal for marriage that does not propose.

Indianapolis Journal.

PADDY'S CONTENT

Paddy McShane had no shoes to his feet—
Sorra a shoe!—divil a shoe!
And his houghs they looked red as he tramped in the street,
Och, wirrahoo!
But he said: "Is it shoes that ye'd stick on me toes?
How'd me feet feel the ground, sorra one of ye knows;
And who'd pay for mendin' 'em, do you suppose?
Go off wid ye—do!"

Paddy McShane had no hat on his head—
Sorra a hat!—divil a hat!
And the rain it came down on his red scratch, instead—
Och, think of that!

But he said: "Is it God's blessed sunshine and air
That ye'd shut from me head? Och, would one of ye dare
For a trifle of rain or av wind, who would care?
Shtop botherin' Pat."

Paddy McShane had just nothing at all—
Sorra a thing!—divil a thing!
But he thought: "When I'm down, there's no distance to fall";
And he would sing:
"Faix, the merciful Master is good to his poor;
What is man, whom He made, if he cannot endure?
Troth, it's little I want, but that little is sure,
For it comes from the King!"

Lawrence Kyrle Donovan, in The Earth.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

The way is dark and the road is long;
Help me, dear Lord, for I cannot see!
Give me a light to guide me on;
Teach me with patience to follow Thee!

* * * * * *

My prayer Thou hast answer'd, O Lord, in Thy might
And my sadness is drearier still today,
For my little lad with the golden hair,
With eyes so blue and a face so fair,
Has gone before me to light the way.

I can see him journeying up the height
Over that narrow path and straight,
Which all must tread toward that mystic bourne;
Leaving his dear ones to sigh and mourn,
He journeys alone toward the pearly gate.

I can see him, not as when strong and light
Of foot, he played with the children here,
But radiant with heavenly life and joy,
For the loving eyes of my angel boy
Can never grow dim with pain or tear.

I shall meet him again on that heavenly height,
For his light shall lead me along the way;
When the task that is given to me is done,
When the strife is ended, the battle won,
I shall greet him there in the perfect day.

"Margaret Holland."

MY GUEST

The day is fixed that there shall come to me
A strange, mysterious guest;
The time I do not know—he keeps the date—
So all I have to do is work and wait,
And keep me at my best,
And do my common duties patiently.

I've often wondered if that day would break
Brighter than other days,
That I might know, or wrapped in some strange gloom.
And if he'd find me waiting in my room,
Or busy with life's ways;
With weary hands and closing eyes that ached.

For many years I've known that he would come,
And so I've watched for him,
And sometimes even said, "He will come soon,"
Yet mornings pass, followed by afternoon,
With twilight dusk and dim,
And silent night-times, when the world is dumb.

But he will come, and find me here or there,
It does not matter where,
For when he comes I know that he will take
In his these very hands of mine that ache
(They will be idle then)
Just folded, may be, with a silent prayer.

Yes, he whom I expect has been called Death,
And once he is my guest,
Nothing disturbs of what has been or is;
I'll leave the world's loud company for his,
As that which seemeth best—
And none may hear the tender words he saith.

As we pass out, my royal guest and I,
As noiseless as he came,
For naught will do but I must go with him,
And leave the house I've lived in closed and dim,
I've known I should not need it by and by!

And so I sleep and wake, I toil and rest,
Knowing when he shall come
My Elder Brother will have sent for me,
Bidding him say that they especially
Have need of me at home;
And so I shall go gladly with my guest.

Anna J. Grannis.

AMBITION

"The narrow vale is not for me!"
Cried one aflame with youth's fierce fires.
"I'll climb a mountain-peak, and see
The world and all my heart desires!"

'Twas long and hard. On bended knee
He reached the top. What mournful cry!
He could not see—
Age dimmed his eye!

Truman Roberts Andrews.

MOTHER'S BOYS

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with flowers and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
  Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
  And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
  And I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
  Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
  Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
  But give me my four splendid boys.

TELL HER SO

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
  Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweet the sweetest yet—
  Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
  Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style.
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
Tell her so!

There was a time when you thought it bliss
To get a favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it; for her sake
Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed,
If you make love a game of whist;
Lips mean more—than to be kissed!
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she'd passed her prime,
As though to please her was a crime—
If e'er you loved her, now's the time;
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers are made to bless!
Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!

Detroit Free Press.

JANE'S GRADUATION

Be I agoin' t' the graduation?
Well, you just bet I be!
D' you s'pose I'd miss a-seeing that?
Well, I guess no sir-ee!
Why, darter Jane graduates this year,
And land o' massy sakes!
Of all the laces, bows and things
That graduation takes.

There's muslin, thin as thin can be,
And ribbon by the mile,
And yards 'n' yards o' finest lace,
All made in latest style.
The skirt's a mass o' ruffles 'n' tucks,
'N' made up with a train,
Jane says that "trains" are all the style,
An' style is on her brain.

What's that? stand well in class? high marks?
Well, now, I couldn't say;
She hain't no time to think o' marks,
She's sewed most every day.

She ain't been studyin' much, you see,
Account o' graduation day;
"I'll have the best, or none at all,"
That's what I heard her say.

An' so they've bought the hull town out,
The house is upside down,
'N' filled with truck from end to end,
All for that pesky gown;
An' Jane's a right smart gal, she is,
She knows what's what, you bet;
An' that there graduation dress
Is handsomes' I've seen yet.

Agoin' to college, did you say?
Well, no, I guess she ain't,
She don't keer much for studyin',
For learnin' she's no saint;
A help ter home? Why, yes, of course,
She'll prob'ly help round some;
But she's gittin' pretty tired,
Now graduation's come.

Must 'a' cost a lot, you say?
Why, yes, but that's all right,
So long as Janie has a rig
That beats 'em all tonight.
Give an essay? Well, no, she had
So much to think about,
That I just went 'n' told the chief
He'd have to leave her out.

She's gone an' had her pictur' took,
An' I tell you, it's fine;

It looks just like her, handsome, too.
As befits a gal o' mine.
She's sittin' in an easy-chair,
As cool as ever I see,
An' holdin' that there scroll o' hern
As proud as proud can be.

O, be you go'n? Why, what's your rush?
Well, come 'n' smoke again;
Good land! the sky looks kinder black,
I hope 'taint goin' ter rain!
Well, now you want ter go today,
(The thing, you know, is free)
An' see 'f Jane ain't as handsome a girl
As any you ever see.

Miss Mabel Florence Nash, Graduation Poem,
Brockton (Mass.) High School, 1902.

A LONESOME BOY

The boy sat huddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow

that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him, like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers she added, "Are you going uptown alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara, in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired and wants to go to some place to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.

New York Times.

KISSIN'

Some say kissin's ae sin,
But I say, not at a';
For it's been in the warld
Ever sin' there were twa.
If it werena lawfu',
Lawyers wadna' 'low it;
If it werena haly,
Meenisters wadna' dae it;
If it werena modest,
Maidens wadna' taste it;
If it werena plenty,
Puir folk couldna' hae it.

Scottish Saying.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With a sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in those silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!

Joaquin Miller.

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
Would perfume the mountain-side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
And the pretty bud espied.

If you've any alms to give to the poor,
Don't wait till you hear the cry
Of wan distress in this wilderness,
Lest the one forsaken die.
Oh, harken to poverty's sad lament!
Be swift her wants to allay;
Don't spurn God's poor from the favored door,
As you hope for mercy one day.

Don't wait for another to bear the burden
Of sorrow's irksome load;
Let your hand extend to a stricken friend
As he totters adown life's road.
And if you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest;
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

LET US SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say 'sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

Joaquin Miller.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS

They charge me with poverty, because I never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among them; finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the Divine presence shines with a more brilliant lustre. God looks down upon me with tenderness and compassion, because I can now see none but Himself. Misfortune should protect me from insult, and render me sacred: not because I am deprived of the light of heaven, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings which have enveloped me with this darkness.

John Milton's Letter to a Foreign Friend.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

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Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous golden corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,

Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,

And the mountain laurel for Maryland
  Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
  The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
  Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

Edna Dean Proctor.

JENNIE KISSED ME

Jennie kissed me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who loves to get
  Sweets into your lists, put that in!

Say I'm weary; say I'm sad;
  Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old—but add
  Jennie kissed me.

Leigh Hunt.

ONE MOTHER IN THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

A pretty, pale little woman told part of her sad story today as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands and cried in a quiet, heart-breaking way. Years ago in Virginia this sad little soul met and loved a hard-working, intelligent engineer named Fenn. They were married and came to Johnstown and built a neat home. Fenn made good wages, their seven children were always well clad, and their mother lived with her life concentrated upon them.

When the flood came the mother gathered her children into the parlor and told them not to be afraid, as God was there and would guard them. Up came the current and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother bade them to be of good cheer, for papa would soon come in a boat and take them away. Up, up and up rose the water, and now the family were forced to the top story. The rooms were very low, and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating against the ceiling. "Mamma," said the eldest girl, "wouldn't it be better to go outside and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "we'll make a raft, and all go down together."

She fought their way to the window and opened it, caught a piece of plank and put on it the eldest child with a hasty kiss and a prayer. Then she let it float away into the roar of the waves. Six times she did this. The children were frightened, but obedience was part of their creed, and they made but little protest. Then came the turn of the last child, four-year-old Bessie.

There was scarce breathing space in the room now, and unless she hastened death would come there at once. To a broad plank Bessie was fastened securely and blessed as the others had been. "I loved them all," she said, "but I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was Tom's favorite and was such a good child. She put her arms around my neck and said, 'You said God would take care of me always, mamma. Will He take care of me now?'

"I told her He would, and then she was carried away. 'I'm not afraid, mamma,' I heard her call. That's all, except that the roof was torn off, and I floated off with it, and some Italians saved me at Kernville, sixteen miles from here."

"And the children, Mrs. Fenn, —I hope they all escaped?"

"We've found two of them—dead—Bessie and George. There's not a mark on Bessie's face, and oh, I'm so tired! God has taken them all—eight of them, and I'm going home to Virginia after all these years, alone, to rest and try to think."

Only one mother of the hundreds in Johnstown, one out of a multitude.

Philadelphia Times.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud;
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye! they died, and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow;
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, and the songs and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Think you because that beautiful matronly brow is silvered with the dews of Time, that the heart is also grown old? Nay, apathy can never lessen a mother's love! Though her gray hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, there is a heart still beating with a pure and holy affection; a mother's love! Who can sound its unfathomable depths? Time has failed to do so, and eternity will bear witness to its sanctity.

Young man—love your aged mother. Her face is careworn, but her heart is ever warm. Years of trials and of sickness perhaps, have stolen the freshness of her life, but like the matured rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in its first bloom. Washington loved his mother!

Young woman—love the tree of your existence! Sweetness is yours—lavish it upon the aged form of your devoted mother. Affection is a lasting debt—one that can never be overpaid. Pour nectar into her fainting heart; strew her path with your most grateful smiles; and smooth the downy pillow upon which rests her palsied frame. Her dying lips will breathe a prayer for your happiness; the world will admire and cherish your devotedness; and Heaven will bless you! Flowers of joy will blossom in your path; friendship will ripen your harvest; and love will crown your existence!

"In whose principles," said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical father—"in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?" The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said, "In your mother's, child—in your mother's!"

Love your mother! Yes; and the very ashes of the sainted dead will pray for your welfare. A mother's love;—a mother's wealth of love—is so great that the power of death and the victorious grave cannot extinguish its quenchless flame!

Anonymous.

A LARGE EDITION

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own time;
Say not "good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good-morning."

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

LINCOLN'S HEART

"You are wounded, my boy, and the field is your tent,
And what can I do at the last for you?"
"Yes, wounded am I, and my strength is spent
Will you write me a letter and see me through?"
And the tall man ruffled some papers there
To write a letter in sun-dimmed air.

"What now shall I sign it?" "'Twill give her joy,
Whatever your name, my friend, may be,
If you sign it just 'from the heart of your boy,'
And put your name there, so she may see
Who wrote so kindly this letter for me."
"A. Lincoln" was written there, tremblingly.

The bleeding lad, from the hand unknown
The letter took. "What? 'A. Lincoln!' Not he?
Will you take my hand—I'm all alone—
And see me through, since he you be?"
And the Heart of the Nation in that retreat
Held the little pulse till it ceased to beat.

The sun through the trees like an oriel shone,
Like a gate of Heaven reflected there,
And a bird's heart song and a ringdove's moan
Fell on the tides of the amber air!
Both closed their eyes: both hearts in prayer
Went up the steps of the silent stair.

And he, the boy, still holding the hand
Of the heart he loved, no more returned;
But far in the south an iris spanned
The singing forests where sun-rifts burned.
And the Commoner closed in the amber air
Two eyes and crossed two hands as in prayer.
And our Lincoln learned life's lesson there.

Hezekiah Butterworth

IF WE KNEW

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Casting o'er his life a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain.

If we knew the silent story
  Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
  Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
  Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed seem whitest,
  This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
  For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
  Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
  Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
  As we judged our fellowmen.

MAKING AMENDS

How Mark Twain Made a Visit in Sections

Forest Street, the literary corner of Hartford, is a most friendly place. The fortunate members of that charmed circle hobnob together in a most friendly manner at all times and at all seasons. When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughter, often in a somewhat neglige costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens.

One morning, as he returned from the Stowes sans necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you

neglect your dress." Her husband said nothing, but went o his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have? Mark Twain."

Short Stories.

THE TAPER

Copy of letter, written a few days before the decease of this amiable and gifted poet:

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass., July 26, 1905.

Mr. Joe M. Chapple, Editor NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I am sending you the enclosed poem from Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth at his request.

Mr. Butterworth is very sick and not able to see visitors.

He wished me to say to you that he sends this in response to your request for his favorite poem. He said, "I send this from my sick bed to my good friend Mr. Chapple."

Yours very truly,
W. C. CAMPBELL.

201 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

I stood in the old cathedral
  Amid the gloaming cold
Before me was the chancel,
  And unlit lamps of gold.

From the mullioned window's chalice
  Was spilled the wine of light,
And across the winter valleys
  Was drawn the wing of night.

The frescoes of the angels
Above me were unseen
And viewless were the statues
Each pillared arch between.

The chancel door swung open;
There came a feeble light,
Whose halo like a mantle
Fell o'er the acolyte.

And one by one he kindled
The silver lamps and gold,
And the old cathedral's glories
Before my eyes unrolled.

The taper's light was feeble,
The lamps were stars of flame;
And I could read behind them
Immanuel's wondrous name.

The taper—light's evangel—
Touched all the chandeliers,
As if by Heaven transfigured
Appeared the saints and seers.

Along the sculptured arches
Appeared the statues dim,
And pealed the stormy organ
The peaceful advent hymn.

And as the form retreating
Passed slowly from my sight,
Eclipsed in lights it kindled
Was lost the taper's light.

One taper lights a thousand,
Yet shines as it has shone;
And the humblest light may kindle
A brighter than its own.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;
They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
They criticise their fellowmen at every chance they get,
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out—
Some things what every one of us should know a lot about,
When someone "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
To show the best that's in them; and a universal move
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;

The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what they do";
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

Strickland W. Gillilan, in Baltimore American.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

(The following lines, said to have been written by a girl fifteen years old, were pronounced by John Boyle O'Reilly the finest words he ever read. He published them four times, and declared he liked them better every time he read them.)

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up thro' the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks, that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Anonymous.

CHARITY

There is so much that is bad in the best of us
And so much that is good in the worst of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

JUST TO BE TENDER

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

THE OLD CANOE

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when life's work is done.

While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with the dull "too-whoo"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half-sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay
Hiding its mouldering dust away
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh! many a time with careless hand,
I pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,

The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Albert Pike.

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure:
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
  Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
  As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
  Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
  Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
  Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Alice Cary.

GRATITUDE TO GOD

Notwithstanding all that I have suffered, notwithstanding all the pain and weariness and anxiety and sorrow that necessarily enter into life, and the inward errings that are worse than all, I would end my record with a devout thanksgiving to the great Author of my being. For more and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies,"—for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself, or my friends, or indeed to any man. Instead of this, I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death; because I believe that all is meant for good.

Orville Dewey.

OUR OWN

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
  The words unkind
  Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
  Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
  We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
  Yet it might be
  That never for me
The pain of the heart shoould cease.
How many go forth in the morning
  That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
  That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
  But oft for "our own"
  The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
  Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
  'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
  To undo the work of morn.

Margaret E. Sangster.

LIFE'S SEESAW

Gin ye find a heart that's weary,
  And that needs a brither's hand,
Dinna thou turn from it, dearie;
  Thou maun help thy fellowman.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache,
  Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because of thine own grief's sake
  Thou maun feel for ither men.

In this world o' seesaw, dearie,
  Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
  May tomorrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
  Follows on the heels of May.
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
  Thou mayst need a friend some day.

A MOUNTAIN PASTORAL

A couple at a cottage door,
  Under the maple trees;
A mountain landscape stretched before,
Behind, beside; and nothing more
  The passing traveler sees.

And is there more? The man and maid
  Who caught your idle glance
Love's pretty hide-and-seek had played
Before they stood there in the shade,
  Reading their own romance.

And he is young and true and strong;
  And she is young and wise,
All hopes that to fresh hearts belong
Around their humble doorstone throng;
  What more had Paradise?

Green are their waiting fields of toil,
  With wildflowers blossoming sweet,
The living wealth no thief can spoil,
The boundless treasures of the soil,
  Lie poured out at their feet.

Their neighbors? Not far off are they,
  Beyond the bright home hill—
White Face, and Passaconaway,
And old Chocorua, rising gray,
  Dreamy, remote, and still.

The future opens fair and wide
  Within the young man's eyes;
The mountains bless the sweet girl-bride;
Life is a dream-land glorified.
  What more was Paradise?

Lucy Larcom.

SPRING

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
  'Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
James Russell Lowell, in "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

NIAGARA FALLS

(This, the finest description of Niagara Falls ever written, is from a letter by Edwin Arnold to the London Telegraph, in 1900.)

Before my balcony, the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, "the Broad," steps proudly down to Ontario, "the Beautiful."

The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and back-water, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

Far away, Niagara river is seen winding eagerly to its

prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream, these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the now-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the mair abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquility between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of

water at its finest—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.

THE STORY OF LIFE

Say! what is life? 'Tis to be born
  A hapless babe; to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
  Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then;—

And then apace the infant grows
  To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes;
  Were he but conscious of his joy,
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child; and then;—

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
  To learn to say the decalogue;
And break it—an unthinking lad,
  With mirth and mischief all agog.
A truant oft; by field and fen
To capture butterflies; and then;—

And then, increased in strength and size,
  To be anon, a youth, full grown,

A hero in his mother's eyes;
  A young Apollo in his own,
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins; and then;—

And then, at last, to be a man;
  To fall in love, to woo, to wed;
With seething brain to scheme and plan;
  To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue or pen;
To gain or lose the prize; and then;—

And then in gray and wrinkled eld,
  To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
  And dwell in memory of Lang Syne;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave; and then;—

John G. Saxe.

HE PUT HIM OFF, ALL RIGHT

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro, and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up, with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping up, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman dat giv' me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;

She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with a lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

NOBODY KNOWS—BUT MOTHER

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
  Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
  Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
  Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
  To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
  Nobody can—but mother.

The Fireside.

SOMEBODY

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
  Was that "somebody" you?

THE INEVITABLE

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best
Nor ever mourns over his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

Sarah K. Bolton, in the Youths Companion.

LITTLE THINGS

"Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are read the most, and little songs the dearest loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Agar's is a model prayer; but then it is a little one; and the burden of the petition is for but little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour long. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars."

SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH ROCK, 1853

"The poor solitary Mayflower has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of that simple compact, which was signed in her cabin, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a Constitution of Republican Government for all this growing family of prosperous States.

"But the work is in its infancy. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land; and what is not done directly by ourselves, must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work—the work must go on. It must reach, at the North, to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never-melting barriers of Arctic ice; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar-peak of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern Cross! From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, it must make the out-going of the morning and evening to rejoice in the gladsome light of morals, and letters, and arts. Emperors, and kings, and parliaments—the oldest and the strongest governments in Europe—must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent; but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered, by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

* * * * * * * * *

'When we contrast the heart-stricken company which on that day knelt and wept on the quay at Delft Haven, till the impassive spectators—ignorant of the language

in which their prayers were offered, and the deep fountains of grief from which their sorrows flowed—were yet fain to melt in sympathetic tears—when we compare them with the busy, prosperous millions of our present New England, we seem to miss that due proportion between results and their causes, which history delights to trace. But a deeper and more appreciative study reveals the secret.

"There are two Master Ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man, the only ones, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims; these great ideas are God and Liberty! It was these that inspired our Fathers; by these that their weakness was clothed with power; that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought."

Edward Everett.

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When its love is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And we then call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

John L. McCreery.

THIS WAY IS FAME

His way was in a bloody lane where clanking caissons splashed along; his goal, the line where blazing guns laughed out their song of death. On, on he went. His ears were filled with sounds of quick commands, bugle blasts, discordant drums. No fluttering fear was in his heart, no thought of home, no specter of the dread despair that waited at the hearth if he never came again. To him there was no warning in the bullet's deadly hiss. Youth trod all reason under foot; ambition saw all glory overhead. On, on he went to woo his bride, the priceless jewel, Fame.

Another, in a garret, sighed for Fame. Crusts were his portion, and his raiment only rags. Hermit-like, he toiled alone; nor cold nor hunger even daunted him. He marshaled all his hosts, and visions came and went. On, on he toiled. In the snowflakes that drifted in and touched his hands he read a message from the world without; all white,

all cheerless. As a chrysalis, his fancy wove and spun and made its garment wondrous, then burst in splendor on a waiting world.

Both fought the fight; each in his way. One for an heroic shape of bronze, one for a speechless marble face. Each for an epitaph—that all the ages in the dust of time might know he did and died.

Philadelphia Press.

THE SONG OF LABOR

I sing the song of the workman,
The joy of the man whose hand
Leaps to fulfill with practised skill
The keen, sure brain's demand,
Who knows the thrill of creation,
Who stands with the Lord as one—
Sees what was wrought from hidden thought
And can say of his work, "Well done!"

Others may seek for rank and wealth,
And search the wide world through—
He knows the deep where grand thoughts sleep,
Which Tubal Cain once knew;
Beauty may lie in a woman's eye,
And dwell on her lips so sweet—
It lives as well in the engine's swell,
And the piston's throbbing beat.

The arch which defies the river's flood,
And holds its waves in check,
Is fair as the line where tresses twine,
Or the curve of a snowy neck;

And he who can feel such beauty's power,
And bid it live and move,
Knows a deeper bliss than a maiden's kiss
Can give to the heart of love.

Some must lie soft and feed daintily,
Or the soul in them makes moan;
But little he heeds who finds his needs
In the maker's joy alone.
Sorrow and pain may come to him,—
They surely come to all,—
But ever he feels a strength that steels
His heart to the shafts that fall.

He gladly greets the coming years;
They bring him added skill.
He feels no ruth for the loss of youth;
His goal is nearer still;
And only this he asks of fate:
That he may keep his dower
Of strength, and will, and labor's skill
Unto his life's last hour.

Ninette M. Lowater.

LOVE IN THE HOME

There is abundant reason for urging upon the home circle, rich or poor, the culture of love, without which no true home-culture can exist. How can it be done? First, be willing to show the love that already exists. It is like a plant with shriveled, drooping leaves. Bring it out into the light; show it; put it in the warmth of the sun. Is the husband and father silent, gloomy, withdrawn into himself,

brooding, perhaps, over the fact that, no matter how hard he tries, he never can meet the family demands? Show him that you know he is tired, that you love him for his constant effort, that you love him the same, even if he has failed to do all he had hoped. Show him how well and cheerfully you can get on with a little for this time, sure that the next time he will succeed. If you are his daughter, and have acquired the habit of thinking of him chiefly as the man from whom the money comes for the things you need, get out of that relation by planning to do something for him. Has your mother been in the habit of reminding him that your birthday was at hand? Find out his birthday, and begin to plan for that—a little gift from every child—a song sung for father, a little speech from his little son; a little fun in which you coax him to share—it may mean a new life to him, because it means a new sense of how truly you love and believe in him. When it comes to showing the dear mother how you love her, be sure you get father to help in planning the good time for her.

Mary Lowe Dickinson, in "Success."

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG

A bit of color against the blue:
Hues of the morning, blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star:
Under its folds wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host;
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand.
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag: red, white, and blue.

Margaret E. Sangster.

MOTHER'S BOY

Make rowdy music, little one!
  Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my own,
  That I have watched you long.

Romp in your merry ways apart,
  And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night time to my heart,
  A tired little child.

Cora A. Watson.

"WE ARE SEVEN"

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell—
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how may this be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, Master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE

On a bridge I was standing one morning
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the helpless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed with compassion,
"Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escapest being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken
Than lo, like an angel of love,
I saw, to the waters beneath me,
A leaflet descend from above.

It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which soon to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

O sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should never despair,
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for His children will care.

And though to our short-sighted vision,
No way of escape may appear;
Let us trust; for when least we expect it,
The help of "Our Father" is near.

From a Welsh book, "Y. Ffughanes Buddugol," published in 1855.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flowers you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Margaret E. Sangster.

WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world moves on;
I sometimes wonder what is best,
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—
Some love the tent—and some the field,
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive, or those who yield.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way.
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, while others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back while some move on,
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on, while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

Father Ryan.

THE RIVER TIME

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers, like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf—how they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May that Greenwood of souls be in sight!

Benjamin Franklin Taylor, 1819–1897.

TIRED MOTHERS

This pathetic little poem was taken from the Chicago Tribune about two years ago. With it was this pathetic note: "When a young mother, I could never read these verses without tears and a dread that my boy, my only child, might be taken from me. They led me to be patient with him, and I hope they may help other mothers. Alas, for me, the dreaded day has come, and though I thought I did my best, I have regrets."

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curly head from off your breast;
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your lap again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
  At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints when the days are wet
  Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
  Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
  And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart today,
  Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
  The little one I used to kiss is dead.

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

TO THE MAN WHO FAILS

Let others sing to the hero who wins in the ceaseless fray,
Who, over the crushed and fallen, pursueth his upward way;
For him let them weave the laurel, to him be their pæan sung,
Whom the kindly fates have chosen, who are happy their loved among;
But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress to reach;
To bind, o'er the wound of failure, the balm of pitying speech;
To whisper: "Be up and doing, for courage at last prevails"—
I sing—who have supped with Failure—I sing to the man who fails.

I know how the gray cloud darkens, and mantles the soul in gloom;
I know how the spirit harkens to voices of doubt or of doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word, "Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that our God is there.
Our years are as moments only; our failures He counts as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected, perchance is the one that He sought.
Mayhap, in the ultimate judgment, the effort alone avails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man who fails.

We sow in the darkness only; but the Reaper shall reap in light;
And the day of His perfect glory shall tell of the deeds of the night.
We gather our gold, and store it, and the whisper is heard, "Success!"
But, tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were an achievement less?
We struggle for fame, and win it; and lo! like a fleeting breath,
It is lost in the realm of silence, whose ruler and king is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a housewife's tales?
I sing—for the Father heeds him—I sing to the man who fails.

Oh, men, who are labelled "failures," up, rise up! again, and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room; there is room for you.

No failure was e'er recorded, in the annals of truthful men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts again.
The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss of the sun.
Oh, weary and worn and stricken, oh, child of fate's cruel gales!
I sing,—that it haply may cheer him,—I sing to the man who fails.

Alfred J. Waterhouse.

SPEECH OF A FLAT-HEAD CHIEF, 1832

I come to you over a trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you, with strong arms, through many enemies, and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired with many moons (of journeying) and their moccasins were worn out (on the trail).

My people sent me to get the "White Man's Book of Heaven." You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land

beyond, but the book was not among them to show us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people, in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men, or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no White Man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

THEY TWO

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two—once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days;
The children went one by one
Away from home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire
While someone would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd.
And now they are two that gather there
At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world!
Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
Where the table is set for two.

A. E. K.

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS

One of the most interesting and pathetic incidents of which I have ever read or heard is connected with the memory of one of the greatest and noblest men of all times —Abraham Lincoln. In company with some other candidates who were out on a political campaign over a half century ago in the wild West, he saw in the woods near the close of the day some baby birds that had been blown out of their nest. Asking to be allowed to get down from the carriage, which passed on ahead, Mr. Lincoln picked up the tiny creatures and restored them to their little home. On reaching the inn, he was asked the cause of his delay, and astonished his hearers by telling them of his humane

act, declaring that, had he not returned the birdies to their mother's care, he could not sleep at night. What a tender, loving heart!

H. P. S. Perry, Oklahoma.

WHEN THE OCEAN BILLOWS ROLL

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," says Bishop Potter, "and although the sky was clear and the weather warm a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of sea-sickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon, I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone, I asked: 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?'

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'

" 'At least, madam,' said I, tenderly, 'permit me to bring you a glass of water.'

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'

" 'But your husband, madam,' said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!"

A VOICE FROM BELOW

Do not be afraid, do not cry out, for life is good. I came from low down, from the cellar of life where darkness and terror reign, where man is half beast, and life is only a fight for bread. It flows slowly there, in dark streams, but even there gleam pearls of courage, of intelligence, and of heroism, even there beauty and love exist. Everywhere that man is found, good is; in tiny particles and invisible roots—but still it is there. All these roots will not perish; some will grow and flourish and bear fruit. I bought dearly the right to believe this; therefore it is mine, my whole life long. And thus I have won yet another right, the right to demand that you, too, believe as I do, for I am the voice of that life, the despairing cry of those who remain below, and who have sent me to herald their pain. They also long to rise to self-respect, to light and freedom.

From Gorky's suppressed novel, "The Peasants."

WE MEET AT ONE GATE

We meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door when all's done.

The ways they are many, the end it is one.
He that knocketh shall enter; who asks shall obtain;
And who seeketh, he findeth.

* * * * * * * * *

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely so ever its course,

But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

Owen Meredith, in "Lucille."

GIVE THE BUG A CHANCE

A Lincoln anecdote used by Senator "Billy" Mason as an illustration, at a meeting of his neighbors, during the discussions preceding the Spanish war.

President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on its back, and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that has touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen and placed him foremost in our affections as the greatest American, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on

his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet, and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Cuba has been placed upon her feet and given an equal chance with nations of her class; but the saying still abides with me, and many struggling bugs have been given their chance because of it. I want to pass it along; this homely, heartful suggestion of Honest Abe, because it applies to helping not only nations and bugs, but men and women, boys and girls, upon their feet, and giving them an equal chance with all others of their class.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others,—'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

THE WOOD-BOX

It was kept out in the kitchen, and 'twas long and deep and wide,
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside;
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin' through its grate from ear to ear,
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother, pretty near.
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knot-holes hid,
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid;
And it hadn't any bottom—or, at least, it seemed that way
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to get outside and play.

When the noons was hot and lazy and the leaves hung dry and still,
And the locust in the pear tree started up his planin'-mill,
And the drum-beat of the breakers was a soothin', temptin' roll,
And you knew the "gang" was waitin' by the brimmin' "swimmin' hole"—

Louder than the locust's buzzin', louder than the breakers' roar,
You could hear the wood-box holler, "Come and fill me up once more!"
And the old clock ticked and chuckled as you let each arm-ful drop,
Like it said, "Another minute, and you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's, when the bed was snug and warm,
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm,
And your breath rose off the piller in a smoky cloud of steam—
Then that wood-box, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream,
Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggra-vatin' glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled and ready, in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' wood-box had to come and spoil it all;
You might study at your lessons, and 'twas full, and full to stay;
But jest start an Injun story, and 'twas empty right away,
Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that wood-box yit:

And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares of men—
Still it comes to spoil the picture, screamin' "Fill me up again!"

Joseph C. Lincoln.

WHAT THE SPIRIT OF SUNSHINE MEANS

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine."

"Does the store look just the same? Land, how I'd like to be there again, with the sun shining in so bright! How does it look, Eben?"

"The store's never been the same since you left it, Marthy."

A faint flush came into Martha's cheeks. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's praise?

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store, but one day Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never more be partner in the happy little store.

"I can't help hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one afternoon. "If I take it real careful, I think I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far."

It took a long time for her to drag herself down-town, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Not far from her on the pavement stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck. On this tray were arranged a few cards of collar-buttons, some papers of pins and several bundles of shoe-laces. In a trembling voice he called his wares.

Martha leaned for support against the wall of a building nearby. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit. Then she understood. The store had gone to pay her hospital expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her weak limbs would carry her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find it out!" she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept it a secret from me, and now I'll keep it a secret from him. He sha'n't ever know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerily the old question:

"How's business, Eben?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy," was the cheery answer, and Martha prayed God might bless him for his sunshiny spirit and love of her.

"*Sunshine Department*," *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1903.

LIFE

(A Literary Curiosity.)

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? —*Young.*
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.— *Dr. Johnson.*
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die; —*Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh. —*Prior.*
To be is better far than not to be, —*Sewell.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; —*Spencer.*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—*Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*
Thy fate is the common fate of all; —*Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys can here no man befall; —*Southwell.*

Nature to each allots his proper sphere, —*Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. —*Churchill.*
Custom does often reason overrule, —*Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. —*Armstrong.*
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven. —*Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. —*Bailey.*
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—*French.*
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place. —*Somerville.*
Then keep each passion down, however dear, —*Thompson.*
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. —*Byron.*
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, —*Smollett.*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray. —*Crabbe.*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; —*Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that we despise. —*Crowley.*
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem, —*Beattie.*
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. —*Cowper.*
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
—*Sir Wm. Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. —*Gray.*
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, —*Willis.*
Only destructive to the brave and great. —*Addison.*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? —*Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—*Francis Quarles.*
How long we live, not years, but actions tell; —*Watkins.*
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—*Herrick.*
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
—*William Mason.*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. —*Hill.*
The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;—*Dana.*
For live we how we may, yet die we must. —*Shakespeare.*

Mrs. H. A. Deming.

NOTE:—Accompanying this is a statement that a year was occupied in searching for and fitting the lines in this remarkable mosaic from English and American poets.

YOUR LETTER, LADY, CAME TOO LATE

The following beautiful and touching lines were written during the war by an officer of the Confederate Army, at the time a prisoner on Johnson's Island. A young Georgian, when the war broke out, was engaged to be married to one of the most beautiful and brilliant belles of Savannah, but died in captivity. While he lay dead, a letter came from this young lady to her lover. It was a cruel, cold, heartless letter, altogether different in tone and in manner from any she had ever before written him. It spoke of brilliant balls she had lately attended, and dwelt with ill-concealed rapture upon the innumerable perfections of a certain colonel of General Wheeler's staff, of his manly form, his exquisite manners, his noble countenance, his low, soft, rich voice, his graceful dancing, his marvellous conversational powers, etc., etc., and closed with these chilling words: "Respectfully, etc., Virginia." Hitherto she had ended every letter with "Your own devoted and faithful Virginia."

This letter was received at the prison a few hours after the death of him to whom it was written, and replied to by his comrade as follows:

Your letter, lady, came too late,
  For Heaven had claimed its own.
Ah, sudden change—from prison bars
  Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
  To live for his disdain,
Could he have read the careless words
  Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait
  Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier faith
  Not even death had power:
And you—did others whisper low
  Their homage in your ear,
As though among their shadowy throng
  His spirit had a peer.

I would that you were by me now,
  To draw the sheet aside.

And see how pure the look he wore
The moment when he died.
The sorrow that you gave him
Had left its weary trace,
As 'twere the shadow of the cross
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when these valleys bright in May
Once more with blossoms wave,
The northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've seen your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For what is worthless all:
What manly bosoms beat for them
In folly's falsest thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has an end,
Yet would that you could stand with me
Beside my fallen friend.
And I forgive you for his sake
As he—if it be given—
May even be pleading grace for you
Before the court of Heaven.

Tonight the cold wind whistles by
As I my vigil keep
Within the prison dead house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds his form,
Yet death exalts his face,
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

Tonight your home may shine with lights
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong.
Your hand so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white—would God, your heart
Were half as free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead,
Than you in life supreme:
For yours the sinner's waking dread,
And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come:
He chose his way, you yours; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom. *Col. W. S. Hawkins.*

THE RAVEN

There being several selections from "The Raven," practically covering the whole poem, it has been published in full.—*Ed.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember: it was in the bleak December
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore,

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered name "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he.

But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian Shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly;
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust spoke only
That one word as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered: not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet-lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath sent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore.
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—
Whether Tempter-sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me—I
implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
Shore,
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken,

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door;
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809–1849.

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself, and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet, good-night! good-night!

Ellen M. H. Gates.

SIN IS SIN

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow";
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
For a boy or a girl's sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart as pure as your girl's tonight.

THE TURK AND LIFE INSURANCE

A Man was complaining that he had insured His Life twenty years before in a Mutual Benefit Company which Promised all sorts of things, and now the time was up and he received less than he would have done if he had Invested his Money elsewhere. A wise Turk who was sitting close by, said it reminded him of a Camel belonging to a Friend of His. It was a most Intelligent Brute, and the Owner was convinced that if he found a really good Teacher it could be made to talk. Presently a Hadji appeared, who said he was of the same opinion, and would Teach it, but it would take a long time, probably thirty years. The Owner was delighted, and agreed to pay the Hadji a Fixed Sum per annum, and a Big Bonus when the animal Talked, the Hadji Promising to Pay a Heavy Fine if it did not. A Friend afterward went to the Hadji and said: "What on earth induced you to make that Agreement? You know that you can never Teach the Camel to Talk." "Oh," said

the Hadji, "I know that, but during the Thirty Years either I shall die, or the Owner, or the Camel will. Anyhow, I am All Right, as I have my Fixed Income."

R. W. Payne, in New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU

The world is waiting for you, young man,
If your purpose is strong and true;
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
You can bring things old and new,
If you know the truth that makes men free,
And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,
And harvest of valley and plain,
That Industry, Knowledge and Skill can secure,
While Ignorance wishes in vain.
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm,
Is a power that is wielded by few;
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

Of the idle and brainless the world has enough—
Who eat what they never have earned;
Who hate the pure stream from the fountain of truth,
And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,
And genius like gems bright and true,
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and light,—
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O young man, from the stupor of doubt
And prepare for the battle of life;
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge,—
But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?
Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you!

Prof. S. S. Calkins.

BRITISH TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

A conspicuous instance of British recognition of what is worthy and true in American character was the publication of Tom Taylor's famous poem in the London Punch, immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln. To appreciate Taylor's verses, one must remember that the poet had found in Lincoln the butt of his most telling witticisms. We reproduce the poem entire as it appeared in Punch:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please!

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes, he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet—
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer—
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do;
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
  The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
  The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear—
  Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
  If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it: four long suffering years
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in Earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

C. E. Bowman.

IN THE ORCHARD PATH

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall wet grass, with its wet perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it.

In the high wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me.

And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure south wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the whispering wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling:
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story.
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all my lover said.
Oh! the moon and stars in glory.

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One little word of the many that fell
From the eager lips of my lover.

And the moon and the stars that looked over
  Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
  They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
  Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover!

Homer Green.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang out of my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little, old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick;
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher, now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement Clarke Moore.

LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE

If my memory serves me right, the enclosed "Little Giffin of Tennessee" is by the late Dr. Ticknor, of Charleston, S. C. I have taught it to my boys—now six good men—from the time they could catch its significance, and I would like to pass it on to other mothers even if it fails to secure any one of your generous prizes.

Respectfully,

Jonesboro, Tenn. MRS. S. J. KIRKPATRICK

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"But much your Doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heels to head.

Weary war with bated breath!
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still the glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't—nay, more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," asking about the men.
Captain's answer, "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

"Johnston's pressed at the front," they say—
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, the first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared."—There was news of fight,
But none of Giffin—he didn't write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
Each so careless of power and pelf,
Each so thoughtful for all but self,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee—
Yes, barter them all, for the loyalty
Of Little Giffin of Tennessee.

Dr. Ticknor.

"GOOD-NIGHT, NOT GOOD-BYE"

I saw my lady die;
And he, who oft times cruel is, dark Death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came, all clemency.

He would not let her know
So well he loved the bright soul he must take,
That for our grieving and her own fair sake,
He hid his shaft and bow.

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills but does not harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said, "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half-forgiven, and parting well-nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad

In robes of unseen light,
Her willing soul spread wing, and, while she passed,
"Darling! good-bye," we moaned, but she at last
Sighed, "No! good-night!"

Good-night, then! Sweetheart! Wife!
If this world be the dark time and its morrow
Day-dawn of Paradise, dispelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless life.

Good-night! and not Good-bye!
Good-night! and best "Good-morrow!" if we wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must make
Haste to be done, and die!

For dying has grown dear
Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace;
We see Death made pale slumber on your face;
Good-night! But is dawn near?

Flowers rich of scent and hue
We laid upon your sleeping-place. And these
Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to please,
Being your own—take, too!

Sir Edwin Arnold

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE

My father, Isaac Smith, A. M., D. D., was a Baptist clergyman of repute for more than sixty years. He was born near the Blue Hills of Milton, Mass.; his mother, Mercy Sumner, was of the same family as Charles Sumner.

One day, many years ago, we were riding together, when he said: "I am about to relate to you a peculiar incident in my history and experience which occurred when I was a mere lad. I have never referred or alluded to it to anyone, and shall attempt no explanation as to its significance to me, either as a message or otherwise.

"As a boy, it was not only my habit, but a delight to climb the Blue Hill (where now the observatory stands). One lovely day in summer-time, I lay down in a secluded nook to rest, and enjoy communion with Nature, for even at that early age I recognized a relation to life in tree and plant, as well as in the higher orders of creation. Suddenly, I heard a noise, utterly strange to me; something apparently distant. Soon the sound increased, a rattling, rumbling noise, coming nearer and nearer. Then I saw a strange sight. I never before saw anything like it. I had no power to describe it, and soon it passed out of view.

"I thought no more of it except as a strange fancy of mine, until a few years later I saw and heard the first train of cars and locomotive. I at once recognized them as the original sound and sights seen and heard that summer day from the Blue Hill. I had never seen cars or locomotives; indeed there were none to see or hear until later. Why I had this vision or its intent I know not. Some would say, 'Oh! it was only a dream;' but it was not a dream; for I was as wide awake as I ever was in my life.

"Others would declare it to be imagination, or fancy, but this does not relieve; it only removes or changes the

mystery. I had a revelation, and be it in dreaming, even then the mystery remains. How came I to dream thus?" and then we rode on for a time in silence.

No one who knew the character for veracity of my revered father, could for a moment doubt his integrity in the matter. He has long since passed on. His experience is a study and fact in psychology.

Chas. Macomber Smith, D.D., Spring Hill, Somerville, Mass.

AN OLD STORY

I have heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey County, Indiana, to Pike County, Missouri (where John Hay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe). He was starving to death on donations of catfish, 'possum, and a hundred-dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you.' "

A LITTLE PARABLE

I made the cross myself, whose weight
  Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
  Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
  I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had,
  To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
  Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
  To bear up Calvary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich, 1866–1892.

DO IT NOW

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grellet.

SPANISH PROVERB

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

M'HM

Ye've heerd hoo the Deil as he wauchled thro Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter an' ane in his teeth,
When someone ca'd oot, "Will ye tak mine the morn?"
He waggled his tail, and he cocked his horn,
But he only said, "M'hm,"
He grinned and said, "M'hm,"
Wi' sic a big moothfu' he cudna say "aye."

When I was a callant lang syne at the skule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule,
But for a' that he said, I cud ne'er understan',
Save when he said, "Jamie, just haud oot yer han',"
Then I gloomed and said, "M'hm,"
I glowered and said, "M'hm,"
I wasna that proud but ower dour to say "aye."

Yin day a queer word as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quoth I, "Mr. Quill," wi' a kind o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye that word, gin ye spell me anither;
Let's hear ye spell, 'M'hm,'
That auld Scotch word, 'M'hm,'
That laud farrant word—ye ken it means 'aye.'"

An' when a bold wooer I coorted ma Jean,
O' Aveon's braw lassies, the bride an' the queen,
When 'neath ma auld plaidie wi' heart beating fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be ma ain,
She blushed and said, "M'hm,"
She smiled and said, "M'hm,"
A thousan' times sweeter and dearer than "aye."

THE V–A–S–E

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown—

The Gotham million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushingly, said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze."

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "O, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws."

Dies erit praegelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

James Jeffrey Roche.

OLD IRONSIDES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victors' tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"FAREWELL"

Farewell! there is a pathos in that word
Which time alone can never satisfy;
A conscious parting from the things that were
The sunshine and the cloud of days gone by.

Farewell! when man's true heart hath spoke that word
And turned him to the onward outlook broad;
Naught can make up to him what he hath lost
Save Heaven and home, eternity and God.

And inward faith that there is no farewell;
But just the semblance of a thing that's not;
The drawing o'er the past a time-made veil
Which the Almighty's hand had kindly wrought.

To keep men looking upward to the heights
Beyond whose cliffs eternal pleasures lie;
Bathed in the glory of a perfect light!
Kissed by the beauty of the bye and bye.

Farewell! 'tis but the hunger in the soul
For man's salvation, and for Heaven above;
The craving for a ransomed universe,
The "Mind of Christ," the triumph, and the love.

A NEW VERSION

Suggested by some modern methods of Church support. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."—*St. Mark xi:16*

O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more;
But pardon if I do not kneel before
Thy gracious presence, for my knees are sore
With so much walking. In my chair instead
I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.
I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know;
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show;
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,
Their contributions to our church put down;
I've baked a pot of beans for Saturday's spree,
An old-time supper it is going to be;
I've dressed three dolls, too, for our annual fair,
And made a cake which we must raffle there.
Now, with Thy boundless wisdom, so sublime,
Thou knowest that these duties all take time;
I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes;
My children roam the streets from morn till night,
I have no time to teach them to do right;
But Thou, O Lord, considering all my cares,
Wilt count them righteous, also heed my prayers.
Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,
And put it in the hearts of all to go.
Induce the visitors to patronize
The men who in our program advertise;
Because I've chased these merchants till they hid
Whene'er they saw me coming; yes, they did.
Increase the contributions to our fair,
And bless the people who assemble there;
Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,

The flower table and the cake that's sent;
May our whist club be to our service blest,
The dancing party gayer than the rest;
And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings, then
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

HE SILENCED THE DEVIL

If you find yourself getting miserly, begin to scatter, like a wealthy farmer in New York State that I heard of. He was a noted miser, but he was converted. Soon after, a poor man who had been burned out and had no provisions came to him for help. The farmer thought he would be liberal and give the man a ham from his smoke-house. On his way to get it, the tempter whispered to him:

"Give him the smallest one you have."

He had a struggle whether he would give a large or a small ham, but finally he took down the largest he could find.

"You are a fool," the devil said.

"If you don't keep still," the farmer replied, "I will give him every ham I have in the smoke-house."

WHAT OTHERS MAY NOT SEE!

If each man's secret, unguessed care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now!
And if the promptings of each heart
No artifice concealed,
How many trusting friends would part
At what they saw revealed!

CHURCH MUSIC

Attending services recently, in a church where the worship is of a highly aesthetic kind, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity was felt for him when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that he was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." When the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies were all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir, in a most cool and compact manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

These what? So long a time had elapsed since they had sung of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed. Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? Solomon with an eye-glass and mustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still

remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of slander. But again off started the nimble soprano, with the laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; and the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

Anonymous.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
  Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
  Makes countless thousands mourn.

Robert Burns.

THE LAST GATE

"The tomb is but the gateway to an eternity of opportunity."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

The favorite poem of United States Senator William B. Allison, and quoted largely by several contributors. It is, therefore, published in full, with the exception of four stanzas.—*Ed.*

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes.
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amoung the farmers roun'
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny woman-grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bran new gown,
Or deposits her sair-worn penny-fee
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly speers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet,
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view,
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new,
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jouk or play;
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel an' assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel-pleased the mother hears 'tis nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs an' kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithful scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures; bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round
And sage experience bids me this declare:
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

* * * * *

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare;
Those strains that ance did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion wi' judicious care,
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heaven'ard flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
How he who lone, in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That make her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumb'rous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

* * * * *

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward),
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot, and the patriot's bard
In bright succession, raise her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns.

HUSTLE AND GRIN

(Here's apologizing to Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

Smile and the world smiles with you;
"Knock," and you go it alone:
For the cheerful grin
Will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,
Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle! and fortune awaits you;
Shirk! and defeat is sure;
For there's no chance
Of deliverance
For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble, and things go wrong,
And all the time
You are out of rhyme
With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle, and life is gay,
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.

"UNTIL THE DAYBREAK"

A human soul went forth into the night,
Shutting behind it Death's mysterious door,
And shaking off, with strange, resistless might
The dust that once it wore.
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
As when by skillful hand a bow is bent
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes
Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when,
Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise,
It left the world of men.
It broke from sickness, that with iron bands
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day;
And Love itself with its restraining hands
Might not its course delay.

Space could not hold it back with fettering bars,
  Time lost its power, and ceased at last to be;
It swept beyond the boundary of the stars,
    And touched Eternity.
Out from the house of mourning faintly lit,
  It passed upon its journey all alone;
So far not even thought could follow it
    Into those realms unknown.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark,
  Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
    The soul went home to God.
"Alas!" they cried, "he never saw the morn,
  But fell asleep outwearied with the strife"—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
    Of Everlasting Life.

Christian Burke.

THE BURDEN

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
    Throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the others' sins?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"

And the Thorn-crowned and Patient One
Replied, "*They thronged me, too; I, too, have seen.*"

"Thy other children go at will," I said,
    Protesting still.

"They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I *have* tried"—

He turned and looked at me: "*But I have died.*"

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil
Thee souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed—
They are not *mine.*"

He looked at them—the look of one divine;
He turned and looked at me. "*But they are mine.*"

"O God," I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! And henceforth I will bond slave be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones;
I would no more be free."

He smiled and said, "*It is to me.*"

Lucy Rider Meyer.

PLUCK AND LUCK

One constant element of luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold will slip;
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"THE HOLY CITY"

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush.

At length one man protested. "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The

police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished.

Youths Companion.

A SOUVENIR

I found them in a book last night,
These withered violets:
A token of that early love
That no man e'er forgets.
Pressed carefully between the leaves,
They keep their color still,
I cannot look at them today
Without an old-time thrill.

Ah me, what tricks does memory play!
The passing years have fled,
And hopes that lived in vigor once,
Alas! have long been dead.
And this is all that I can say,
When all is said and done,
Those flowers remind me of some girl—
I wish I knew which one!

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED

Moral Truths Taught in Similes Derived from the Weed

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* has dug up this poem from an old book published in Pittsburgh in 1831, called "Gospel Sonnets and Spiritual Songs," written by Rev. Ralph Erskine, a minister in Dunfermline, Scotland, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie. Rev. Mr. Erskine must have lived about two hundred years ago, as there was a volume of his sermons published in London in 1738.

Part I

This Indian weed now withered quite
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Thy pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak,
Thou art e'en such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say:
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of Great Renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your hearts inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers;
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

SOMETIME

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so!
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life
  And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
  And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart!
  God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
  Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land,
  Where weary feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
Then shall we know and clearly understand—
  I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

TWO LOVERS

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
  They leaned soft cheeks together there,
  Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
    O budding time!
    O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
  The bells made happy carolings,
  The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway swept.
    O pure-eyed bride!
    O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
  Two hands above the head were locked;
  These pressed each other while they rocked;

These watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left the lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone about the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined and said once more:
O memories!
O past that is! *George Eliot*

THE SAYING OF OMAR IBN AL HALIF

The Second Caliph

Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite poem, suggested by him for this volume.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal,
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat,

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

"Mike, Mike!" called Mike Delaney's wife, Bridget, when he came home one evening. "Run over to the Macks' and see what's the matter with Pat. He's been running up and down the yard since breakfast, these two days; and the weather's bad for shirt sleeves. I'm thinking he's either lost his mind or training for a policeman."

"Whist, woman!" said Mike. "Let him be. He's got a wife of his own to worry him."

The next evening she met Mike at the door.

"Sure," said she, "his brain's gone entirely, or it must be dancin' lessons he's after takin', for he's prancin' about the yard all this blessed day, he is."

So Mike thinks he would better look into the matter, and he goes to Pat.

"Man, man!" he said. "Can't your wife jaw at you enough without all the neighbors taking a whack. What are you making a spectacle of your feelin's in the back yard for? Are you crazy?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "I'm only followin' directions. It's a bit sick I've been and the doctor left me some medicine. He told me to take it two days runnin' and then skip a day."

In "The Arrow," Philadelphia.

A PERSIAN LOVE SONG

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
  But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
  The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
  Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
  Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
  Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
  Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray;
  They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
  And nestle in his heart by night.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL"

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.
Nixon Waterman in "In Merry Mood."

ALONE

To appreciate "Alone," the reader should remember that Mr. Burdette is popular as a humorist. The sickness of his wife called him to her bedside for many long weeks—she finally died, and "Alone" expresses his loss.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
  My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
  And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
  The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
    For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
  With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
  I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me.
  Old doubts make my spirit their own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
    For I am alone.

Robert J. Burdette

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the King
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

HIDE AND GO SEEK

It was an old, old, old lady—
And a boy who was half-past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down—
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One-Two-Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a One, and Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. Bunner, in Boston Transcript.

TOO MUCH FOR BEECHER

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "sinkers and cow," etc.

"Watch me give that waiter an order which I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length, as the waiter approached. Then he said:

"Give me poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken."

But the waiter, equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled:

"Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em."

It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

London Illustrated Bits.

UPON THE VALLEY'S LAP

Upon the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose.

So, often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

F. W. Bourdillon.

THE PICKET'S SONG

"*Jesus, lover of my soul,*
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

It was on an ocean steamer,
And one voice above the rest,
Beautiful, pure, rich and mellow,
All the air with music blest.
Something more, a faint remembrance
Broke upon the listener's ear—
"Yes," he thought, "'tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear."

Silence followed. Then the stranger
Stept up to the singer rare,
"Were you in the Civil War, sir?"
"A Confederate, I was there."

Then a time, a place, were mentioned—
"Were you?" "Yes, and strange to say
This same hymn was then my comfort,
That you hear us sing today.

"Dark the night, so cold and dreary,
And my boyish heart felt low,
Pacing there on sentry duty,
Dangerously near the foe.
Midnight came, the darkness deepened,
Thoughts of home, forebodings brought,
So, for comfort, prayer and singing
Dissipated gloomy thought.

" 'All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'
Then a strange peace came upon me,
No more fear and gloom that night,
Dawn came, heralding the morrow,
Ere the first faint streak of light."

Then the other told his story:
"I, a Union soldier, true,
In those woods that very evening,
With my scouts was passing through.
You were standing, and our rifles
Covered you. We heard you sing:
'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"'Twas enough. 'Boys,' I said, 'come,
Lower rifles; we'll go home.' "

Alice May Youse.

TRUE VALOR

"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear."—*Pudd'nhead Wilson in Century.*

If Mark Twain had been a soldier himself, and had felt that mortal chill which strikes a fellow when the bullets begin to whistle and his comrades begin to fall on right and left, he couldn't know more about it.

When, in 1861, I went into Company B, 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, as a private, and was marched to Harper's Ferry, one of my fellow-privates was John P—— E——, of the same company. He was a plain, hard-working young carpenter, and a day or two before had married a pretty young wife. Jackson's brigade never had much play or rest, and when the first battle came they were in it, and so on to Appomattox. John P—— was not one of those rare heroes who "didn't know what fear was." He knew very well, but always met it face to face. He said he was always "scared to death" in battle, but he had a curious way of showing it. When the battle was joined, and blood and ruin were everywhere, then, wherever the front rank of danger and fighting was in his regiment, there was John P——, with shaking legs, pale face, and tears running down his cheeks, ready to advance with the first, and staying with the last that retreated. Then and there, without shout or boast, firing steadily, he did his duty until the last shot had been fired. When picket duty demanded special reliability, he was sent. He might have moaned inwardly, but he never tried to escape. Once (I was captain then), when he was complaining of his own cowardice, I said to him: "If you are half as afraid in battle as you say you are, how can you keep from running away? I couldn't."

"Why, captain," he replied, "do you think I'd disgrace that little wife I left at home for half a dozen such 'or'nary' lives as mine?"

"Well, John, if all of General Lee's army were such cowards as you are, we'd capture Washington and end the war this campaign," was all that I could answer.

John P—— and his wife survived the war, and they have a houseful of children. He is most as faithful and trustworthy in peace as he was in war, leading a quiet and respected life. When I think of his constitutional infirmity and of the sense of duty and manly courage which conquered it, I feel that no braver man ever

"Fought with Stonewall Jackson
In the old Stonewall brigade."

H. K. D.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

William Shakespeare, in "Julius Caesar."

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox.

THE INVINCIBLE VETERANS

When the nation was burying the body of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, a citizen touched a soldier and said, "Sir, you are standing in front of me." The soldier replied, "I have been for four years." This gave the soldier the right to stand anywhere. Thus the right to stand anywhere inheres in the wornout preachers, the invincible veterans. For God honors "the arduous greatness of things achieved," and judges by the deeds done in the body.

A German baron went with Bishop Ames to see the great review of the armies in Washington at the close of the war. Some soldiers came by with new uniforms. The baron said, "What fine men!" The Army of the Potomac came by with firm tread. The baron said, "Bishop, those men can whip the world!" Bishop Ames said, "They can." By and by the Western army marched by. Their ranks were decimated and their uniforms were tattered. They swung along in open order. Some carried mess kettles on their shoulders; some had a chicken or part of a ham hung on their guns. On they swung up Pennsylvania Avenue, making all kinds of noises, imitating all kinds of animals as they passed the grand stand. The baron, springing up, threw his arms around Bishop Ames, saying, "Bishop, bishop, those men can whip the devil."

Western Christian Advocate.

THANKFULNESS

Many favours which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.

Thomas Fuller.

MEASURING THE BABY

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew on the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger-lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebird whistled
  High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
  His mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured the boy today;

And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of Heaven thereon:
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

Emma Alice Brown.

MARRIAGE

Two volumes bound in one complete
With thrilling story old but sweet;
No title needs the cover fair,
Two golden hearts are blended there.

Mildred Merle.

HARD-EARNED WAGES

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of $67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments	$5.12
" Renewing Heaven and adjusting stars	7.14
" Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
" Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
" Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath	6.13
" Mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
" Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	3.02
" Putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
" Re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
" Washing the servant of High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek	5.02
" Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
" Putting earrings in Sarah's ears	5.26
" Decorating Noah's ark and new head on Shem	4.31
Total	$67.30

English Weekly.

THE CONCERT

Such a concert, dear, as I've had tonight!
Full of sweet sound and deep delight;
  And yet "the house" was poor;
Poor, if you count by crowded seats;
But, judging only by glad heart-beats,
  'Twas a splendid house, I'm sure.

First, Baby sang as well as she could
Some sweet little notes that I understood;
And wee Kate's chirp of a laugh broke out
As Willy ran in with a merry shout;
The pussy purred on the rug in state:
And the good clock ticked, "It's late! it's late!"
While over the fire the kettle sang
Its cheery song with the least little twang.

That was Part First, you must know, my dear,
When only we five were there to hear.
  The fire crackled applause;
The baby's soft little pat-a-cake
Made reckless encores for the music's sake,
  And pussy flourished her paws.

Well, the Second Part? Ah, that was fine—
Fine to the heart's core, lover mine!
For over the kettle's winsome plaint,
And the baby's breathing, sweet and faint,
And over the prattle of Will and Kate,
And the clock's impatient, "Late! it's late!"
I heard the blessedest sound of all—
A click of the latch, a step in the hall!
And "Home, sweet home" pulsed all the air
As you came calling up the stair.

THOSE SWEET OLD DAYS

How they come back to us!—"those sweet old days," now in the glad springtime. Even in the heart of a great city the fragrance of apple-bloom, and the perfume of lilac-bud and dewy violet fill our senses as fond memory carries us back to old and cherished haunts and wayside places, where mayhap, we have paused to hear Love's whisper, or laughed in pleasures deep, or—wept our tears!

The birds sing, fleecy clouds float by—oh, how blue and interminable the sky! How full of joy life is! Off yonder the river runs, a thread of gold in the sunlight, a ribbon of silver in the moonlight! The leaves rustle softly in the mild breeze, as overhead their giant branches spread, and here at our feet the grasses with buttercup and daisy peeping therefrom. O youth! O life! O happiness! Hope and faith make the heart strong and the footstep light.

Ah! how well we remember it, you and I! "Those sweet old days," when to us all the world was young. Such dreamy, fragrant sweetness, when sorrow, pain and death seemed so far away. But somehow we older grew. Time brought so many changes. There were happy "good-bys" and tearful farewells. Hands clasped, lips met and parted. Eyes looked into eyes glinting with mirth, as shadowed with mists, but even then, 'twas but for a day; but again days slipped into weeks, weeks into months and months into years—"hope deferred made the heart sick;" bright eyes grew dim, cheeks paled, phantom shadows crept among the hair, hands trembled and feet faltered.

Ah, yes, there were roses, but their dewy fragrance and velvet petals did not deaden the sharpness of the thorns, and a blood-stained pathway was often the result. The lips smiled ofttimes when the heart was broken. We

kept silence, because it were sacrilege to speak, to murmur or to moan; the sorrow was too deep.

Misunderstood? Yes, many times, you and I. Ah, there are bits of ribbon, tear-stained, and yellowed with age, faded flowers and old love tokens.

Memory is rife with them all, the joys, the sorrows, the successes and defeats. Off yonder is a grave, and there, and there, and away over there, with wide waters rolling between—on southern slopes and northern vales. We have stood without when we should have sat within. We tried to be brave, when nature protested; and yet, for all that has come and gone, there is pleasure in the pain as the memory of "those sweet old days" floats back to us. Pleasure in knowing that meanwhile we have trodden the wine-press and borne the heat and burden of the day; that "come what will, we have been blest," and so we take up our scrip and staff again, you and I, glad in the promise of that eternal springtime when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and "those sweet old days" will be forever.

Mrs. S. C. Hazlett-Bevis.

UNSATISFIED

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on either side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all the day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

Amid the city's constant din
A man who 'round the world has been;
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, O how happy,
How happy I would be."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave to the wheel of labor; what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,—
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies;
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Prof. Edwin Markham.

IN MEMORIAM: CARDINAL NEWMAN

After his "Lead, Kindly Light"

Thy sun hath set to us, but shines elsewhere
In Heavenly Light.
"Th' encircling gloom" is gone, and all is fair
In Heavenly Light.
Thy home is reached, thou dost "not ask to see
The distant scene," for it is near to thee.

And thou art "ever thus;" no need to pray
In Heavenly Light
For guidance on a dark and rugged way;
In Heavenly Light
The day of sorrow and of doubt is gone.
Thy love remembered and thy haven won.

And now thy faith is sight, and thou dost know
That God is Light;
And over "moor" and "torrent" we must go,
Through the dark night,
Till in the glorious morning light we see
The "angel faces" of the blest and thee.

H. D. Pearson, in "The Weekly Register," London, Aug., 1890. St. James' Vicarage, Clapton, England.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet—
Too well I know the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst always shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk
Without a fear.

Joy is like restless day, but Peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

The favorite poem of United States Senator Thomas H. Carter, and by him contributed—*Ed.*

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento,
But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps, it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew, dear, believe me
Ye'll find mankind an unco' squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thoughts
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha' hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted.
But Och! mankind are unco' weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted.

Yet they who fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him,
A man may tak a neebor's part
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye, free, off-han' your story tell
When wi' a bosom crony,
But still, keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to any.
Conceal yoursel' as well's ye can
Frae critical dissection,
But keek thro' ev'ry ither man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' well-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove
Though naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealin',
But Och! it hardens a' within
And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous, wait upon her,
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor,
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border,
Its slightest touches instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws
Unheeding consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear
And ev'n the rigid feature.
Yet ne'er wi' wits profane to range
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
  It may be little minded.
But when on life we're tempest-driven
  A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
  Is sure a noble anchor.

Adieu! dear, amiable youth!
  Your heart can ne'er be wanting,
May prudence, fortitude and truth
  Erect your brow, undaunting;
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"
  Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
  Than ever did Th' Adviser.

Robert Burns, 1786.

"THE PRESENT CRISIS"

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.
Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,

When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.
Backward look across the ages, and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises; God's stern winnowers; from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.
Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.
Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.
'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,

Worshippers of light ancestral, make the present light a crime:—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?
They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts;
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.
They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of today?
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

James Russell Lowell.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE

I hasten to send you a little clipping that I am sure will win one of the first prizes, so you might as well send me the $$$$$$ at once and not have any unnecessary delay. I am five feet four in my shoes. I do not know where I clipped this article, as it has lain in my scrap drawer for many years, but I value it very highly, and do not want to lose it.

If you love Roquefort cheese, as I do, you will at once see that this little sketch contains both "wholesome cheer, humor, comfort, hope" —and will make "dark days endurable and sunny days enduring."

If you have never tried this delightful delicacy, and desire to prove that I have not over-rated my endorsation of the enclosed, you can easily determine that I have told the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," by sampling a bit of the article.

Yours truly,

Wm. N. Grubb.

Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of a certain breed of sheep, which are fed on wild thyme, and the cheese has a wild time trying to keep from stinking itself to death in its infancy. The wild thyme grows on the banks of the Lot, Tarn and other rivers in the department of Aveyron in France, and after it has first been besheeped and then becheesed it generates a lot of the tarndese smells that ever perambulated down the pike.

Thyme is a kind of an aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put in solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an ax. It is then brought to the table in little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a round cracker that has to be broken with a maul.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color, except in spots, where mortification has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited.

but this is not true. Even the intrepid and mephitic microbe flees from it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two-bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the purr of a kitten and the roar of a lion. Some people who claim to be civilized say they like Roquefort cheese, but they only eat it because it is imported and expensive. A man who will eat it is an open sepulchre, and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never again allowed to look into the face of a human being.

MASTER JOHNNIE'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR

It was spring the first time that I saw her, for her mamma and papa moved in
Next door, just as skating was over and marbles about to begin;
For the fence in our back yard was broken, and I saw as I peeped through the slat,
There were "Johnnie-jump-ups" all around her, and I knew it was spring by that.

I never knew whether she saw me, for she didn't say nothing to me,
But "Ma, here's a slat in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see";
But the next day I climbed on the wood-shed, as you know, mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, "Well, peekin' is manners," and I answered her, "Sass is perlite."

But I wasn't a bit mad,—no, papa, and to prove it, the very next day
When she ran by our fence in the morning, I happened to get in her way,
For you know I am "chunky" and clumsy, as she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, pa, and laughed till tears came in her eyes.

And then we were friends from that moment, for I know that she told Kitty Sage,
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, that she thought I was tall for my age,
And I gave her four apples that evening and took her to ride on my sled
And—What am I telling you this, for? Why, papa, my neighbor is dead.

You don't hear one-half that I'm saying, I really do think it's too bad,
Why, you might have seen crape on her door-knob, and noticed today I've been sad,
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and they say they have dressed her in white;
And I've never once looked through the fence since she died at eleven last night.

And ma says it's decent and proper, as I was her neighbor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she thinks that you ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I shall be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, papa, I wouldn't know just what to say.

So I think I will get up quite early; I always sleep late, but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls the string that I'll tie to my toe,
And I'll crawl through the fence, and I'll gather the "Johnnie-jump-ups" as they grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her, and, papa, I'll give them to you.

For you're a big man and you know, pa, can come and go just as you choose,
And you'll take the flowers into her and surely they'll never refuse,
But, papa, don't say they're from Johnnie, they won't understand, don't you see?
But just lay them down on her bosom, and, papa, she'll know they're from me.

Bret Harte.

THE BABY'S KISS

(A true incident of the Civil War.)

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Pistol in holster and sword by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands
With a baby shaking its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers, fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out, "I will give you this,
A bright piece of gold, for your baby's kiss."

"My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face.
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers call;
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caressed.
And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at each fond embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cried one warrior grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day,
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

IRREVOCABLE

What thou hast done, thou hast done; for the heavenly horses are swift;
Think not their flight to o'ertake,—they stand at the throne even now.
Ere thou canst compass the thought, the immortals in just hands shall lift,
Poise and weigh surely thy deed, and its weight shall be laid on thy brow;
For what thou hast done, thou hast done.

What thou hast not done remains, and the heavenly horses
are kind;
Till thou hast pondered thy choice, they will patiently wait
at thy door.
Do a brave deed, and, behold! they are farther away than
the wind,
Returning, they bring thee a crown, to shine on thy brow
evermore;
For what thou hast done, thou hast done.

Mary Wright Plummer.

THE CREATOR IN CREATION

(Dschelalledin Rumi.)

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"
I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-
wrung tear.
I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;
I am the breath of the flute, and I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's lustre
wan;
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that
rise,
Flint sparks, the flame, the taper, the moth that about it
flies.

I am both Good and Evil; the deed, and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punishment;
I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of All!

Oriental Lyric translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

LITTLE BREECHES

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chippy and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell to split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell to split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and wagon
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hopes soured on me,
Of my fellow critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.
By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and see them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white,
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm;
They just stooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that the saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne. *John Hay.*

THE WATER LILY

O star on the breast of the river!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from Heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of Heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness,
Down in the dreary night,
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet,
They rise—to the sweetest place.

M. F. Butts

JIM BLUDSO

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folk tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike;

A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never to be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
'Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cl'ared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin' the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,

And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
  And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

Superintindint wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver th' kyars got offen th' thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigin writ to Flannigan,
Afther th' wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages—did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how th' smash occurred;
Full miny a tajus blundherin' wurrd

Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Afther the kyars had gone on agin:
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjuc-aation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

When Finnigin got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole moonth's pa-ay
That it will be miny an' miny a da-ay
Before Sup'rintindint (that's Flannigan)
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
Frum Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on th' siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintindid by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made th' shwerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As miny a railroader's been agin.

An' th' shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin!
An' he writed like this: "Musther Flannigan:
Off agin. On agin.
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

Strickland W. Gillilan, in Life.

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then:
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm.
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife:
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

BRINGING THEM UP TO THE MARK

The following quaint notice was posted recently on a church door in Whitechurch:

MISSING.

Last Sunday, some families from church.

STOLEN.

Several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

STRAYED.

Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School."

MISLAID.

A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement.

WANTED

Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers' Lane, which leads to the City of No Good.

LOST.

A lad, carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in nowise lose his reward.

London Mail.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is Heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,

That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

Nixon Waterman, in "A Book of Verses."

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems

of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:—

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained: and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable and distant from the depository of their public records; for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasion on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states—for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them by a mock trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example—and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our government;

For suspending our own legislatures and declaring them-

selves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever;

He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us;

He has plundered our seas; ravaged our coasts; burnt our towns and destroyed the lives of our people;

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, destruction and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the tie of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been

deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved: and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Yesterday Bob Jones, w'y, he
Throwed a piece of chalk at me,
Right in school, and took me square
In th' ear! I squealed for fair.
Teacher come to where we sat,
An' "Bob Jones, did you do that?"
She says, sharp an' awful cross.
"W'y," Bob says, "I give 't a toss

Jest as soft—not hard at all;
But that baby had to bawl!"
"You're a liar!" I yelled out
'Fore I'd had time to think about
Where I 'uz at. Teacher, she
Turned and looked clean through me,
'N' 'en she says: "Now both of you
Do jest what I tell you to—
Take your books and go and set
With the girls!" Gee! but you bet
We felt awful cheap, becuz
We thought 'at a lickin' wuz
Easier to stan' 'an that!
But I went acrost, an' sat
Down by Lizzie Smith; an' say!
She jest looked the other way,
Like she didn't notice me.

That was jest at first—an', gee!
I don't blame her, 'cause, you see,
All the girls laughed, an' the boys
Groaned and made a kissin' noise
With their mouth. But after while
Lizzie she begin ter smile,
'N' 'en she give a little quick
Shove to her er-rith-ma-tic
To'rds me. An' there was about
All th' 'xamples, all worked out
With the answers right! Well, I
Copied 'em off just like pie!
Girls, y' know, can always do
Lessons—an' they like 'em, too!
Lizzie had a apple there;
An' when she had made me swear

Not to tell, she give me some
'N' showed me where she kep' her gum.
Say, I'll bet I know what's meant
By "cap-pit-tul pun-ish-ment!"

Cleveland Leader.

ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and questions
Through all eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be;

But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Growing into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew that the far-off seeming
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future Judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

MY STOUT OLD HEART AND I

Written in answer to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "My Heart and I."
Copied from an old scrapbook.

My stout old heart and I are friends,
  Two bivouac friends together!
Nor daily wars, nor daily blows,
  Have called out our white feather.
We've listed till the campaign ends—
  For calm or stormy weather.

My stout old heart and I have been
  Through serious scenes of trouble.
We've been denied; our hopes have died;
  Our load's been more than couble,
And yet we've lived. And we have seen
  Some griefs in Lethe bubble.

My stout old heart and I have fought
  Some bitter fights to ending;
And if or not we've victory got,
  We've not been hurt past mending!
The wounds are all in front we've caught,
  And easier for the tending.

My stout old heart and I, you see,
  We understand each other.
Old comrade true, my hand to you!
  On honor, tell me whether
You're daunted yet?—"To arms!" beats he
  "Retreat is for another!"

Eyes right! Guide centre! Forward march!
  Dress where the colors fly!
Six feet of ground or triumph's arch—
  My stout old heart and I! *E. Hough.*

"KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN' "

Greeting! A message for the New Year. Contributed by the author

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
  The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed:
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
  A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
  The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
  Banish the fear with a smile serene.
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Robert J. Burdette.

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
  To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
  The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the little child;
  Its love is sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
  It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
  Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
  'Tis full of anxious care,
Speak gently to the aged one,
  Grieve not the careworn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run;
  Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

David Bates.

M. BOCHSA PLAYS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

M. Bochsa, the celebrated harpist, was a great wag. At a concert once given in Tremont Temple, he offered to play any air the audience might select, with embellishments and variations.

"You vill plees send me ze tune vot I sal play," he said. Half a dozen slips of paper were immediately sent to the platform.

" 'O Dolce Concento'—'Yankee Doodil'—(I know him vera well. I play him one, two, tree—several time!) 'Groves o' Blarney'—'Yankee Doo—' (I have two 'Yankee Doodils'), 'Non piu festa'—'tres bien!' "

"Star Spangled Banner!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Vot you say?" inquired Bochsa.

"Star Spangled Banner!" Monsieur didn't understand.

"Ze zhentilman will plees step to ze front." The gentleman declined.

"If ze zhentilman cannot come to me, I must come to him," continued Bochsa.

A roar followed the announcement, pending which the stranger came forward amid applause. At the foot of the passage stood Monsieur gravely awaiting further explanation.

"Vot you say, sair?"

"The Star Spangled Banner, I want."

"Scar Strangled Bannair? Aha! N'comprend, Monsieur."

"Not *Scar Strangled*, sir—Star Spangled Banner."

"*Ze Bannaire—oui*, I un'erstan'—ze flag!"

"Yes, yes—the flag of the United States."

"Yes, saire! I remember him ver' mooch. Zat is, I do *not* recollec' him, 'zac'ly. Monsieur, you know him?"

"Why, yes, to be sure—everybody knows the 'Star Spangled Banner!' "

"Tres bien, Monsieur! Every Yankee zhentilman *vissel*. You sal *vissel him in my ear!*"

Another shout from the audience; but the gentleman, not abashed, placed his mouth to Bochsa's ear, and whistled the "Star Spangled Banner" most philosophically, amid the convulsions of the audience, who could not find *this* scene on the bills of the evening.

"*Tres bien*, Monsieur!" shouted Bochsa; "elegant, *superb!* Monsieur, you von ver' fine *musician*. I sal play ze Scar Strangled Bannair vis mooch plaisir!"

Mounting the platform, he commenced with a grand introduction to the several themes proposed, following by highly finished and exquisitely-performed variations upon the melodies sent up, not forgetting the two "Yankee *Doodils*"—always a certain favorite.

Suddenly a crash of harmony leaped from the harp-strings, which took the audience by surprise. A pause followed, when the "Star Spangled Banner" was produced, with a most brilliant accompaniment, which "brought down the house."

Bochsa was satisfied, his friend and the audience were satisfied, and the great harpist left the stage (with a quiet smirk at the corner of his mouth) amid a perfect storm of applause.

G. Fernald.

THE SALOON BAR

A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health:
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

In "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow.
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.
Quoted by Henry H. Barry. Author not given.

LEWIS AND CLARK

In lights of imperial purple
Let their names on the night be flung.
These types of sturdy millions
Whose deeds remain unsung.

Theirs not the shifting glamour,
Where fortune's favorites bask;
Theirs but the patient doing
Of a hard unlovely task.

Theirs not the pomp and splendor
Of a court where, wined and dined,
Some man of a steadfast purpose
Sees a fateful treaty signed.

Theirs but the rigid adherence
To a duty set to do—
Where only their conscience might censure.
And only their God might view.

Theirs not the crimson glory
Of the field where banners wave,
And the physical courage of thousands
Leaves but one remembered grave.

But they walked and slept with danger
Like a shadow hovering near,

A thousand miles from succor
They had steeled their hearts to fear.

They clambered o'er untrod mountains,
Where the mighty crags lay piled;
They threaded their way through canyons,
Shadowed, and dark, and wild.

They crossed o'er the burning desert,
And saw but the blasted plain,
Which the mirage, bright, prophetic,
Showed as fields of waving grain.

They floated on unknown rivers,
Through valleys bright and green;
Through breaks in the waving sky-line
Were the snow-topped mountains seen.

And they watched the shifting landscape
That lay mirrored there in the stream,
Till false and true commingled
As shadowy forms of a dream.

Set thick in each mountain valley,—
Reflected—the farmsteads shone,
Telling mute tales of comfort
Where plenty reigned alone.

Begirt by gardens and garners
And orchards, blossoming bright,
While a glow from a happy hearthside
Shone out on the gloaming night.

They skirted the mighty forest,
Which swept onward, swell on swell,

The screen of its leafy branches
So thick that no sunbeams fell.

Awearied, they sunk to slumber
By the campfire's flickering ray—
To be warmed by feverish fancies
As bright and as clear as the day.

No longer mystic and silent
In its tangle of clambering vine—
The mighty forest re-echoed
The crash of the falling pine.

O'er the rush and roar of the river
Rose the whistle's shrilling blast.
In the quiet harbor beneath them
Lay hulks of a shipyard vast.

Triumphant through every danger,
The toil and privations done,
They told of the land of promise
Beneath the setting sun.

In them we honor the manhood
Of the sturdy pioneer,
Courageous and self-reliant,
Unsullied by false veneer.

George H. Nixon.

THE STIRRUP CUP

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
  Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
  And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm are the joys of life—
  Good friends, the faithful and the true
My rosy children and my wife,
  So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes on, the lights burn blue·
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay.

WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me,
  Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
  And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
  And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
  Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
  And to follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages
  And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks, in Dublin University Magazine.

GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men—
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

MOTHERHOOD

The night throbs on; O, let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth,
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay,—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
He was so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt this life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If Thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still

In memory of us. See Thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers. If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in Heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.

Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child, and he is safe in Thee.

And I believe— Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back.

Josephine Dodge Daskam, in Scribner's.

ALL

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak;
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall;
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

Bayard Taylor is reported to have said of the above: "I know of no finer poem of its length."

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

Sung before the corporation of the City of New York, the Fourth of July, 1815.

Argo of Greece, that brought the fleece
To the Thessalian city,
As we are told by bards of old,
Was sung in many a ditty;
But Yankees claim a prouder name
To spur their resolution,
Than Greece could boast and do her most—
The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,
Hope hail'd her pride of story;
Now she o'erpays hope's flatt'ring praise,
By matchless deeds of glory;
Of all that roam the salt sea's foam,
None floats to Neptune dearer,
Or fairer shines in Fame's bright lines,
Or more makes Britain fear her.

'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band
And nought beside to back her,
Upon a day, as log-books say,
A fleet bore down to thwack her;
A fleet, you know, is odds or so,
Against a single ship, sirs;
So cross the tide, her legs she tried,
And gave the rogues the slip, sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,
While ploughing ocean's acres,
An even chance to join the dance,
And turn keel up, poor Dacres;

Dacres, 'tis clear, despises fear,
Quite full of fun and prank is,
Hoists his ship's name, in playful game,
Aloft to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast, she rul'd the roost,
When Bainbridge was her captain;
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dear Britons to be wrapp'd in;
For there, in ire, 'midst smoke and fire,
Her boys the Java met, sirs,
And in the fray, her Yankee play,
Tipp'd Bull a *somerset*, sirs.

Next on her deck, at Fortune's beck,
The dauntless Stewart landed;
A better tar ne'er shone in war,
Or daring souls commanded;
Old *Ironsides* now once more rides
In search of English cruisers;
And Neptune grins, to see her twins
Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain the joyful strain,
For well she has deserv'd it,
Who brought the foe so often low,
Cheer'd freedom's heart and nerv'd it;
Long may she ride, our navy's pride,
And spur to resolution;
And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,
The Frigate Constitution.

Francis Araen, Esq.

JANE JONES

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
  An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,
  An' never be absent from school.
Remember the history of Elihu Burritt,
  An' how he clum up to the top,—
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
  Down in a blacksmithing shop.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
    Mebbe he did—
      I dunno!
O' course, what's a keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
  But full of ambition an' brains;
An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
  An' see what he got for his pains!
He brought electricity out of the sky,
  With a kite an' a bottle an' key,
An' we're owing him more'n anyone else
  For all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
    Mebbe he did—
      I dunno!
O' course what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin', er key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all,
  An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' Gen. Grant was a tanner by trade
  An' lived way out in Ill'nois.

So when the great war in the South first broke out,
  He stood on the side o' the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things
  He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
    Mebbe he did—
      I dunno!
Still, I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
  When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
  An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
  'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,
  "Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
    Mebbe he did—
      I dunno!
O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now!

Ben King.

HER LITTLE BOY

Always a "little boy" to her,
  No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,
  She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked,
  "What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
  A little boy to her.

Always a "little boy" to her,
  She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face—to her it is still
  As it was in his boyhood, fair;
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
  As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
  "My little boy," she says.

Always a "little boy" to her,
  And to him she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
  Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the midst of years—
  Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
  But always "her little boy."

Always a "little boy" to her,
  The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
  Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth,
  The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair with its gray is as sunny as May,
  He is always "her little boy."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

THE OLD BAND

It's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty year and more.
Sence I moved to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back and notice things new to me and strange;

Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Saxhorn fellers
—say?
I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman and Nat Snow? And where's War
Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richardson and
that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as
Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become o'
him?
I make no doubt yer *new band* now's a competenter band.
And plays their music more by note than what they play by
hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—*any*way
I want to hear the *old* band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice,"
don't you know;
And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Anderson, My
Jo";
And a dozent others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Number
'Leven"
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o' Heaven,
And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I've laid so still in bed
I've even heerd the locus' blossoms droppin' on the
shed,
When "Lily Dale," or "Hazel Dell" had sobbed and died
away—
I want to hear the *old* band play.

Yer *new* band maybe beats it, but the old band's what I said—
It always 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head.
And whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes
Nigh drowned out, and Mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will forgit, I want to jes' turn in
And take an' light right out o' here, and git back West ag'in—
And *stay* there, when I git there where I never haf to say
I want to hear the old band play.

James Whitcomb Riley.

DR. GOODCHEER'S REMEDY

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
Nothing goes to suit you quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected, fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand?
Hearing so impaired you're missing
Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No! your case is not uncommon—
'Tis a popular distress;
Though 'tis not at all contagious,
Thousands have it more or less.
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy quite to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Quick recovery is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
  Add a portion of content,
And with both let glad endeavor,
  Mixed with earnestness, be blent;
These, with care and skill compounded,
  Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
  With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy;
  If your hope is pale with doubt;
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
  For 'twill drive the evil out.
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
  From the bottles on his shelf;
The ingredients required
  You must find within yourself.

Nixon Waterman, in "In Merry Mood."

HANCOCK, THE PATRIOT

During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock, a distinguished merchant, was the President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested, from having all his estate in Boston, which estate was very large and valuable.

After Mr. Hancock had left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir; nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of the country, require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately."

Vol. II, Cyclopedia Commercial Anecdotes.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.

Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of yore by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

John Boyle O'Reilly, 1844–1890.

IF I WERE KING

If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair;
Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:—
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear,
If I were king.
Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,
Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
A simple ballad, to a sylvan air,
Of love that ever finds your face more fair;
I could not give you any goodlier thing
If I were king.

Justin Huntly McCarthy.

THE EMPIRE SHIP

I have sung my songs to the stately ships that are sailing the Seven Seas,
But today I sing of a ruder craft that laughed at the lulling breeze,—
Of the "Prairie Schooner," quaint and slow, with its dim and dusky sails,
A phantom ship from the long-ago, adrift in the grass-grown trails.

Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the winds are sweet and low
And the grassy cradles swing and sway,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!

Ere the bellowing steed of steel and steam had startled the timid deer,
Where the curlew whistled its plaintive call to the gray grouse nesting near,
Through the fair, fresh prairies, hushed and hid, where the wild wolf made her den,
There came this land-launched schooner, manned by bronzed and brawny men.

Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the bold, brisk breezes blow,
And a young world walks in the fields of May,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!

And in that marvelous ship that sailed to the shores of the wondrous West,
Was a mother who caroled a song of joy to the babe at her happy breast;

And stowed away in the good ship's hold were a book and plow and pen,
And a sickle and seeds—yea, all God needs for the making of matchless men.
Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the golden harvests glow
And the builders are building day by day,
The star of empire takes its way,
Westward, ho!
Nixon Waterman, in "A Book of Verses."

DAY DREAMS

Last night they fluttered by me, as I sat in the gathering gloom:
With a golden thread I was weaving a song in a silver loom.

A-weaving the ghost of an echo of a rare and lovely strain,
As glad as a child's soft laughter; as sad as a cry of pain.

They followed my gorgeous fancy—my bark that idly goes
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows.

My busy fingers faltered, as they hovered above my head,
And the wheel of my loom did slacken, * * * I had broken my golden thread.

Then my soul leaped up to hold them—my dreams so wild and sweet,
And the golden song unraveled, and the thread lay at my feet.

Each day I strive to weave it—this song that my soul would sing,
But I break my loom, and tangle my thread, and the torsions cling.

If they would but stay and teach me—if my dreams I could only hold,
I would weave in my loom of silver a beautiful song of gold.

But I strive in vain. They follow where the bark of my Fancy goes.
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows

Anna Tozier.

WASHINGTON

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Caesar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He liv'd the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant s death.
France has its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipp'd in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have
chain'd the waves;
Who flesh'd their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of
slaves;
Who, though their kindred barr'd the path, still fiercely
waded on;
O, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to
defend;
And ere he turn'd a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle
word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword
to sword;
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate,—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city fill'd with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaim'd him victor
chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed
the chain.
He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and "don" a kingly
crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a son,—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington!

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother
birth.

O, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

Eliza Cook.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN A FLAG

There is something in a flag, and in a little burnished eagle,
That is more than emblematic, it is glorious, it's regal;
You may never live to feel it, you may never be in danger,
You may never visit foreign lands and play the role of stranger;
You may never in the army check the march of an invader,
You may never on the ocean cheer the swarthy cannonader;
But if these should happen to you, then, when age is on you pressing,
And your great big booby boy comes to ask your final blessing—

You will tell him: "Son of mine, be your station proud or frugal,
When your country calls her children, and you hear the blare of bugle,
Don't you stop to think of Kansas, or the quota of your county,
Don't you go to asking questions, don't you stop for pay or bounty;

But you volunteer at once, and you go where orders take you,
And obey them to the letter, if they make you or they break you;
Hunt that flag and then stay with it, be you wealthy or plebeian;
Let the women sing the dirges, scrape the lint, and chant the paean.

"Though the magazines and journals teem with anti-war persuasion,
And the stay-at-homes and cowards gladly take the like occasion,
Don't you ever dream of asking, 'Is the war a right or wrong one?'
You are in it, and your duty is to make the fight a strong one:
And you stay till it is over, be the war a short or long one;
Make amends when war is over; then the power with you is lying;
Then, if wrong, do ample justice—but that flag, you keep it flying;
If that flag goes down to ruin, time will then, without a warning,
Turn the dial back to midnight, and the world must wait till morning."

WHO MISSES OR WHO WINS

Quoted by the late Senator Bayard of Delaware in an address to the students of Virginia University

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer, as you can;
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

Wm. M. Thackeray.

NEW YORK SPEECH ON LEARNING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

General James A. Garfield.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST

The following epistle is said to have been taken by Napoleon from the records of Rome when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, Governor of Judea, to the senate of Rome, Caesar, emperor. It was the custom in those days for the governor to write home any event that transpired while he held his office.

"Conscript Fathers: In these our days appeared a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the son of God. He hath raised the dead and cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ear, whence downward it is more of orient color, curling and waving on his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; the face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed;

his beard is the color of his hair and thick, not of any length, but forked.

"In reproving, he is terrible; admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well-shaped. None have seen him laugh, many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty excelling the children of men."

WE SEE WITH OUR VISION IMPERFECT

We see with our vision imperfect,
Such causes of dread or fear,
Some that are far in the distance,
And some that may never be near;
When if we would trust in His wisdom,
Whose purpose we cannot see,
We would find, whatever our trial,
As our day, our strength shall be.

Cary.

DEATH

The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world today will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold

thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

George D. Prentice

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
  Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
  Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
  Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
  Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. Holland.

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A TREASURE CHEST OF MEMORIES

Volume Two

FOREWORD

FOLLOWING the first announcement of "Heart Throbs" six years ago has come the most fascinating experience ever allotted to publishers. This book, containing 840 selections made from the contributions of 52,000 people, has become a classic in thousands of homes and libraries. The simple bringing together of the favorite selections of the people has far transcended the results of any mere literary or editorial compilation. It has been an astonishing revelation to litterateurs, and was the inception of a series of volumes entitled "Books the People Built," which have met with nation-wide favor and have extended to all parts of the globe where the English language is read. The thousands of letters received after the publication of the first volume of "Heart Throbs," asking why this or that favorite was not included, almost demanded the compilation of a second volume to include favorites which were advocated with enthusiastic commendations and almost pathetic pleadings.

"Heart Throbs No. II" is the fitting sequel to "Heart Throbs No. I." It contains the voluntary contribution of thousands, many of whom participated in making the first "Heart Throbs." The selections have been made upon the same basis as before. The judges have considered not only the number of times each selection was sent in, but the letters and story of the contribution in its personal aspect as presented by the contributors. If only a fraction of the thousands of letters that have been received with these "Heart Throbs" could here be reproduced, it would reveal something of the great welling up of heart feeling which the work on this book has evoked.

The committee have stated that there is more of what is termed "literature" in this second volume than in its predecessor, but the contents have come through the same channels—the estimates of the people themselves—from the small boy or girl in school, whose contribution is copied off with a dash in the buoyant hand of youth, to the dear old grandfather and grandmother in serene old age, who with tremulous hands cut from their treasured scrap-books the selection that is to them a real "heart throb" fraught with tender memories. It was noted that more recent prose and poetry was submitted for "Heart Throbs No. II" than for the first volume. This fact is significant of the increasing influence of newspapers and periodicals in attracting literature that endures. The old school-books, with lines that ring strangely familiar, were consulted by some, but many of the young people who have participated in "Heart Throbs No. II" have chosen the work of contemporary authors as representing their "heart throb." The active co-operation of the young indicates a healthful and wholesome growth of heart sentiment among the people of all ages, and proves conclusively that the enduring quality of all effort must be propelled by the vital heart power. Favorite selections of ambassadors, senators, governors, diplomats and public men are again included; those of farmers, laborers and workingmen—men and women in all walks of life have sent in the bit of verse or prose that touched the heart.

In "Heart Throbs No. II" are met again the favorite authors of the first volume. There are representative lines of James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller, Nixon Waterman, J. W. Foley, W. D. Nesbit, Sam Walter Foss—and it may be interesting to know that the selection sent in the greatest number of times was Foss's noble poem "The House by the Side of the Road." What tender memories are recalled of that dear, good man, now passed beyond, who only a few months ago was present in my library while "Heart Throbs No. II" was being discussed. With his great, dark eyes glowing, he read the tender and sweet tributes paid him by those who sent in contributions from his graceful pen. Dear, sweet soul, how delighted he would be to know that the dearest child of his brain was the heart choice of the thousands who made up this book.

the growth and tolerance of opinion, religious, racial and political, was never more strongly emphasized. All barriers are broken down in the sweet fellowship of "Heart Throbs." There is no attempt at classification, and the volume comes to its readers as nearly as possible in the same form as sent in by the thousands of contributors who made the book. There has been no attempt at editing, or to establish any "style" or literary standard. The book represents the simple onflow of human sentiment revealed by the people when they wanted their favorites in the scrap-book at home preserved by "Heart Throbs" in permanent book form for all. From the most eminent statesman to his humblest constituent, all readers have lavished upon this book the most flattering and affectionate commendations that could be offered. The choicest gleanings of the harvest of contributions were used. There are speeches of departed statesmen, the eloquence of divines and orators, the priceless treasure trove of workbox and scrap-book wherein the fugitive gems of forgotten poets and philosophers have been safely kept to receive at last a larger recognition of their intrinsic merit; there are bits of wit, humor and homely philosophy;—in these two volumes of "Heart Throbs" it would seem that the most enduring selections of English literature can be kept at hand for immediate reference and re-read with the joy and pleasure that recalls the memories of an old friend.

It is needless to say that "Heart Throbs No. II," like the first of the family of "books the people built," is full of kindly, human association; of memories of great and powerful as well as humble and loyal friends; of the joy of present living as well as the tenderness and sweetness of memories past—all blending in one great symphony of "Heart Throbs," which make the reader feel that he is, indeed, one of a great and universal association which, unhampered by ties of conventional membership, or rite or ritual, is boundless in its sweep, and offers sweet communion with those whose hearts are still in touch with the ties of home and the brotherhood of man.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

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In preparing for publication the Second Volume of "Heart Throbs," as a companion book to the original, it has naturally been necessary to procure of authors and publishers permission to use copyrighted matter to a much greater extent than in its predecessor since the selections embody more recent masterpieces of contemporary authors, and fewer of the fugitive and sometimes anonymous and even disputed gems of bygone generations.

The consent of both authors and publishers has been generously and promptly given, and quite frequently reflect a hearty appreciation of the love and honor in which the beauty and inspiration of their works are held by their fellow-citizens and even aliens whose contributions and requests have made them a part of this volume. In some cases to willing consent and hearty sympathy in the purpose of producing a practical and condensed anthology of the best literature has been added an evident appreciation of the indubitable fact that the sale and lasting availability of a writer's works is immensely promoted by reasonable concessions of this kind, which give certain selections universal currency, and inspire a desire to possess the entire works of the writer.

No pains have been spared, not only to secure the right to use works adequately protected, but to show due courtesy to the interests and feelings of those who are still interested in the sale of standard literature, and the result has been an almost uniform reciprocity and co-operation. In addition, therefore, to the more formal and legal credits attached to each selection, the publishers would heartily thank, for permission given and courtesies rendered, the following authors, publishers and other holders of literary rights:

The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston, Massachusetts, permit the use of John G. Whittier's "Others Shall Sing," "The Pumpkin" and selections from "Snowbound," Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Good-bye," James Russell Lowell's "Aladdin," Oliver Wendell Holmes' inimitable "One-Hoss Shay," Bret Harte's surprise poem, "The Aged Stranger," John G. Saxe's Anglo-German and witty "The Puzzled Census Taker," E. C. Stedman's "The Discoverer," and Thomas B. Aldrich's dainty, pathetic, immortal "Baby Bell."

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard contribute, with good wishes, dear Sam Walter Foss's "The House by the Side of the Road."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and the author, W. H. Carruth, "Each in His Own Tongue."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, second the ready permission of James Whitcomb Riley to use the original verses of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" and "A Life Lesson," as found in "Afterwhiles" and "Whatever the Weather May Be," from "Songs o' Cheer," and also permit "Borrowin' the Baby" and "The Motherlook" from W. D. Nesbit's "Trial to Boyland" and with the author Robert J. Burdette's "Alpha and Omega" from "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," "The Man and the Picnic" and his "Thirsty Boy."

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Tom Masson and The Life Publishing Company, New York City, contribute "An Event"; Helen Keller and Doubleday, Page & Company her "I Am as Happy as You Are," and Richard Wightman his terse sermonette on "You Yourself."

Sarah K. Bolton contributes willingly her poem "Faith"; Margaret E. Sangster her "Dear Little Heads in the Pew" and "The Average Man"; Joaquin Miller and his San Francisco publishers, Whittaker, Ray, Wiggin & Company, "The Fortunate Isles"; George M. Cohan of Cohan & Harris, the great theatrical managers, his "Myself and Me"; Leslie's Weekly and Joseph Mills Hanson, "The Cowboy's Song"; Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the gifted daughter of the Irish Patriot and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, his poem, "What is Good?"; E. P. Mitchell of the New York *Sun*, "Now" and "Is There a Santa Claus?" and Mary Louise Peebles, that tenderest and sweetest poem of the Civil War, "Claribel's Prayer."

James W. Foley of the Bismarck, North Dakota, *Tribune*, consents to the use of "The Echo of the Song," "Daddy Knows" and "Good-Morning, Brother Sunshine," and Robert Loveman his dainty "Song for April."

Alice Stone Blackwell grants the use of "The Bond"; Cy Warman "Will the Lights Be White?"; John Burroughs his "Waiting"; W. S. Gillilan, "I'm Going to Anyway"; Rollin J. Wells, his poems, "Growing Old" and "A Lonesome Place"; Charles Winslow Hall, his Memorial Day poem, "Who Marches Next Memorial Day?" and Herbert Kaufman "The Dreamers," a great favorite with modern readers.

George H. Murphy, the author, and The Century Company permit the use of "If I Were You."

Others there are who deserve the thanks that are due to the great number of anonymous or forgotten authors, who, as in Buchanan's "Siren," "heard a melody across the sea, a singing far away," and in the divine madness of that inspiration have dreamed of fame, and sung at least one song "worthy of all acceptation" before "the poet's dream" was merged in the sordid struggle for bread and shelter, or faded out with life itself. In the Far Beyond, may the shades find consolation or added happiness in beholding that their work is not wholly forgotten.

These thanks to the dead and the living voice the esteem in which the selections are held by the people.

THE PUBLISHERS.

HEART THROBS

Volume Two

THE HEART OF FRIENDSHIP

Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew;
And kneels with us when sorrow, like a pall,
Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all
The midnight gloom with more than human faith.
Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath
No censure for our frailty, but doth woo,
By gentle arts, our spirits back into
The way of truth; then sheds upon our lives
A radiance that all things else survives.

Anon.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best

in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.

Bessie A. Stanley.

A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay.

WAITING

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
  For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  For what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
  The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

By permission.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

Author unknown.

IN DEGREE

Thy lordly genius blooms for all to see
On the clear heights of calm supremacy;
My humbler dower they only find who pass
With eyes that search for violets 'mid the grass.

Paul Hayne.

GAINING WINGS

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
  I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
  Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
  And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
  And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
  Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the withered bough
  Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
  And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
  And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
  "You shall not struggle more";
And tenderly I cut the threads,
  And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
  It dropped from its silken bed:
My help had been the direst harm—
  The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'T is stress and strain, with moth or man
That free the folded wings!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts. *A. W. S.*

GOOD–BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
  Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
  A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

Christina G. Rossetti.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both

were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter! I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fraulein—"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to

play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

"Listen!" the composer said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!'

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale* —a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than

words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Anon.

SHOULD YOU FEEL INCLINED TO CENSURE

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

Author unknown.

MY SCRAP-BOOK

I have made up my mind that I will not fret and fume over the trifling things of life. I stop and ask myself if it will make any material difference in a week, a month or a year. And I find that I can be calm when the bread will not come up, or the juice is boiling out of the pies, or when it rains on wash-day, or the thousand and one little things happen that used to worry me.

My scrap-book is my tonic bottle. I save all of the helpful little poems and prose that I come across, and I have such a store of them committed to memory that I can take a dose at any time or place.

How many times, when in a melancholy mood, this little verse by Harry Chester has fallen on my heart like a benediction:

"The Scripture says that in His own sweet way
If we but wait,
The Lord will take our burdens and set
Crooked matters straight."

And this by Frank Stanton:

"Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom."

Sometimes our cares seem to hedge us in, and we become so self-centered that we are like the little grubs in the wayside pool Mrs. Gatty tells about in her

"Parables on Nature," and couldn't see out of their puddle and thought there was nothing beyond. It is so much better to be thinking of something beautiful and helpful than to be thinking that we are hard-worked and misused.

"Tired, yes, often body, heart and brain—
This then I read: 'There doth a rest remain
Unto His people,' and the fatigue grows less,
While my heart thrills for very thankfulness."

Take time to collect a storehouse of beautiful thoughts:

"Meet trials with smiles and they vanish;
Face cares with a song and they flee."

C. L. McK., Chicago, Ill.

THE SCENT OF THE ROSES

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

TODAY

I'd laugh today, today is brief,
I would not wait for anything;
I'd use today that cannot last,
Be glad today and sing.

Anon.

IT WILL MEND

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, in an address that was both kind and witty, said in Philadelphia of the divorce evil:

"There would be less divorce if there were more forgiveness. We forgive our enemies—would it be so dreadful to forgive our husbands and our wives?

"I have been reading a play by a Frenchman—Hervieu's Connaistoi—I wish we turned out such plays in this country—and in the last act of this play an old soldier says a profoundly beautiful thing about those husbands and wives who forgive.

" 'Happiness,' he says, 'is so precious to some of us that, when it is broken, we stoop and gather up the pieces.' "

Selected.

They might not need me; but they might.
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

Emily Dickinson.

HIS RECOMPENSE

He was a middle-aged clerk in a large wholesale house. He had been there for twenty-five years, and for the last ten had occupied the first chair in the head office. He had no chums and no amusements. He had a cozy, comfortable room in a boarding house, and for a quarter of a century that had been home to him. During all these years he had been happy and contented, giving himself fully to his work and to his Church and Sunday School, but lately a restlessness had been stealing into his heart and with it a desire for change. Something seemed to tell him his life was a wasted one because it had not been wider and greater.

The other clerks had all left the warehouse, so he bent his head upon his arms and when he lifted it there were hot tears in his eyes. His was the burning of soul which consumes the vital energies and leaves a man powerless.

He started as someone opened the outer doors. It was the postman with the belated mail. Mechanically he gathered it up. There were two letters addressed to himself, one from the city, one from British Columbia. He opened the latter first and glanced at the signature. It was from a young man who had been under him for five years, and who two years ago had left for the West. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. G—: I am writing to thank you for all your goodness to me while in your office. I am succeeding beyond my best expectations in business, and

yesterday I became a member of the Church, having decided for Christ two months ago. For these two blessings of God I owe all to you, for in both business and religion you have been my example. I hope in this new land to help others as you helped me."

The other was from one of his old Sunday-school scholars, and read:

"Dear Sir: I have taken your advice and once more feel a free man. With the money you loaned me I have paid my debts, and with God's help and yours will redeem the past. I cannot thank you as I ought; but I do trust I will be worthy of your confidence."

A new light came into his face. The old restlessness passed forever. He walked with the step of his youth. God had held the goblet of life to his lips, and he had drunk deep.

C. C. Wylie.

LOVE

To keep one sacred flame
  Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age, the same
  As first in youth we loved,
To feel that we adore
  Even to fond excess
That though the heart would break with more,
  It could not live with less.

Thomas Moore.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed:
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with a triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

. . . . . .

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

WITH A DIFFERENCE

It was a pretty song of spring
That Tommy Jones had learned to sing
Before the school on closing day—
A song appropriate and gay.
The words of his first line were these:
"The buds are bursting on the trees."

But when that day Tom's name was called,
He faced his audience appalled;
And this, alas! was what he sung,
While terror twisted up his tongue
And stage fright shook his voice and knees:
"The birds are busting on the trees!"

Caroline Mischka Roberts.

FAMILY FINANCIERING

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day;
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

"There's Pete, John, Jim, and Joe and William and Ned.
A half-dozen boys to be clothed up and fed.

"And I buy for them all good plain victuals to eat,
And clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to go on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives them to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She justs makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fix,
She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six.

"And when little Joseph can't wear them no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."

'But when Ned gets through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go around the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

Anon.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

Dear heart, come closer, while the light
  Dies slowly in the darkening sky,
And, marshaled at the call of night,
  The twilight shades troop softly by.

I would not have you sorrow so,
  Because it must be, soon or late,
That one of us, alone, will go
  From out the light thro' death's dark gate.

For life at best is all too short
  When measured by a love like ours,
And death is but an open port
  To broader fields and fairer flowers.

So, while the twilight shades troop past,
  And night and darkness come apace,
We know the dawn will break at last,
  And always there is light some place.

Selected.

THE AVERAGE MAN

When it comes to a question of trusting
  Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
  The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
  In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
  And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
  Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
  On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him!
  Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
  Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
  All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
  Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swart grime of his calling,
  And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,—
  The commonplace, average man.

Margaret E. Sangster.

By permission.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,—
  A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
  Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
  A mother starved for her brood,—

Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

W. H. Carruth.

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A DAILY MOTTO

Verses sent Miss Frances Willard by a devoted friend.

It's curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle when 'twas spoke,
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years,
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye:
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye think lies hid.
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay
By jes' laughin'.

HIS LAST REQUEST

"Pat," said the priest, "you're drunk, and I'm going to make you stop this right here. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat—do you mind that? If I don't see you I'll know about it just the same, and into a rat you go. Now you mind that."

Pat was very docile that night, but the next evening he came home even worse drunk than ever, kicked in the door, and Biddy dodged behind the table to defend herself.

"Don't be afraid, darlint," said Pat, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair, "I'm not going tc bate ye. I won't lay the weight of me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me tonight, darlint, and to remember the days when we was swatehearts and when ye loved me. You know his riverince said last night if I got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat. He didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this night into a rat I go. But I want ye to be kind to me, darlint, and watch me, and when ye see me gettin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, and me whiskers gettin' long, if ye ever loved me, darlint, for God's sake keep yer eye on the cat."

Selected.

The optimist fell ten stories.
At each window-bar
He shouted to his friends:
"All right so far." *Anon.*

POSSESSION

God gave me thee, nor all the world's alarms
Shall take thee, sweet, one moment from my arms.
He tuned our souls in unison divine.
Through Time, Eternity, did name thee mine.
Ne'er fear that anything on earth could make
Me lose the heart that my own heart did wake.

Thy heart is mine, and thy dear self I hold
Within my arms, that close about thee fold;
Nor let the tempests of the world come nigh,
To waft across thy warm red lips one sigh.
With all my worldly love, I thee endow,
We are no longer twain, but one; and now

Give me thy lips, and all the world forget,
Give me thine eyes that like twin stars are set
Beneath the fragrant cloud of thy soft hair,
Thine eyes, Dear Heart, that all the world calls fair,
Not even knowing of the look that lies
Within their depths, for me alone, nor ever dies.

Selected.

MORNING PRAYER

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before tonight,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

Anon.

THE BIBLE

It seems as if to the feet of the sacred writers the mountains had brought all their gems, and the sea all its pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its glory, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and that since then poets and orators and painters had been drinking from an exhausted fountain and searching for diamonds amid realms utterly rifled and ransacked.

Oh! this book is the hive of all sweetness, the armory of all well-tempered weapons, the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe, the lamp that kindles all other lights, the home of all majesties and splendors, the stepping-stone on which heaven stoops to kiss the earth with its glories, the marriage-ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed multitudes of the sky stand round to rejoice at the nuptials. This book is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands, the song into which hath struck all harmonies, the river of light into which hath poured all the great tides of hallelujahs, the firmament in which all suns and moons and stars and constellations and galaxies and immensities and universes and eternities wheel and blaze and triumph.

Where is the youth with music in his soul who is not stirred by Jacob's lament, or Nathan's dirge, Habbakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or St. John's anthem of the ten thousand times ten

thousand doxology of elders on their faces, answering to the trumpet blast of archangel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, swearing that time shall be no longer?

In the latter part of the Psalms we see David gathering together a great choir, standing in galleries above each other; beasts and men on the first gallery; above them hills and mountains; above them fire and hail and tempest; above them sun and moon and stars of light; until on the highest round he arrays the host of angels. And there, standing before this vast multitude, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

And all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones respond in magnificent acclaim:

"Praise ye the Lord.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Behold in this book faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sad elegy and sweet pastoral and instructive ballad and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. *Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Alfred Tennyson.

OH, SAY, WHAT IS TRUTH?

Oh, say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be, when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp,
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

Then, say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

John Jaques

CASEY AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,
For they thought, "if only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner, as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the New York pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to Sir Timothy, once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Phineas Thayer.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet 'my father,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"But oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep. *Willis.*

MARCO BOZZARIS, THE EPAMINONDAS OF MODERN GREECE

His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear the sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath!
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke!
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm.
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine!
And thou art terrible!—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
  Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
  That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

REMEDIES FOR TROUBLE

If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelations.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands and read the first chapter of St. James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of St. John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

Selected.

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
There came a little blue-eyed one—
All timidly it came—
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said with low and timid voice,
And yet with gentle grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on him
And said, "Forget-me-not." *Anon.*

A BIBLE "HEART THROB"

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

. . . . . .

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

John xiv: 1, 2, 3, 27.

THE MARINER'S DREAM

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home and dear native bowers
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses, his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! Thou hast blest me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame that now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's gleam painting hell on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock, he flees to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire,
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel, a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wreck calls on mercy to save.
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, thy love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall love, home or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy fame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead in remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And the winds of midnight shall winter thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow:

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansions below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Frail, short-sighted mortals their doom must obey—
O sailor-boy, sailor-boy! peace to thy soul.

W. Dimond.

AN ANTHEM

A sailor who had been to a church service where he heard some fine music was afterward descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" exclaimed Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, "Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say: 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'andspike, spike, Bill, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike spike spike, Ahmen, Ahmen, Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike, Ahmen,' why, that would be a hanthem."

Selected.

THE ROCKY HILL

Oh, Jack and Jill went up the hill. They had with them
a pail to fill
With water from the bubbling rill that from the top
was flowing.
The way was steep and hard and rough, the little feet
were far from tough,
But Jack was stout and bold enough and set his heart
on going.

You may remember how they fared, that little couple
sweetly paired;
What he would do she gladly dared. No tale is this
for laughter.
For Jack, the heedless, tumbled down and cracked his
little curly crown,
And Jill she tripped upon her gown and went a-
tumbling after.

I do not think they ever tell that Jill was grieved because
they fell,
And kissed the place to make it well and hurried off
for plaster;
But never doubt the little maid no end of sympathy
displayed
And did her very best to aid the victim of disaster.

I have a rocky hill to climb and I may reach the top in
time;
My little Jill has faith sublime and she has not denied
me;

So what care I for broken crowns or fortune's smiles or
fortune's frowns,
If I can have my ups and downs with little Jill beside
me?

Kenneth Harris.

FAITH

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine
And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping, wandering feet,
"This is the way,"

I would so gladly walk therein, but now
I cannot see.
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing. Were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and strong,
Till heaven is won.

Sarah K. Bolton.

By permission.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose future I had once so nicely planned,
Should wander from the path of right and come to such an end.
I tol' him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row.
He's missed his father's counsel and his mother's prayers, too
But he said the farm was hateful and he guessed he'd have to go.
I know there's big temptations for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him of the ever waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywheres;
But Bill he promised faithful to be careful, an' allowed
That he would build up a reputation that would make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
And now he's got in trouble of the very worstest kind.
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road,

But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
And in the dust'd waller his old daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, and the story's mighty short;
I jest can't tell his mother!—It'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur!

James Barton Adams.

A CHILD'S LAUGH

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way,
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name,
And so, we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest in the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind,
And so, we are faring adown the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth,
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news,
And so, we are folding our tents away,
And passing in silence, at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen,
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long-loved and dead,
And so, we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years

The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, if then some soul can say,
"I live, because he has passed my way."

By permission. *Rollin J. Wells*

G. W.

I

G. W.'s
Birthday;
Great man!
Hooray!

II

Way back.
B. C.,
Old story,
Cherry-tree.

III

Small boy,
Sharp hatchet;
Stern sire,
"You'll catch it!"

IV

"Yes, dad,
I did!
Can't lie!"
Brave kid.

V

Stern sire
Relents;
Gives boy
Ten cents.

VI

We say
Since then,
"G. W.! First in
War; first in
Peace; first in
The hearts of his countrymen! ! ! ! !" *Anon.*

HOHENLINDEN

Hohenlinden (two German words meaning high lime trees) is the name of a village in Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the Archduke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General Moreau, December 3, 1800 A snowstorm had fallen in the night before the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began. It is only by virtue of a poetical license that the river Iser (pronounced ezer) is made a part of the scenery of the contest, as, in point of fact, it is several miles distant.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book—
  The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers
  That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
  Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
  And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
  That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
  Should scatter and be lost! *Anon.*

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE

"The Story of the Picture" is a poem that was written concerning the picture "Breaking Home Ties" by Hovenden. The picture was one of the most popular in the art exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. I enclose a copy as I have never seen this poem except the one copy cut from a newspaper and preserved.

It hangs 'mong a hundred others
And many grander far,
Yet it catches the eye from a distance
Like a luminous guiding star.
And I feel as I pause before it
A something stir in my heart,
Then I know, while the tears are starting,
That this is the truest art.

To show the world how lovelight
Transfigures the human face
The artist chose no goddess
With a form of perfect grace,
But only a work-worn mother
Whose boy is going away,
And written on her features
Are the words she cannot say.

Her lot has not been as she wished it.
Just a changeless round of care,
With none of life's refinements,
With hardly time for prayer.
She is anxious he should escape it,
Yet it seems that her very heart

Is torn by the bitter trial,
Now the time has come to part.

The boy stands in awkward silence,
Ashamed that he wants to cry,
Nor knows the depth of the mother-love
From whose shelter he would fly.
I know that he has in the pockets
Of his clothes that fit so ill,
Money she's saved and hoarded
As only a mother will.

The boy will find in his future
Many hard and homesick days,
Ere he's fitted to new surroundings,
To city men and ways.
But I feel that mother's anguish
When at last the time shall come
That the lad in the far-off city
Ceases to sigh for home.

When, his horizon broadened,
He feels he has no part
In the narrow life of the farmhouse
Which used to fill his heart.
Then many times the mother
Will watch from that door, I trow,
Hoping to see her absent boy,
Who comes so seldom now.

Tonight as the twilight deepens
They will sit in that darkened room,

Each thinking of the future
Of him who has gone from home.
But at sunrise on the morrow
The farm work must be done,
And there's more for those remaining,
Now that this one is gone.

So then with a sigh the mother
Will turn to her work again,
And forget in the long day's labor
A part of her bitter pain,
And the thrush will sing in the elm tree
Beside the kitchen door
Nor miss the cheery whistle
Which answered her before.

Ah, yes, the ties now broken
When he starts on an untried way,
No power can ever mend them
They are severed now for aye.
O wizard of the paint brush,
In your strangely potent spell,
You have woven more than fancy
Or it were not done so well! *Anon.*

THE IDEAL LIFE

. . . "The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are."

Bishop Phillips Brooks.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

What *is a minority?* The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political or religious privilege that you enjoy today that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

"Troops of beautiful tall angels"

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the

dim future, and keeps watch over his own: If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

J. B. Gough.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—*Homer.*

This selection was sent in by a larger number of persons than any other in "Heart Throbs," Volume Two.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;—
But let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Dreams in Homespun," copyright.
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WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

What is home without a mother?
  What are all the loving joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
  Greets the coming of our feet.
The days seem long, the nights seem drear,
  And time rolls slowly on,
And, oh! how few are childhood's pleasures
  When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish,
  Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
  We behold her turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow;
  Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes ere we learn to know her
  She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
  Griefs that quickly die away,
But a mother lost in childhood,
  Grieves the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
  Her fond and honest care;
And, oh, how dark is life around us!
  What is home without her care?

Alice Hawthorne.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF EARL SIGURD

Earl Sigurd fell in battle against Brian Boru, King of Ireland, at Clontarf, about A. D. 1011. The flag bore a raven and was believed to ensure victory to its followers, but death to its bearer. The Earl himself was its last standard bearer at Clontarf, where he was killed with a great following, having ever before been victorious in all his battles.

I have no folded flock to show;
  Though from my youth I have loved the sheep
And the lambs as they fed in the pastures low,
  Or climbed the mountain pastures steep;
  There were none given to me to keep.
I stood on the hill when the morn broke red,
  Through the darkling glen, the foe drew nigh;
They came on swift with a stealthy tread;
  I gave the earliest warning cry.
Then fell the falchion, the arrow flew;
  I did not fight, nor yield, nor fly,
But held up the flag the whole day through;
  Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no garnered sheaf to show,
  Though oft, with my shining sickle bared,
I have led the reapers, row on row,
  And joined the shout as we homeward fared—
  I was not by when the land was shared.
I saw at morn, when the Maidens Dread
  Came forth ere the battle to choose the slain,
And at evening the raven's beak was red,
  And the ravening wolves were met on the plain.

Then hewed the hanger, the sword smote sore,
I held up the flag till the day went by;
It was glued to my straining clasp with gore—
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no gorgeous spoil to show;
No torque of the beaten gold, no red,
Rich, broidered garment, wrung from the foe,
Or flung down by chief as the vanquished fled—
I have only watched and toiled and bled.
I stand at eve on the galley's prow;
My side is wounded, and I have striven
So long that my arm is wearied now,
And the flag that it holds is stained and riven.
The night winds murmur, the dank dews fall
On a sullen sea from an angry sky;
I held up the flag in the sight of all;
Wrap it around me when I die.

Author unknown.

HOPE

There is no grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast,
Although we may not hear it;
And if today the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring
The weary heart a blessing. *Anon.*

GOOD–MORNING

Good-morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good-morning, Sister Song.
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good-morning, Brother Gladness;
Good-morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while;
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness;
Good-morning, Sister Cheer.
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.

Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

J. W. Foley.

By permission.

HUNGERING HEARTS

I

Some hearts go hungering thro' the world
And never find the love they seek.
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile—
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungering heart is pining still.

II

These know their doom and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes
Nor strive with fate, nor weep, nor pray,
While others not so sadly wise
Are mocked by phantoms evermore
And lured by seemings of delight—
Fair to the eye but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

III

I see them gaze from wistful eyes
  I mark their sign on fading cheeks
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs
  And note the grief that never speaks.
No eye with pity is impearled,
  O misconstrued and suffering long,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

IV

For you does life's dull desert hold
  No fountain's shade, no date grove fair,
Nor gush of waters clear and cold,
  But sandy reaches wide and bare,
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
  And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint
  And speak no word of grief or blame.

V

O eager eyes, which gaze afar,
  O arms which clasp the empty air,
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
  Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb—
  When life's tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
  O hearts that hunger through the world!

Author unknown

THE OLD BACHELORS' SALE

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers,
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue;
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow.
And to call out to all he might meet in his way:
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here today!"

And presently all the old maids in the town
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,

"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twinkle every lady responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors were all sold off in a trice.
And forty old maids—some younger, some older—
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Anon

THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near.
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As rises from the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forests wild, on lonely hill,
And away on the prairie lea.
But dearer far the old sweet song
When friends we love are nigh,
And well-known voices, clear and strong,
Ring out the chorus cry.

Quoted by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

THE WANTS OF MAN

"Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so;
  But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
  Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
  I still should long for more.

. . . . . .

I want (who does not want?) a wife—
  Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
  And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
  Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still
  With sentiment refined.

. . . . . .

I want a warm and faithful friend,
  To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
  Nor bend the knee to power,—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
  My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
  For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

. . . . . .

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*,—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want*—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of my God.*

John Quincy Adams.

Washington, August 31, 1841.

THE COMFORTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away.

Anon.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you,

how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can tell me the exact sum?" The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—'I'll stop!' "

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and although

this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do;* would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions.*"

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night. *Jane Taylor.*

THE ECHO OF A SONG

To my fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the gloaming,
Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and the rose;
With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here and dreaming
Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory flows;
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing;
I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are borne along;
'Tis a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and crooning
To her laddie such a
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark and ember
The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and slow;
With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and tender,

Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood
long ago.
There were goblins in the gloaming, and the half-closed
eyes went roaming
Through the twilight for the ghostly shapes of bugaboos
along;
Now the sandman's slyly creeping and a tired lad's half
sleeping,
When she sings to him that
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

So I'm sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamp-
light streaming
Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow
filigree,
On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of
woman's singing,
'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring
to me,
And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half to
sleeping
As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,
All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing
Once again my mother's
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

By permission. *J. W. Foley.*

A NAME IN THE SAND

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me,
A wave of dark oblivious sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me, my frame, the name I bore
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Hannah Flagg Gould

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

"Drowned! Drowned!"—*Hamlet.*

One more Unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care,—
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
  Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
  Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her.
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful:

Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

. . . .

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

. . . .

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
  With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
  Houseless by night.

. . . .

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;

Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
. . . .
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood.

LYRA INCANTATA

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enscrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me,
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to the trial
To find the magic string,
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
  Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
  Of battles fought and won;
  But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure
  And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
  The wine-cup and the board—
  Till, at the wit, all roared.
And the high walls resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter
Grew hushed at that, soon after.

The third, in lover's fashion,
  And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
  The heart and its desire!
  And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wreath and crowned him,
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

Theodore Tilton.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Circumstantial evidence caused a death sentence to be pronounced on a dog at a west side truck farm recently. The incident only goes to show how easy it is to convict even the innocent. The farmer owned a collie named Maje, of which he was unusually fond. For some weeks he had been missing eggs from his henhouse, but could not discover the thief. Egg shells would be found in the nests every day, and with fresh eggs bringing forty cents a dozen the farmer realized his loss and finally suspected Maje. A close watch was kept on the chicken house and one day the farmer saw the dog sneaking stealthily along toward the half-open door of the chicken house. In a few minutes it came out again.

The farmer went into the house and there found many egg shells. Evidence was indisputable, and the pet collie was ordered shot. The day following the execution every egg in the chicken house was eaten. The farmer then started another investigation. Beneath the floor of an abandoned smokehouse he discovered the home of a weasel and half a dozen young ones. A trap was set, the mother weasel was caught and killed and the young ones afterward captured. No eggs have since been missing, and the farmer grieves for the loss of his dog.

"Maje never touched an egg," said the farmer. "He was in the henhouse trying to catch that weasel, and the poor fellow died because the circumstantial evidence

against him was positive. It would never do for a juror to try a man for murder on such evidence."

Chicago News.

THE RELIGION OF THE WORLD

Two Scots, Donald and Duncan, were carried out from shore in a sudden storm, and lost their way in the swirling waters. When the waves began to wash over their frail little boat, Duncan cried out:

"Donald, you maun pray!"

"I cawn't pray." (Forcibly.)

They bent to the oars, but failed to turn the boat against the blinding waves, and Duncan commanded fiercely:

"Donald, you maun pray!"

"I cawn't pray!" (With awful emphasis.)

Then Duncan's voice rose above the storm.

"Dom it, you've *got* to!"

Then Donald got to his knees as well as he could in the rocking boat, and raised his voice to a shout.

"O Lord, it ha' been fifteen year sence I ha' awsked anything at Thy hands! And, if thou wilt take this boat safe to shore, it will be fifteen more before I will pother thee again!"

Just then the boat touched the shore, and Duncan called out to him, "There, Donald, that will do! Don't ye be beholden to nobody. The boat's already to the shore!"

William Black.

A WASTED DAY

The day is done,
And I, alas, have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,
Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood—
The day is done.

One step behind,
One step through all eternity—
Thus much to lack of what I might have been,
Because the temptress of my life stole in,
And rapt a golden day away from me!
My highest height can never be—
One step behind.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done, this day,
Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say—
I cannot tell!

O life of light,
That goest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,
To write thy record there forevermore,
Take on thy shining wings a hope, a prayer—
That henceforth I unfaltering fare
Toward life and light. *James Buckham.*

TWO OF THEM

In the farmhouse porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cozy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be *two* of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's Neighbor Grey with his children four,
To be glad together. Had *I* one more
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm tree
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown,
"Father, there *may* be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright:

I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head,
"One of Neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand (?)
"H'm!" said the farmer, "yes; I see—
It is *two for yourself and one for me.*"
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

Harper's Weekly

EPITAPH

Epitaph placed on the tomb of his wife by Mark Twain.

Warm summer sun,
  Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind
  Blow softly here.

Green sod above
  Lie light, lie light.
Good-night, dear heart,
  Good-night, good-night.

NEVER GIVE UP

Never give up! it is wiser and better
  Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
  And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
  Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
  The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! there are chances and changes
  Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
  Ever success,—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
  Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest
  Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
  Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
  Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity presses,
  Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
  Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

A THIRSTY BOY

I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was incrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water cooler and got a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was seized with a sudden, uncontrollable spasm ot thirst. If he was drinking, and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just set down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the Desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passenger as he drank.

When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler, he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until the thirsty traveller forgot what he went down there after. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for, and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was enough to send him back to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of dry prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the

boy was filled up, and he was rather a small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have enclosed an area double in extent to that enclosed by the exterior belt.

Near Waseca we ran nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank. I grew very nervous now, for I was fearful that during such an unheard-of abstinence from water his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said carelessly:

"By George! but I am thirsty. I wonder if there is any water in this car?"

You want to understand me now as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that the boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark; she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash, with, "I wish you would mind your own business, and leave my boy alone!"

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car—a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the thirsty boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed "yours truly" very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she had finished that brief sentence her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial freshet inside of himself.

By permission. *R. J. Burdette.*

TODAY

Upon the threshold of "today" I stand,—
It lies before me, fresh from God's own hand,
Without a blemish—mine, for good or ill.
But, if I trust to self, to my weak will,
To keep it spotless, I shall surely fail;
Thy strength and guidance can alone avail.
So now my heart goes out in earnest plea,
That, for today, Thou wilt abide with me.

Life's yesterdays forevermore have passed
Beyond my reach; and now, O Lord, Thou hast
Them in Thy keeping. Let Thy righteousness
Hide the dark stains they bear. Help me to press
On toward the mark. Humbly, dear Lord, I pray
That, as each "morrow" merges in "today,"
I may surrender all I am to Thee,
And that Thy presence may abide with me.

For, so abiding, doubt and strife must cease.
With Thee to lead me on, the perfect peace
That passeth understanding I shall know;
Alike through calm and gale I needs must go
My way content. Then, on that morrow fair
Which brings deliverance, grant Thou my prayer,—
That immortality my part may be.
So shall I evermore abide with Thee.

J. H.

DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices
Eager to praise the Lord.
And I trust that the rising anthem
Has a meaning deep and true,
The thought and the music blended,
For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,'
Or "Suffer the babes to come."

They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home.
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms he gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morn to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

By permission. *Margaret E. Sangster.*

MY MOTHER

If I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay, I'd say, "You mean my mother."

Anon.

THE DEED IS THE MAN

The Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began:
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
That doth perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will—
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair,
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self—
But the Deed is the man.

No song was so sweet and no star so bright
As the Dream of the Nazarene;

From Virgin's bosom to Calvary's height
It sang and it shone, serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed Him King of His kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran;
For the Dream was the Child of the Mastermind—
But the Deed was the Man!

James C. McNally.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. Enthusiasm is faith in action; and faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your business; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like a contagion and influences every fiber of your industry; it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy and pleasure and satisfaction to your workers; it means life real and virile; it means spontaneous bed-rock results—the vital things that pay dividends.

Electrocraft.

IN THE GLOW OF CHRISTMAS

In the glow of Christmas giving and merriment our hearts become suffused with the Christ-like impulse of kindly, gentle greeting, and respect for the rights of others, obedience to the most lofty ideals of human intercourse, and deference to our fellow-beings as life seems illumined by the ineffable and softened light of the Star of Bethlehem.

Let us sit down, in the twilight, by the flickering firelight, and think over for a moment just how much we owe to others for whatever happiness we enjoy. Think a moment—think reflectively, as did Sidney Lanier when he said:

> "I shut myself in with my soul,
> And the shapes came eddying forth."

Think tenderly and lovingly—and forms and faces crowd upon the vision that perhaps have been long forgotten in the tumult of life. Among the first are those of mother and father, from whose ideals, years ago, were gained the impulses that led to honorable achievement. Here is a vision of the passing friend, whose memory is only preserved in a yellow bundle of letters—letters from whose fading sentences came the inspiration that influences a life career.

Nor are all faces those of the dead. Many, indeed, are still seen in everyday life. Our friends—the people we meet in business or join in pleasure—how many have helped to mould our lives as we reckon them up in the fading light of the dying Christmas fire!

I am reminded of the famous painting which hangs for universal inspiration in Watts' room in the Wallace collection, on the Thames embankment in London. A great world circling through infinite space is represented—surmounted by a harp with but one string; but that string vibrates with the spirit of Hope, and underneath is a motto especially appropriate for Christmas-tide—

"To give is to gain."

And unless Christmas can be kept as a time of giving; unless that giving means some sacrifice and some radiance of joy and comfort and hope to a human being, it will indeed be a dull and cheerless Yuletide.

Let this Christmas be one of happiness, and the new year will be radiant with hope and filled with the impulse of doing *something* for *somebody* every day. The books will balance if the impulse be actuated by fair play—fair play to every fellow-being.

With this sublimation will come the great consciousness of peace and benediction from Him who having lived a perfect life on earth now reigns over that universal kingdom toward which the heart and soul of man have ever turned for the "peace that passeth understanding" and the good will whose primal chord vibrates the harp-strings of Hope.

Joe Mitchell Chapple.

Blessed is he who has found his work—let him ask no other blessedness. *Carlyle.*

PA SHAVED OFF HIS WHISKERS

I haven't had such jolly fun for forty thousand years,
Jes' laughed until I thought my eyes was runnin' out in tears.
An' Ma she slapped me on the back to help me ketch my breath,
An' said she couldn't blame me if I laughed myself to death.
My ribs got sore like they was biles, my head got achin', and
My inside fixin's hurt like they had more than they could stand.
An' every time I see him yet I have to fetch a grin,
Because he looks so awful queer with nothin' on his chin.
There never was a father's son
That had such jolly, roarin' fun
As me, since children was begun,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

He blushed jes' like a giggly girl when he come home that night,
An' Ma, she met him at the door an' nodded real polite,
An' asked him if he'd not come in, a-lookin' of him o'er
Jes' like she was a-wonderin' where she'd seen them clothes before.
She offered him the rockin' cheer, and asked him fur his hat,
An' when she hung it up, she looked suspiciously at that,
An' him a-grinnin' all the time, and her a-lookin' skeered.

An' me a-sizin' of him up an' honestly afeard!
But when he looked almighty shy
At me, an' winked his other eye,
I yelled to bust: "Why, Ma, the guy
Is Pa; shaved off his whiskers."

Pa heaved back in the rockin' cheer an' fetched a big "Haw, haw."
I had a real hysterics fit, an' roared, an' squealed, an' Ma
She stood like she was paralyzed, an' stared in stupid way,
Jes' like to save her life she couldn't think of what to say,
An' then she reached her fingers out and rubbed 'em on his chin,
An' darned if either one of 'em could do a thing but grin.
An' then she stooped and tuk a kiss, an' say, I'll jes' be blamed,
That orful naked mouth of Pa's looked like it was ashamed!
'Twas orful mean of me, I know,
But I jes' had to laugh or go
Insane, it paralyzed me so,
When Pa shaved off his whiskers.

When Ma regained her consciousness, I heard her softly say,
"Why, Willyum, you hain't looked so young fur many an' many a day—
Look something like you uster look them times when me an' you
Was courtin' up to married life, indeed, indeed you do."

An' then she sat upon his knee a-feelin' of his chin,
Jes' like they was a lovin' pair that wasn't any kin.
An' me a-rollin' on the floor, jes' like a dyin' calf,
Fur every time I'd take a peep at Pa, I'd have to laugh.
But now he doesn't look so bad,
An' never was a prouder lad
Than me, to have so young a dad,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

Denver Evening Post.

THE DIRGE OF ALARIC, KING OF THE VISIGOTHS

When I am dead, no funeral train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier;
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear.
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take a boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not rear a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay with lying breath
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast;

Nor yet within the common soil
  Lay down the wreck of power to rest
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him who was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn
  Back from its secret channel bare,
And hollow for your Sovereign's urn
  A resting place forever there.
And never be the secret said
Until the deep give up its dead.

. . . . . .

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Caesars shrieked for help,
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem!
I struck a deeper, darker dye
In the purple of their majesty!
I bade my northern banners shine
Upon their conquered Palatine!

My course is run! my errand done!
  I go to Him from whom I came,
But nevermore shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts will long grow sick,
When men shall speak of Alaric.

Anon.

THE GLORY OF THE GIRL

She was on the platform reading her essay. She looked as if she had just stepped out of a flower bed. In her cheeks the carnation had left its glow, and her lips had robbed the roses. She was a healthy, fragrant, glowing American girl, of a type that we love and protect and honor.

Her essay or oration? Something that told of throbbing hope and ambition and rosy skies. Hard knocks are few in the chrysalis period. Why shouldn't this graduation girl for a time believe in the entire goodness of the world; believe in perpetual sunshine? The band plays raggy music for her now; her pulses quicken and she is happy. It is well. Why should she know that further down the path there are no flowers, the bands do not play and the clouds often shut out the sun?

Let her have her good times—this Graduation Girl. Let her glory in her triumphs and be proud of her attainments. There can never be too much happiness in the world; there is always too much sorrow.

Down in the front row are father and mother—a man and a woman who have toiled and suffered and borne much. It is the common lot. It puts deep care lines into faces, and sometimes it wrinkles hearts, but not always.

If you will look closely you will see that that old couple have just one object in life—*the girl.* She is of their blood. She is slipping away from them as the years go by, and often the mother cries silently because

of a sorrow that is too deep for words. She is proud of her Graduation Girl, but her arms are empty, and there is an ache in her heart for the baby that has blossomed into a woman. Men love deeply and truly, but there is a holy affection that is denied them. Mothers know it—mothers only.

The essay! To those old folks it represents the climax of wisdom, the culmination of learning. The words flow like music and there is a hymn in every paragraph. True affection wears rose-colored glasses, you know.

And then, when it is all over, a queen goes to her home. She seems just a little bit higher and holier than any other girl, does this graduation daughter, and she talks to father about it, and to mother, and her eyes shine, there is a sob in her throat, and she discovers, all at once, that it wasn't the applause of the great world she yearned for, but the grand appreciation of an old man and an old woman; not so much a desire for fame and a career as to justify their wonderful faith in her ability.

Cincinnati Post.

DEEDS, NOT HEREDITY

They will ask you, "What have you done?"
Not, "Who were your ancestors?"
The famous veil in the sanctuary
Is not reverenced by the faithful
Because it came from the silkworm.

Saadi, the Persian poet.

A CREED FOR THE DISCOURAGED

I believe that God created me to be happy, to enjoy the blessings of life, to be useful to my fellow-beings, and an honor to my country.

I believe that the trials which beset me today are but the fiery tests by which my character is strengthened, ennobled and made worthy to enjoy the higher things of life, which I believe are in store for me.

I believe that my soul is too grand to be crushed by defeat; I will rise above it.

I believe that I am the architect of my own fate; therefore,

I will be master of circumstances and surroundings, not their slave.

I will not yield to discouragements, I will trample them under foot and make them serve as stepping-stones to success. I will conquer my obstacles and turn them into opportunities.

My failures of today will help to guide me on to victory on the morrow.

The morrow will bring new strength, new hopes, new opportunities and new beginnings. I will be ready to meet it with a brave heart, a calm mind and an undaunted spirit.

In all things I will do my best, and leave the rest to the Infinite.

I will not waste my mental energies by useless worry. I will learn to dominate my restless thoughts and look on the bright side of things.

I will face the world bravely, I will not be a coward. I will assert my God-given birthright and be a man. For I am Immortal, and nothing can overcome me.

Virginia Opal Myers

A LIFE-LESSON

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

James Whitcomb Riley.

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THE END OF IT ALL

Ah! the end of it all—
  Of this life that we live;
Of the blows that we get
  And the blows that we give;
Of the joys and the griefs
  That to each of us fall—
Blind humanity dreams
  Of the end of it all.

The lover who yearns
  For affection denied;
The prince in his hall
  And the pauper outside;
The parent whose darling
  Lies under the pall—
Each mournfully dreams
  Of the end of it all.

Since God in His love
  For His children denies
This glimpse of the end
  To humanity's eyes,
Let each bravely answer
  Life's manifest call
And rely on the Lord
  For the end of it all.

Frank Putnam.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

What then is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life. And its facts seem only explainable upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions do in some form express.

The scriptures of the men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, the beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems vaguely to rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory. A garden in which are set the trees of good and evil. A vineyard in which there is the master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.

Look around today. Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old

myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Henry George, in "Progress and Poverty."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

A district school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
When suddenly behind his back,
Rose, loud and clear, a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss

Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun—
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'feared of girls,
And dassn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—*boo hoo*—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—*boo hoo*—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

W. P. Palmer.

THE CONVICT'S LITTLE GIRL

The warden of a state prison tells the following pathetic incident of a life convict:

"I was passing out of the prison-yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning.

"Just outside the gate I saw a thinly clad little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to know if I can go inside, and see my—my father? His name is Mister John H——y.'

"I recognized the name as that of a life convict, a man notoriously bad.

"Going to my office, I sent for the convict. He came, sullen and dejected; in his face was the look of utter hopelessness the faces of prisoners for life so often wear.

"The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face.

"He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of welcome came from his lips for the ragged, trembling little creature who stood crying before him with something clasped close in her hand.

" 'I—I—came to—say "Merry Christmas," father,' she faltered. 'I—I—thought maybe you'd be glad to see me.'

"The convict's head drooped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on, tremblingly and tearfully:—

" 'And I—I—brung you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live to the poorhouse now.'

"Her trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short, shining curl of yellow hair carefully tied with a bit of old ribbon.

" 'I wouldn't give this to anybody on earth but you, father. You used to really and truly love little Johnnie; mother said you did; and so'—

"The man fell to his knees with both hands clasped over his face.

" 'I *did* love him,' he said hoarsely. 'I love him still; bad as I am, I love him still.'

" 'I knew it,' said the child, going closer, 'and I knowed you'd like this, now that Johnnie's dead.'

" 'Dead!' cried the man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees with his hands over his face. 'My little boy!'

" 'Yes,' said the child, 'he died in the poorhouse only last week, and there's no one left but me, now; but I ain't goin' to forgit you, father. I'm going to stick right by you, spite of what folks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here; I'm going to *try*.'

"He put out one arm, drew the child toward him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were together alone for half an hour. Then the child came out, smiling through her tears.

" 'Mind,' she said, before closing the door, 'I'll never forgit you, father, never.' "

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THE LADIES

(Mark Twain's response to the toast)

I have in mind a poem which is familiar to you all, familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to all our minds) when the most noble, the most gracious, the purest and sweetest of all poets, says:

"Woman! O Woman!—er—er—
Wom—"

However, you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses raise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a true and perfect woman; and how, as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now, as I speak, how the poet, with stern fidelity to the history of all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and sorrows that must come to all, sooner or later, that abide in the earth, and how the pathetic story culminates in that apostrophe—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:

"Alas!—alas!—a—alas!
———Alas!————Alas!"

—and so on. I do not remember the rest; but, taken altogether, it seems to me that poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth. I feel that if I were to talk hours, I could

not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice than I have now done in simply quoting the poet's matchless words.

The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in their variety. Take any type of woman, and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining you, heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah! you remember, you remember well, what a throb of pain, what a great tidal wave of grief swept over us all when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo. Who does not sorrow for the loss of Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel? Who among us does not miss the gentle piety of Lucretia Borgia? Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress, when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume? Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. So long as language lives, the name of Cleopatra will live. And, not because she conquered George III, but because she wrote those divine lines:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LIPS

Old Joe Ouar was very deaf, but he got the idea into his head that he could understand perfectly whatever

was said to him by simply noticing the lips of the person addressing him. He and his hired man Jake were chopping a well-pole, and looking up the road they saw a man coming toward them. Old Joe grasped the opportunity to give an exhibition of his wonderful faculties, so addressing Jake, he said: "See that man coming down the road? Well, I just know what he is going to say. He is going to ask me what I am chopping, and I'm going to say 'well-pole.' He's going to ask me how far down I'm going to chop it, and I'm going to say 'Right down to that knot-hole.' Then he's going to ask me how much I want for it, and I'm going to say, 'Two dollars and a half.' Then he's going to say he won't give it, and I'm going to tell him if he don't, somebody else will. Now just watch and see if I ain't right."

In a short time the stranger drove up.

Stranger—"Good-morning."

Old Joe—"Well-pole."

Stranger—"How far is it to the nearest hotel?"

Old Joe—"Right down to that there knot hole."

Stranger—"You talk like a fool. What's the matter with you?"

Old Joe—"Two dollars and a half."

Stranger—"I've got a good mind to get down and knock your blamed head off."

Old Joe—"Well, if you don't, somebody else will."

The stranger moved on, leaving Old Joe serenely happy with the consciousness that he struck it right. Meanwhile Jake was behind a stump in a fit.

Charles C. Yeager.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
  Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Robert Burns.

A LITTLE SHOE

There it lies, a little shoe—
Only that, at least to you.
Just such others, six or more,
Patter on the nursery floor.
And your heart and lips are smiling,
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,
Of one little pair of feet
That will hurry out to meet
Mother. . . . And when they have found you,
Chubby arms will cling around you.

You will have no need to call him:
Neither sleep nor death enthrall him.
You will hold him to your breast
With an utter sense of rest,—
All your own within your grasp.
At your neck the baby clasp.

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart outleaping,
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands forevermore.
For He holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice,
Maybe He has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging,
Has died out in his upbringing,
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it,
As the cage that holds the linnet,
Did I love; but Christ bereft me.
And the husk alone is left me;
On my dead heart let it lie.
I could leave it, if on high
My lost little one should meet me,
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me. . . .
This you know not—only you
See a little common shoe.

Anon.

A MOTHER-HUBBARD SERMON

The following parodies the method upon which some parsons are said to construct their discourses.

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

" 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life.

" 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.'

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow, yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *She went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the* cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just *the* cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she

go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor, too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to the cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

" 'But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

" 'When she got there!' You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told '*she got there.*'

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

" 'The cupboard was bare!' It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an 'ice' from Gatti's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise.

But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

. . . . . .

"And, O dear friends! keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text—'And so the poor dog had none.'"

Anon.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

What is the voice I hear
  On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
  And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
  To people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
  We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
  The tale of an ancient wrong,

And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man.
And loyally love and trust each other,
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we train,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain.
For you are lords of a strong young land,
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

Alfred Austin, Poet-Laureate of England.

CHRISTMAS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek isles of the yellow-bird's song,
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star,
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore.

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps, they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content;
Lo, these are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;
Lo, Duty and Love and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

By permission
Whittaker, Ray, Wiggins & Co.

Joaquin Miller.

THE DISCOVERER

I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
—With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard
Who can tell

How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
  To lay beside this severed curl.
Some starry offering
  Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of thrice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
  And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be
  To mortal hearers told.

E. C. Stedman.

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BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!

How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.
. . . . . .

John W. Watson.

TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

Of course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.

Theodore Roosevelt.

APOSTROPHE TO JESUS

Repose now in thy glory, noble founder. Thy work is finished; thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see the edifice of thy labors fall by any fault. Henceforth beyond the reach of frailty, thou shalt witness from the heights of divine peace, the infinite results of thy acts. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which did not even reach thy grand soul, thou hast bought the most complete immortality. For thousands of years the world will depend on thee: Banner of our contests, thou shalt be the standard about which the hottest battle will be given. A thousand times more alive, a thousand times more beloved, since thy death than during thy passage here below, thou shalt become the corner-stone of humanity so entirely, that to tear thy name from this world would be to rend it to its foundations. Between thee and God, there will be no longer any distinction; complete conqueror of death, take possession of thy Kingdom, whither shall follow thee, by the royal road which thou hast traced, ages of worshippers.

Ernest Renan.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—

Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the widening rivers be red;
Our anger is banished forever
When are laureled the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

THE CONQUEROR

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

Emil Carl Aurin.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S VACATION

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders."

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again—babbled of fishing streams where the trout played—of school hours and romps with his mates. At twelve he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he called in a strong voice, "I'm ready!"

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The House has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. Dear girl, she never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—I promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the House yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's House are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good House to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm—on—my—way—Home—it's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good House—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I am going to make the round trip and get Home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone Home for Christmas.

Detroit Free Press.

PLAYING HOOKEY

I remember when in boyhood,
Just a step advanced from toyhood,
When in through the schoolroom window floated sweet
the wild birds' call,

I would close my desk at dinner
Like a hardened little sinner,
And the afternooning found me playing hookey from it all.

What to us the far-off sorrow
Of the whipping on the morrow,
For the day seemed all the future—'twas a hundred hours long,
And each hour we were enjoying
By the wood and pool—just boying,
While the wild birds caught our laughing tones and wove them into song.

And today a robin twittered
Through the window and my littered
Desk became the ink-bespattered one my school days used to know,
When the voice of summer crying
And some voice in me replying
To its very note and echo—and some yearning bade me go.

But a sterner duty fetters
Me to these unanswered letters
While through half-opened shutters the wild birds cry and call,
And I'm wishing, wishing, wishing,
I might steal off somewhere, fishing,
Lock up every care and worry—just play hookey from it all.

New York Times.

THE FAMILY MEETING

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
Tonight let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here.

. . . . . .

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

Charles Sprague.

BLAIR, THE REGULAR

(An incident of the Battle of San Juan, July 1, 1898)

Blair, the regular, wounded lay
  On the slope of San Juan hill;
Near by were two of the volunteers,
  Bleeding and faint and still;
And farther up, in a palm-tree hid,
  A Spaniard with deadly gun
Took cruel aim at the men below,
  Dropping them one by one.

One volunteer, with a feeble hand,
  Fought with the plaguing flies;
It told the fact of lingering life
  To the Spaniard's watchful eyes.
He raised his gun to his shoulder then,
  And a bullet sang afar;
It hit the hat of the wounded man,
  Who lay on the left of Blair.

Another! The boy on the right hand winced,
  And uttered a moan of pain;
Another! Blair looked at his reddened blouse
  And muttered, "I'm hit again,
But there's one more load in my old gun"—
  His brow grew black with a frown—
"And I vow I'll shoot that Spanish brute,
  Who fires on men that are down."

Weak were his hands as he raised his gun,
But steady his eye and aim;
Soon, round the trunk of the shielding palm,
The head of the Spaniard came.
Then up from the slope the Springfield spoke
And answered the Mauser well;
Blair, the regular, grimly smiled
As the Spaniard shrieked and fell.

The volunteer who lay on the left
Moaned "Water!" again and again.
Said Blair, "By making a double-quick
I may capture a full canteen."
So, firmly shutting his whitening lips,
He crept where the Spaniard lay,
Secured the prize and crawled slowly back;—
Ah, painful and long seemed the way!

"You first," said both of the volunteers,
As he handed out the full canteen;
They saw his blood-stained blouse, and they knew
Right well what its cost had been;
Blair could but whisper to answer them,
One hand on his bleeding side,
"You fellows have homes somewhere," said he,
"I'm a regular." Then he died.

Sidney of England, make room! Make room
In thy niche of courtly fame,
While side by side with thine own we write
Another nobleman's name!

Blair, the regular! Homeless no more
Since thy death's heroic day.
Thy name and the fame of thy gallant deed
Are homed in our hearts for aye.

Ida Reed Smith.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would play or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it. *Anon.*

THE PARTING OF LEE AND HIS GENERALS

The final parting was in front of Lee's mansion in Richmond, two days after Appomattox. Lee's house was an ordinary square brick, standing alone on Franklin Street, one square from the Capitol. All the other houses on the square are connected.

Upon the afternoon of the second day after the surrender, people in that vicinity were surprised to see come riding up the street from the south a company of Confederate horsemen. They were unarmed, their gray uniforms were worn, soiled and often tattered, their trappings old and patched, they wore slouch hats, and here and there was a feather remaining of the once smart and jaunty drooping plume of the Confederate Cavalrymen. They were bronzed, browned and bearded. They sat erect and came on with the splendid horsemanship for which they were noted. Upon the collars of some of the gray jackets could still be seen the faded and tarnished gilt stars, the emblems of the wearer's rank.

In front of them rode Lee. His two hands held the loosely swinging reins and rested upon the pommel. His head was bent and his eyes were looking straight ahead from under his downcast brow, but they seemed to see nothing.

As the troops cantered up to his old home his horse stopped at the gate and he aroused himself suddenly, as from a dream, and cast his eyes upon the familiar windows, and then around over the group of gallant

soldiers who had followed his fortunes for four bloody years and gone down in defeat under his banner.

The end of it all had come at last. He threw himself from his horse, and all of his companions followed his action. They stood, hat in hand, with an arm through the bridle rein, while Lee went from man to man, grasping each hand, looking intently into each face, as though he would impress it upon his memory forever. Then he turned and walked through the gate and up the steps to his door. As a servant opened the door he paused, with his left foot upon the veranda, his right upon the last step, and looked back for the last time. Not a word had been spoken, not a good-bye uttered. There was no sound heard but that of sobs, as these unkempt and grizzled heroes of a hundred battles leaned their heads against the shoulders of their horses and wept.

Lee gave one look and broke down at last. His hands were over his eyes, his frame shook with sobs, as he turned quickly and disappeared into his lonely house.

With the closing of the door behind him ended forever the dream of the Southern Confederacy.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a white life; for doing your level best; for your faith in humanity; for being kind to the poor; for looking before leaping; for hearing before judging; for being candid and frank; for thinking before speaking.

Anon.

THE CHILDLESS

From the calm, almost stern face, you would have mentally measured him as a man devoid of emotion. In the lines about his mouth; in the squareness of his jaw; in the way his eyelids narrowed at times, he showed poise. There was a suggestion of gray about his temples and a promise of additional avoirdupois about his waist in the near future; but, somehow, I knew he would grow old with dignity. And when the time came for the last card to be played in the Great Game, he would accept either defeat or success as calmly as he turned homeward now.

A woman awaited his home-coming: a gentle, sweet-faced fatalist, with a constant longing in her eyes that hurt him ever to see. For many years they had gone the way together; the twain, no more. At first, life had swung them further apart, through a mutual disappointment, and now, closer together by the same compelling force. (I question whether adversity's uses are really sweet enough to balance the pain; but there is no avoiding them and through her sorrow he had taught himself to hide, if he could not bury, his own.)

At the corner there came upon him, breathless, bubbling with health, a tiny ragamuffin, soiled face, hands and clothes, but the embodiment of joy. Arms outstretched, head back, eyes almost closed, the child blew into the grave man's arms, like a wind-driven bird, athrob with life. The grave, immaculately clad man hesitated, stooped, picked up the tiny stranger

from another strata of life, and suddenly kissed the sticky lips and cheeks and hair hungrily—hungrily!

The baby, awake to his mistake, kicked himself out of the arms that held him so awkwardly—and was gone. The grave man, his chin a bit lower, turned homeward.

Sometimes it seems as if Fate were blindfold rather than consciously cruel. I wonder—I wonder.

Cincinnati Times Star.

FATE

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being; and have no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck; defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act to this one end
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that, should one turn
Ever so little space, to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is fate.

Susan Marr Spaulding.

MA'S TOOLS

At home it seems to be the rule
Pa never has "the proper tool"
Or knack to fix things. For the stunt
That stumps ma, though, you'll have to hunt.

The caster on the table leg
Fell out. Pa said a wooden peg
Would fix it up. But ma kep' mum
An' fixed it with a wad of gum.

We could scarce open our front door,
It stuck so tight. An' pa, he swore
He'd "buy a plane" as big as life—
Ma fixed it with the carving knife.

The bureau drawer got stuck one day,
An', push or pull, 'twas there to stay.
Says pa, "Some day 'twill *shrink*, I hope."
Ma *fixed* it with a piece of soap.

The window-shade got out of whack,
'Twould not pull down, nor yet roll back
Pa says, "No one can fix *that* thing."
Ma fixed it with a piece of string.

I broke the stove-door hinge one day.
('Twas cracked before, though, anyway.)
Pa said we'd put a new door in.
Ma grabbed her hair an' got a pin.

The bath-tub drain got all clogged up.
Pa bailed the tub out with a cup—
He had a dreadful helpless look.
Ma cleaned it with a crochet-hook.

One day our old clock wouldn't start.
Pa said he'd take it all apart
Some day an' fix the ol' machine.
Ma soused the works in gasoline.

The garden-gate latch broke one day,
Cows ate our sweet corn up. An', say,
Pa scolded like a house afire!
Ma fixed the latch up with hay wire.

So when my things gets out of fix
Do I ask pa to mend 'em? Nix!
But ma just grabs what's near at hand
An' togs things up to beat the band.

Anon.

THE ONE

I knew his face the moment that he passed
  Triumphant in the thoughtless, cruel throng—
Triumphant, though the tired, quiet eyes
  Showed that his soul had suffered overlong.
And though across his brow faint lines of care
Were etched, somewhat of Youth still lingered there.
I gently touched his arm—he smiled at me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

Where I had failed, he'd won from life Success;
Where I had stumbled, with sure feet he stood;
Alike—yet unalike—we faced the world,
And through the stress he found that life was good.
And I? The bitter wormwood in the glass,
The shadowed way along which failures pass!
Yet as I saw him thus, joy came to me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

I knew him! And I knew he knew me for
The man he might have been. Then did his soul
Thank silently the gods that gave him strength
To win, while I so sorely missed the goal?
He turned, and quickly in his own firm hand
He took my own—the gulf of Failure spanned. . . .
And that was all—strong, self-reliant, free,
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

We did not speak. But in his sapient eyes
I saw the spirit that had urged him on,
The courage that had held him through the fight
Had once been mine. I thought, "Can it be gone?"
He felt that unasked question—felt it so
His pale lips formed the one-word answer, "No!"

. . . . . .

Too late to win? No! Not too late for me—
He is the Man that Still I Meant to Be!

Cincinnati Times-Star.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
  How the little white angel, May,
Sat ever beside the portal
  Sorrowing all the day.
How she said to the stately warden—
  He of the golden bar—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
  Let the beautiful gates ajar!
Only a little, I pray you,
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my dear mother there, weeping;
  She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
  Since the gates closed after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor,
  O warden, would shine so far."
But the angel whispered, "I dare not
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low as he answered, "I dare not
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed,
  Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
  She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
  Fell ringing the golden bar;

And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates, ajar!
Yes, lo! in the child's angel fingers,
Stood the heavenly gates ajar.

"And this key for no further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar.
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom
And the gates forever ajar.

Helen L. Bostwick.

HYMN OF WORLD PEACE

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.

Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
  And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
  Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

Prof. George Huntington.

INDECISION

The sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities, and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight upon him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

A LAST WILL

He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn.

A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction, he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away.

Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy at school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this, my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly

as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"ITEM—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the right thereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose

a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"ITEM—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises: and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs; and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of cares.

"ITEM—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, of aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"ITEM—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and

of possessing companions: and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"ITEM—And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, or young men, I leave a memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution: and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

Williston Fish.

A HAPPY DAY

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with;
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it brings to thee.

A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way,
All these combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

Christian Advocate.

MIZPAH

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"
This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine may be;
If mine shall be through parching sands
And thine beside the sea.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
So never fear.
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,
And my lot lowly be;
Or you be sad and sorrowful
And glory be for me.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
Both be His care.
One arm round thee, and one round me
Will keep us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be.

I'll leave thee to the care of Him
  Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings"—
  This comforts, dear,
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me.
  So we are near.

And though our paths be separate
  And thy way is not mine,
Yet, coming to the mercy seat,
  My soul will meet with thine.
And, "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
  I'll whisper here,
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,
  And we are near. *Julia A. Baker.*

THE RESPONSIVE CHORD

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other National air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would

cheer most lustily, and then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an old "Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home."

At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout *from both sides of the river*—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim.

A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies *then*—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldiers' cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

J. William Jones.

BEING CONTENT

As God leads, I am content,
He will take care,
All things by His will are sent,
That I must bear,
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes, while I'm here,
The way will all seem clear,
When I am "There."

Anon.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

BURY YOUR WRONGS

In the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in the eternal silence, bury the wrongs that you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace come to abide with you.

Charles Wagner.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Read at the Lotos Club dinner to Whitelaw Reid

The youngest of the nations,
Grown stalwart in the West,
Yearns back to where each morning
Glows o'er the ocean's crest,
And cries: "O Mother Country,
Ours is your ancient pride,
And, whate'er may befall you,
Our place is at your side."

"Ours are the old traditions
Of Saxon and of Kelt;
We visit rare Westminster,
And kneel where you have knelt.
Your restful country places,
Hills, lakes, and London town—
Their memories we inherit
And share in their renown.

"Your Avon is our Avon;
Song knows no border line;
The stars their radiance mingle
Which in one heaven shine.
Within your 'Poet's Corner'
Longfellow's gentle grace
With all the august shadows
Is given a welcome place.

"Your mighty men of science
Who've made the world anew,
Transforming earth and heaven,
Wrought not alone for you.
From Newton up to Darwin
Each from his truth-built throne,
Nods greeting to our homage—
We claim them for our own.

'You fought the fight for freedom
And taught mankind the creed;
Long ere our 'Declaration,'
There was a Runnymede.
We won at Appomattox,
But you had won before;
Our Bunker Hill and Yorktown
Look back to Marston Moor—

"Our Washington and Lincoln
Were of your sturdy stock—
Cut out of Milton's quarry,
One piece with Cromwell's rock.
Our Pilgrims learned the lesson
That English means the free,
And through the wintry weather
They brought it over sea.

. . . . . .

"Then let this glorious vision
Along our pathway gleam

As up the future leads us
The Seer's, the Poet's dream.
One race and one tradition,
English, American.
And one high inspiration—
The destiny of man!"

M. J. Savage.

UNHEARD

All things are wrought of melody,
Unheard, yet full of speaking spells;
Within the rock, within the tree,
A soul of music dwells.

To harmony all growth is set;
Each seed is but a music note,
From which each plant, each violet
Evolves its purple note.

Compact of melody, the rose
Woos the soft wind with strain on strain
Of crimson; and the lily blows
Its white stars to the rain.

The trees are pæans, and the grass
One long, green fugue, beneath the sun;
Song is his life, and all shall pass,
Shall cease when song is done.

Madison Cawein.

PACE IMPLORA

Better it were to sit still by the sea,
  Loving somebody and satisfied;
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
  Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
  Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
  Be it ever so simple. The humbler the home
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.
Love and be loved with all your heart,
Drink sweet waters and live in a spell,
  Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
  Ere men knew madness and came to roam
From the west to the east and the whole world wide—
When they lived where their fathers lived and died—
  Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
  Better, indeed, for man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born,
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
  White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun,
Than wander the world as I have done. *Anon.*

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed;
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?
Stephen, your life is not insured.

"But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof,
All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;

But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground.
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge,
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung:
Just half-way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end, and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 't is
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted, "Don't! 't would be my death;

I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting sewing snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving toward his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank:
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope,—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What's this! A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise. *Anon.*

GRIEF AND JOY

It takes two for a kiss,
  Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
  One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
  Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
  Gethsemane had one.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

QUATRAINS FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
  Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
  At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain
  Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
  And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regrets and Future Fears:
  Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust unto Dust, and unto Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side. . . .

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

From translation by Edward Fitzgerald.

A LITTLE

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and
So good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and
So, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and
So, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing—and
So, good-bye!

Du Maurier.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears,
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's
hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day
was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun.

"And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old
in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars:

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her
old age,
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to
die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister: in the happy days gone
by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning;

"Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be
risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vineclad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed
to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear,
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with
friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remem-
bered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine.
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Caroline Norton.

INFECTION

A baby smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine thro' the day.

Louis de Louk.

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals show;
The red light is a danger light;
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

Cy Warman.

From "Songs of Cy Warman."
By permission Rand-Avery Co., Publishers.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

There can be nothing sadder than the solemn hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of Autumn, with the billowy bronze and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robe of oak and maple, bespeak the closing hour of nature's teeming life, and the silent farewell to humanity's gauze underwear.

Thus, while nature dons her regal robes of scarlet and gold, in honor of the farewell benefit to autumn, the sad-eyed poet steals swiftly away to the neighboring clothesline, and in the hour of nature's grand blow-out dons the flaming flannels of his friend out of respect for the hectic flush of the dying year.

Leaves have their time to fall, and so has the price of coal. And yet how sadly at variance with decaying nature is the robust coal market.

Another glorious summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the archives of our history. Another gloomy winter is upon us. These wonderful colors that flame across the softened sky of Indian Summer like the gory banner of a royal conqueror come but to warn us that in a few short weeks the water-pipe will be "busted" in the kitchen, and the decorated wash-bowl will be broken.

We flit through the dreamy hours of summer like swift-winged bumble bees amid the honeysuckle and pumpkin blossoms, storing away perhaps a little glucose honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future; but all

at once, like a newspaper thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe, mellow chilblains *is* upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast, and hump our spinal column up into the crisp air like a Texas steer that has thoughtlessly swallowed a raw cactus.

Life is one continued round of alternate joys and sorrows. Today we are on the top wave of prosperity, and warming ourselves in the glad sunlight of plenty, and tomorrow we are cast down and depressed financially, and have to stand up the washerwoman for our clean shirt or stay at home from the opera.

The October sky already frowns down upon us, and its frozen tears begin to fall. The little birds have hushed their little lay. So have the fatigued hens. Only a little while and the yawning chasm in the cold, calm features of the Thanksgiving turkey will be filled with voluptuous stuffing and then sewed up. The florid features of the polygamous gobbler will be wrapped in sadness, and cranberry pie will be a burden, for the veal cutlet goeth to its long home, and the ice-cream freezer is broken in the wood-house.

O time! thou bald-headed pelican with the venerable corn-cutter and the second-hand hourglass, thou playest strange pranks upon the children of men. No one would think, to look at thy bilious countenance and store teeth, that in thy bony bosom lurked such eccentric schemes.

The chubby boy, whose danger-signal hangs sadly through the lattice-work of his pants, knows that Time who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles

heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl, and experience, and a soft white moustache, and eventually a low grave in the valley, beneath the sighing elms and the weeping willow, where, in the misty twilight of the year, noiselessly upon his breast shall fall the dead leaf, while the silent tear of the gray autumnal sky will come and sink into the yellow grass above his head.

Bill Nye.

By permission.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY

J. J. Crittenden, Kentucky's most eminent lawyer sixty years ago, it was said, never lost a case he pleaded before a jury.

In defense of a poor person of feeble mind he used the following allegory:

"When God conceived the plan of creating man he called the three angels that waited on His throne, Justice, Truth and Mercy, and said, 'Shall we make man?'

"Justice said, 'Make him not, O God, he will trample upon thy laws.' Truth also answered, 'Make him not, O God, he will pollute your sanctuaries.' Mercy, kneeling and looking up through her tears, said, 'Make him, O God, and I will watch over him in the dark hours of his life.'

"So God made man and said, 'O Man, thou art the child of Mercy; go out and live with thy brother.'"

Portland, (Me.) Transcript, 1851.

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

George MacDonald.

A BOY I KNOW

He's not a witty boy, nor wise,
  He has not much of outward grace;
And yet the sparkle of his eyes,
  The morning sunshine of his face,
Oft make a little glow of cheer,
Whenever he is passing near.

I hear his whistle up the street,
  I hear his merry laugh ring out;
I hear the rush of sturdy feet,
  I hear his free and boyish shout—
And then I smile and straight forget
My newest care, my latest fret.

His hands are rough, but they are strong,
  And never have been known to shirk;
And blithe and cheery is the song
  He hums when at his daily work;
For any task seems well worth while
To him who takes it with a smile.

Those hands are very tender, too,
  And gentle with the maimed and weak,
And oft a kindly service do
  Of which the boy will never speak·
God bless this modest, manly boy,
Who makes all duty but a joy!

And when he reaches man's estate,
  God keep him good and sweet as now,

For then no adverse stroke of fate
Shall cloud that fair and open brow;
The manly boy can only grow
To manly manhood—this I know!

Anon.

SHUT IN

Shut in, God knoweth why,
That days and weeks and months pass by
And still, shut in.

The busy rush of life goes on,
The New Year comes, the Old Year gone,
And still, shut in.

Shut in, still there comes love,
And peace, and joy down from above,
While thus shut in.

Flowers, fruits and books
From friends so true,
And letters, papers, bright and new,
For me, shut in.

Shut in; so may it be,
Until the hour He saith to me
"It is enough—go forth to service with thy might,
Either in earthly ways or fields of light,
No more shut in!"

Arranged from poem of Sarah M. Dunham.

WHO MARCHES NEXT MEMORIAL DAY?

Who marches next Memorial Day?
Speak up, brave comrades: let men say
"The Post turns out in force this year"—
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,
Sheridan's tireless cavalry,
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer;
Tireless and fearless in the past,
Bear yourselves proudly to the last,
Though years fly fast and death draws near.

Who'll bear the dear old Flag—the bright
Tri-colored banner, red and white
As sunset's glory, spotless snow,
On whose broad field of heavenly blue
The golden stars of statehood true
Like bivouac fires divinely glow?
'Tis but a wisp of silk: the staff
Light as a boy's slight wand. You laugh—
They seemed so, forty years ago.

Not the old colonel tried and true,
Nor his stout major; in review
Or march they'll lead us nevermore.
Some captains brave, lieutenant gay,
Or sergeant proved in march and fray,
Succeeds to the command they bore:
When, waking from the spell of peace,
In memories proud we felt surcease
Of pain and donned the blue once more.

Whom shall we greet Memorial Day?
Old friends, and old foes too, for they
  Fought as befits men of our race,
Against all odds and sturdily;
No braver men on earth there be
  Than those who met us face to face,
Until at Appomattox Ford
Grant scorned to take Lee's stainless sword.
  God send them all His gifts and grace.

Whom shall we miss Memorial Day?
Well is it that long years allay
  The burdens of the laboring heart
In joy or sorrow, for the list
Is long of loved ones we have missed
  From camp and banquet, field and mart:
In ancient foray, field or fray,
And peaceful deathbeds passed away,
  They from our hearts were torn apart.

What shall we say Memorial Day?
That we tread fearlessly the way
  From Manhood's prime to Age's frost;
As in the grand, grim past we trod
The wine-press of the Wrath of God
  Regardless of the pain or cost;
That still we prize o'er wealth and power
Our fatherland, and Freedom's dower,
  For which such precious lives were lost.

Charles Winslow Hall.

CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
  Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak.
  I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
  He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
  The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
  They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance;
  He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
  He'd bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit;
  An', as he steeks the door

They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Alexander Anderson.

LOST

A precious moment set with golden opportunities. No reward offered, for it is lost forever.

Anon.

WHAT IS A BABY?

A two-guinea prize for "The best definition of a baby" has been awarded by London *Tid-Bits* to Miss Nellie Braidwood of Girvan, England, who sent in this answer:

"A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood."

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

A human flower untouched by the finger of care.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The magic spell by which the gods transform a house into a home.

A stranger with unspeakable cheek that enters a house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by everyone.

A bursting bud on the tree of life.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

The unconscious mediator between father and mother and the focus of their hearts.

About twenty-two inches of coo and wriggle, writhe

and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A curious bud of uncertain blossom.

A thing we are expected to kiss, and look as if we enjoyed it.

The smartest little craft afloat in home's delightful bay.

A mite of humanity that will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail.

A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

The pupil from which the leaves of life's book are made.

A padlock on the chain of love.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which we cannot do without.

It's a sweet and tiny treasure,
A torment and a tease.
It's an autocrat, an anarchist,
Two awful things to please.
It's a rest and peace disturber,
With little laughing ways
It's a wailing human night alarm,
And terror of your days.

A necessity—in order to keep up the supply of readers in the future.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body and a necessity of the world.

An inhabitant of Lapland.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

A SONG FOR APRIL

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
  And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
  A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman.

By permission.

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

Lowell.

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
  While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
  Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
  O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread.
  A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
  That Phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fast I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread, and rags.
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
  From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves,
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

Thomas Hood.

MUD PIES

Down in a little back garden,
  Under a sunny sky,
We made mud pies together—
  My little sweetheart and I.
Stained was the little pink apron,
  Muddy the jacket blue,
As we stirred and mixed and tasted,
  Out in the sun and dew.

Why do I dream of that garden,
  I who am old and wise?
Why am I longing, longing,
  For one of those old mud pies?
Oh, for the little pink apron,
  Oh, for the jacket blue,
For the blessed faith of childhood
  When make-believes are true.

Florence A. Jones.

DADDY KNOWS

Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching
That a boy's heart knows so well.

I am sure he well remembers,
In his calendar of days,
When the boy-heart was December's,
Though the sun and flowers were May's.
He has lived a boy's life, laddie,
And he knows just how it goes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.

Let us tell him all about it,
How the sting of it is there,

And I have not any doubt it
Will be easier to bear;
For he's trodden every byway,
He has fathomed every joy,
He has traveled every highway
In the wide world of a boy.

He will put aside the worries
That his day may follow through,
For the great heart of him hurries
At the call of help from you.
He will help us mend the broken
Heart of ours or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken—
For he used to be a boy.

By permission. *J. W. Foley.*

BECAUSE OF SOME GOOD ACT

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.

Anon.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED

Tread softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll; yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend; enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold no smiling courtiers tread:
One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low, so agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change—stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Caroline Anne Bowles.

THE DROWNING SINGER

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And they hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! . When next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the waves,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save,
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll!"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past."
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not!" The singer dropped into the tossing sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Selected.

"All one's life is Music, if one touched the notes rightly and in tune."

Ruskin.

THE MOTHERLOOK

You take th' finest woman, with th' roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
Th' motherlook that sometime comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile, exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams told in its face;
She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she lif's it to its place.
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave, or gay, or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint,
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend the whole.

There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint th' glory comin' straight from Paradise—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

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W. D. Nesbit.

DAD

Dad never had much to say;
Jogged along in his quiet way
Contentedly smoking his old dudeen
As he turned the soil to the golden sheen.
Used to say as he slapped the mare,
One horny hand in his tangled hair,
"Rest is joy when your work's well done,
So pitch in, son."

Sometimes he an' I'd not hitch;
Couldn't agree as to which was which.
Fought it out on the same old lines
As we grubbed an' hoed 'mong the runnin' vines;
And his eyes would light with a gentle quiz,
And he'd say in that old soft way of his,
As he idly stroked his wrinkled chin,
"All right, son, you win."

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
Kind o' settled in his old ways,
Born an' raised in the good old days

When a tattered coat hid a kindly heart,
An' the farm was home, not a toilin' mart,
An' a man was judged by his inward self;
Not his worldly pelf.

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell chat
Ere I changed the farm and the simple life
For the city's roar an' bustle an' strife.
While I gaily talked of the city's charm
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile farm
An' he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin,
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged back home,
Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;
Sick an' sore for the dear old place,
Hungerin' most for a loved old face.
When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood dad in the kitchen door,
An' he says in a voice from deep within,
"Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go;
An' his spirit soared to the realms above
On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
An' I know that when I cross the bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his chin,
"Hello, son, come in."

William Edward Ross.

THE TRAVELLING MAN

Could I pour out the nectar the gods only can,
I would fill up my glass to the brim
And drink the success of the Travelling Man,
And the house represented by him;
And could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles, as I drank to him then,
And the jokes he has told and the laughs he has laughed,
I would fill up the goblet again—

And drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-bye
With a tenderness thrilling him this
Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her eye
That salted the sweet of her kiss;
To her truest of hearts and her fairest of hands
I would drink, with all serious prayers,
Since the heart she must trust is a Travelling Man's,
And as warm as the ulster he wears.

I would drink to the wife, with the babe on her knee,
Who awaits his returning in vain—
Who breaks his brave letters so tremulously
And reads them again and again!
And I'd drink to the feeble old mother who sits
At the warm fireside of her son
And murmurs and weeps o'er the stocking she knits,
As she thinks of the wandering one.
I would drink a long life and a health to the friends
Who have met him with smiles and with cheer—
To the generous hand that the landlord extends
To the wayfarer journeying here:

And I pledge, when he turns from this earthly abode
  And pays the last fare that he can,
Mine Host of the Inn at the End of the Road
  Will welcome the Travelling Man!

James Whitcomb Riley.

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DAD'S OLD BREECHES

When dad has worn his trousers out,
  They pass to brother John.
Then mother trims them round about,
  And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,
  The trousers fail to hide 'em,
So Walter claims them for his own
  And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest,
  And, when they won't stretch tighter,
They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed
  And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps
  When I have burst the stitches.
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)
  The last of dad's old breeches.

New York Weekly.

AN EVERY-DAY CREED

I *believe* in my job. It may not be a very important job, but it is *mine*. Furthermore, it is God's job for *me*. He has a purpose in my life with reference to His plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God, who intrusted me with it.

I *believe* in my fellow-man. He may not always agree with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my own mind a dozen years ago. May he never lose faith in himself, because, if he does, he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and it would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

I *believe* in my country. I believe in it because it is made up of my fellow-men—and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world it is partly because I am not the kind of a man that I should be.

I *believe* in my home. It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers, and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is Service, its reward is Love. There is no other spot in all the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

I *believe* in today. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow. I must make good today!

Reverend Charles Stelzle.

CALLING THE ROLL

"Corporal Greene!" the orderly cried:
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!" and a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood.
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!' At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice said "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
"Ephraim Deane!" Then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot. I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment, and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For the company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

Sheppard.

A VOCABULARIC DUEL

Turning the Tables

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington post-office the other day, when an old colored man came up and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me, is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir; this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a little quiet fun; "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat, dubiously shook his head, and then with a long-drawn breath, slowly remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it ain't; but just sposen dat de ecksentricity of de aggregation tarnsubstanshuates de ignominiousness of de puppindickeler and sublimites de puspicuity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government

would confisticate dat dare letter? I guess I'd jest better put some stamps on anyhow, fer luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.

Cincinnati Commercial.

THE UNDER DOG

(Ben Butler's favorite poem)

I know that this world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or I'm right;
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right;
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said were better not said,
Or 'twere better I said it incog;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog.

Anon.

BALLADE OF RICHES

What care I for the treasure isles
  Enskyed where purple oceans are?
I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
  I have the silvery gleam of star;
  Daily beside the pasture bar
The daisies flash me radiance free—
  Poets are rich, or near or far,
For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread:
  Why should I crave a richer fare?
Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
  Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
  He has wine of a vintage rare.
Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
  Yet always I have joy to spare—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
  The soul is thrall to starry art;
I covet not their cold unkind
  Splendor of death in whole or part.
  I have love in a true, pure heart,
And nevermore on land or sea
  Can summer from my life depart—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

MY KING

You are all that I have to live for—
All that I want to love,
All that the whole world holds for me
Of a faith in the world above!
You came—and it seemed too mighty
For my humble heart to hold;
It seemed, in its sacred glory,
Like a glimpse through the Gate of Gold,
Like life in the perennial Eden,
Created, formed anew—
This dream of perfect manhood
That I realize in you.

God created me a woman,
With a nature just as true
As the blue, eternal ocean—
As the sky that is over you,
And you are mine until your maker calls you—
Your soul and your body, sweet!
Your breath, and the whole of your being,
From your kingly head to your feet—
Your eyes, and the light that is in them—
Your lips, with their maddening wine—
Your arms, with their passionate clasp, my king—
Your body and soul are mine.

No power whatsoever,
No will but God's alone,
Can take you from my keeping;
You are his and mine alone!

I know not where, if ever—
  I know not when or how
Death's hands may try the fetters
  That bind us here and now;
But some day, when God beckons,
  Where rise His fronded palms,
My soul shall cross the River
  And lay you in His arms;
Forever and forever.
  Beyond the Silent Sea,
You will rest in the Arms Eternal,
  And still belong to me. *Boston Times.*

A PRAYER FOR EVENING

"Lord, receive our supplication for this house, family and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

"Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them, prolong our days in peace and honor. Give us health, food, bright weather and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavors. Cause injuries to be forgotten and benefits to be remembered.

"Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude." *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY"

When you've set your head to do it,
  When your judgment says you're right,
When your conscience gives its sanction,
  Then pitch in with all your might.
Don't let anything prevent you,
  Though the odds seem big and strong;
Every obstacle must vanish
  As the swift days roll along—
If you set your jaw and say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

While the whole world loves a lover,
  Yet it loves a winner best;
Loves the man who, till he conquer,
  Stops not e'en for sleep or rest.
Oft he may be worn and haggard,
  Often he may weary be;
Yet the lion heart within him
  Has been firm as rock since he
Set his quiet jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

Oh, the loose-hung jaws encountered
  In the course of but a day!
Oh, the lives devoid of purpose,
  That we find along the way!
They the weaklings are, who know not
  What strong faith and will may do;

Know not that the world's a servant
To the man who's game and true—
And who sets his jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

By permission. *S. W. Gillilan.*

THE BLESSED

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

The Bible.

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY NO

Written by a devoted mother, to be given to her son upon his entrance into business.

You're starting today on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life.
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The siren's sweet smile may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art.
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show.
Should you be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

Be careful in choosing companions,
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted,
The taste of the wine cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no!

The bright sparkling wine may be offered,
No matter how tempting it be.
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro;
You may be invited to enter,
Do have courage, my boy, to say no.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in your heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you are true to your manhood,
You'll have courage, my boy, and say no.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering
Tick, tick, tick, tick.

His life-seconds numbering
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy,
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

My grandfather said of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found,
For it wasted no time and had but one desire—
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place—not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of night—
An alarm that for years had been dumb.
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour for departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Selected.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust in the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands, a signal of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;

Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

Marie Lacost.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

"A commonplace life," we say as we sigh.
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful Whole.

Anon.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
  Is it her schoolgirl days
When thoughts and hopes half-formed are rife
  Amid her glad wild ways?
    Ah! No, not then.
The happiest time is yet to come—but when?

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
  Is it her virgin prime,
When love awakes, ere she's a wife,
  Is it that golden time?
    Ah! No, not then.
A happier time is coming yet—but when?

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
  Is it her wedding day,
When vows are pledged, and as a wife
  She's bound to him for aye?
    Say, is it then?
Ah! No, not yet; the time is coming. When?

The happiest time of a woman's life?
  Ah! It has come at last;
For, hark! I hear a little voice,
  And footsteps toddling fast;
And the happiest hours, I know, are these,
When the children are playing about her knees.

Frances H. Lee

ONWARD, UPWARD

This verse, addressed to the young gentlemen leaving Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts, was sent in by Mr. John Wanamaker as his favorite selection.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow; falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Frances Anne Kemble

SONNET

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare.

HOMEWARD! THE EVENING COMES

THE PROVENCE HERD GIRL TO HER COWS

(Contributed by the Hon. James Bryce, English Ambassador)

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Ah dear! and where is he, a year agone,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
My sweetheart wanders far away from me
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;
Ah me! and when in shelter shall we be?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me.

My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigh-ho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

Or shall he find before his term be sped
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he, returning, see himself too late?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

The sky behind is brightening up anew,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The rain is ending, and our journeys too;
Heigh-ho! aha! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie!

Arthur Hugh Clough

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER

"*Nein*" (pronounced *nine*) is the German for "*No.*"

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
  To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
  And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!' the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head
  And always answering 'Nine?' "
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
  The lady from over the Rhine.

John G. Saxe.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

The marriage ceremony of the Friends is unique. No minister or third party of any kind is required. The couple must marry themselves. All preliminary legal forms are complied with, and on the day appointed the marriage is solemnized in a public meeting in the presence of hundreds of witnesses. The bridal party is seated facing the main part of the audience, where for an hour they are the cynosure of perhaps a thousand curious, relentless eyes. When the "head" of the meeting announces that the time for the marriage has arrived, the groom and bride stand, join hands, and the man repeats this simple and impressive vow:

"Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take A. B. to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until death shall separate us."

With a proper change of name and pronoun, the same formula is spoken by the woman, and the ordeal is over.

The truth of the following story can be vouched for by more than one living witness, although it occurred many years ago.

An ancient beau, at the ripe age of threescore and ten, led his third bride to the altar. Twice had he glibly repeated the beautiful ceremony, but on the third occasion his memory failed him utterly. He began with confidence, "Friends, in the presence—" but could go no further. The promptings of the clerk seemed only

to add to his confusion. He repeated and stammered, and stammered and repeated, but the words would not come. Not to be defeated in the purpose of accomplishing his marriage, he finally arose to a supreme effort and found a tongue for the following improvised deliverance: "Friends, I love this woman, I'll be good to her, and I'll have her anyhow."

Linnaeus Roberts.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

Sincerity

To be sincere. To look Life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze.
    Always to mean
The high and truthful thing.
    Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning, never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose between
The true and small, the true and large, serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, tho' rocks
  And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks
  It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

Maurice Smiley.

THE KING'S PICTURE

"There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place where—as we may fancy—the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it."—*Confucian Classics.*

The king from his council chamber
  Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff, the painter,
  And spake with him thus apart;
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
  Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
  Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
  Gracious and wise and good;
Endowed with strength of heroes,
  And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
  That thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur
  And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
  And hung it in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
  Had garnished the stately wall.
The King, with head uncovered,
  Gazed on it with rapt delight.

Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb!
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smile which her curves transfigured
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, that in every form of the human,
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."

Helen B. Bostwick.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
  Burneth soon to waste.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
  To be steadfast friend.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
  While that life endures:
Nay, and after death in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth,
  This my love assures.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever,
Give to me that with true endeavor
  I will it restore:
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers, that for me,

For the land or for the sea,
  Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Anonymous, originally printed in 1569.

HE EDUCATED THE JUDGE

This anecdote is told of Chief Justice John Marshall. Returning one afternoon from his farm near Richmond, Virginia, to his home in that city, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some moments to extricate the wheel he heard the sound of an ax in the woods and saw a negro man approaching.

Hailing him, he said, "If you will get that ax and cut down this tree I'll give you a dollar."

"I c'n git yer by 'thout no ax, ef dat's all yer want."

"Yes, that's all," said the judge.

The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling and then brought the vehicle safely around it.

"You don't charge a dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished chief justice.

"No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to learn some folks sense."

The darkey got his dollar without further questioning.

Atlanta Constitution.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal.

The art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory

moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and, finding how matters stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones.

"You graceless whelp! What have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly

rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize-town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and, burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had

done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made the discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Charles Lamb.

Labor and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad.

Ibsen.

ONCE IN A WHILE

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold—
A joy that the world cannot defile—
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

COWBOY SONG

We are up in the morning ere dawning of day
And the grub wagon's busy and flapjacks in play;
While the herd is astir over hillside and swale
With the night-riders rounding them into the trail.

Come, take up your cinchas
And shake up your reins;
Come, wake up your broncho
And break for the plains;
Come roust those red steers from the long chaparral,
For the outfit is off for the railroad corral!

The sun circles upward, the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod
And, it seems, as the dust turns you dizzy and sick
That you'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek

But tie up your kerchief
And ply up your nag;
Come, dry up your grumbles
And try not to lag;
Come, larrup those steers from the long chaparral,
For we're far on the way to the railroad corral!

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean
When the grub wagon sticks in a marshy ravine,
And the herd scatters further than vision can look,
For you bet all true punchers will help out the cook!

So shake out your rawhide
And snake it up fair;

Come, break your old broncho
To taking his share!
Come, now for the steers in the long chaparral,
For it's all in the drive to the railroad corral!

But the longest of days must reach evening at last
When the hills are all climbed and the creeks are all passed
And the tired herd droops in the yellowing light;
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight!

So flap up your holster
And snap up your belt;
Come, strap up the saddle
Whose lap you have felt;
Good-by to the steers and the long chaparral!
There's a town that's a trump by the railroad corral!

By courtesy Leslie's Weekly.
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Joseph Mills Hanson.

NIAGARA

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet, and he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man keep
Silence, and on thy rocky altar pour
Incense of sweet praise.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY"

There appeared in the public prints many years ago a beautiful poem, the title of which, "Even This Shall Pass Away" coupled with the complete adaptability of the sentiment expressed to human life, rendered it immediately popular and doubtless into thousands of scrap books it went. All through the day, the week, the month, the year, we find ourselves beset with trouble, sorrow and care, and if at such times we could only reflect "Even This Shall Pass Away," how wonderfully lighter would our burden become. Then, too, in moments of revelry and gaiety, when all the world seems a vast flower garden and we have never a thought for the more serious side of our lives, what a reminder then would be the reflection "Even This Shall Pass Away."

Then, when in our home circle and our loved ones are gathered about us and there comes that quiet, peaceful hour when the fact of God's goodness in giving us such environments is forced upon us, what an incentive to greater kindness and gentleness there is in the same reflection, "Even This Shall Pass Away." Then all through life, in every period, under all circumstances, the sentiment 'Even This Shall Pass Away," should enable us to so conduct ourselves and our affairs that when the time does come for us, as it did for the Persian king, "to pass away," the same solace that was his in the last dark hour will be ours.

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand:

Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O loving friends of mine!
Pleasures come, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.' "

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.' "

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?

Fame is but a slow decay—
'Even this shall pass away.' "

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray:
"Even this shall pass away."

Theodore Tilton.

HOPE SEES A STAR

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.

We strive in vain to look beyond the heights.

We cry aloud—and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.

From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.

But in the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now."

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll, at his brother's grave, June 2, 1879.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I still must do it: Curfew, girl, must ring
tonight!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must
die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright,
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring
tonight!"

With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within
the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so
oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro:
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray
of light,

Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her like the pathway down to hell;
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;
She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed she had done
Should be told long ages after:—often as the setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty, aged sires, with head of white,
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell; "curfew shall not ring tonight!"

By permission. *Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

"MY NEIGHBOR JIM"

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said, "If he could have his will,
'Twould be his supreme delight
To live when the sun shone day and night."

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said, "Now this is real nice!
If ever from home I'm bound to go,
I'll move up North with the Esquimaux!"

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm;
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back.
And "I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at last his days were told,
His body bent,
And strength all spent,

And Jim was growing weak and old,
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die!" and Jim was dead!

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell!
But I know that the climate suited Jim,
And cold or hot, it mattered not,
It was to him the long-sought spot. *Anon.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them carefully over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers.

The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests after jumping about in the flames a few minutes will speedily be settled." Whilst No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

JACK AND JILL IN VARIATIONS

While on soldier duty in the Philippine Islands, Professor O. W. Coursey clipped from a United States newspaper furnished by the Red Cross Society the following account of "Jack and Jill." Whoever the author of it, "C. N.," is, we do not know, but we take off our hats to his or her mastery of style.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

It is all a matter of temperament. Mother Goose was not given to sentiment, and so could report with coolness this great tragedy. The same sad sight witnessed by another might have been the occasion for awful warning, for philosophic speculation, for mournful story long drawn out.

Milton, indeed, used it as the theme for an immortal epic, and with his weary head upon his hand he wrote:

Of Jack's great fall from that high eminence,
From which fell also his companion Jill,
While they were climbing hither to a spring
In hope that they might dip one sparkling cup
Of water, and so quench their parching thirst,
Sing, heavenly muse.

Whittier, with honest sorrow, would have sung:

Alas for Jack! alas for Jill!
That fateful quest for mountain rill!

And alas for any whom ills betide,
Upon a treacherous mountain side!
For of all hard trials, the hardest lies
In slipping when so near our prize.

Mrs. Hemans would have pointed the moral in this way:

The boy stood there with his happy face
Beside his sweetheart Jill.
Within his bucket was no trace
Of water from the hill.
The father's unexpected call
Alarmed the pretty Jill,
And in their haste to answer him
Both tumbled down the hill.

Tennyson would have sighed as he sung:

Rich sunshine fills the vale and hills,
Two tender children, girl and brother,
Start out to bring from the high spring
A cup of water to their mother.
"Hie, children, hie!" we hear her faint voice crying,
"Yes, mother, yes," the children answer, hieing, hieing, hieing.
O fate, O death! They feel my breath,
For as they climb the rocky slope
The brother slips, the sister trips,
And shattered is the mother's hope.
"Come, children, come," we hear her sad voice crying,

"Come, children, come," the echo answers, dying, dying, dying.

And poor Robert Burns, with a heart full of sorrow, would have said with touching tenderness:

Ye birds that sing sae merrily,
  And bitterly bid me sweet good morrow,
Wi' ye nae breathe some sadder note?
  Oh, ken ye not some sang o' sorrow?
'Twi' break my heart, unless thou'll cease
  To warble thus thy mirth and gladness,
For my twa e'en are fu' o' tears,
  And i' my heart is muckle sadness.
Oft gaze I on the quiet hill,
  And see my bairns, my lass, my daughter,
And her fair brother, gae to bring
  From yonder spring a cup of water.
O birds, wi' ye nae mourn wi' me,
  O'er these, my bonnie girl and brother?
Wi' ye nae bring me flowers and leaves,
  And help these hands their graves to cover?

Wordsworth would have been pleased with the simplicity of this story, though it would have troubled him to have ended it so tragically. Doubtless he would have said something like this:

He dwelt within a lowly cot,
  Beside a towering hill;

A boy who shared his simple lot
With his loved sister Jill.
One day they wandered forth full gay,
To find a mountain rill,
At eventide they made their grave
By this unfriendly hill.

Had he witnessed such a scene as this, dear Will Shakespeare would have fallen into a reverie:

Was it Jack or was it Jill? That is the question.
Could it be Jill who pushed her brother down
And caused that pail of water to be spilled,
And that poor skull to crack in such a way
And work such inconvenience? Oh, yes, 'twas Jill!
No other. She only thought that she would end
Those ills which at that instant did confront her
And stir her spirit—'twas a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To give one push!
To push! Perchance to fall herself! Ay, there's the rub.
But in that deed she saw no cause of fear,
Which to an act so treacherous and unwise,
Should give a pause.

Longfellow would have made a kind of melodrama, something on this order:

And the setting sun descending
Threw its light upon the mountain,

To this slope went boy and maiden,
Traveling toward a pool of water.
Oh, the hard and treacherous hillside!
Oh, the slippery, stony pathway!
Fatal 'twas to many a brave one,
Fatal, too, unto our hero.
'Neath his feet a trembling boulder
Moved a little toward the valley;
To the valley fell our hero.
Quick the maiden's heart was beating,
And without a moment's pausing,
Thus aloud she spoke, declaring,
"I will go where'er thou goest!"
Then from off the selfsame boulder
Down the maiden cast her body.
Thus departed girl and lover;
In their death they're not divided.

Poe would never have taken this accident to Jack and Jill so much to heart, but in a half reckless mood he would have written:

Once upon a morning merry, Jack and Jill felt quite
contrary,
As they wandered forth together to fetch water from
the hill.
As they sauntered, acting badly, Jack began to speak
most madly,
And his temper was most sadly patterned after sister
Jill;

For his tasting she chastised him, gave a push and lost
her balance,
And both tumbled down the hill.

C. N., in Vermillion Republic, Buffalo, 1889.

A RECIPE FOR A SALAD

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give:
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt a dying anchorite to eat:
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today!"

Sidney Smith.

THE BOND

(From the Armenian of Archag Tchobanian)

All things are bound together by a tie
  Finer and subtler than a ray of light.
Color and sound are fleeting fragrances,
  The maiden's smile, the star beams sparkling bright,
Are knit together by a secret bond
  Finer and subtler than a ray of light.

Sometimes an urn of memories is unsealed
  Just by a simple tune, or sad or gay.
Part of the past with every quivering note
  From its dark sleep awakens to the day,
And we live o'er again a long past life,
  Just through a simple tune, or sad or gay.

Flowers call back men and women to our thoughts;
  A well-known face smiles on us in their hue;
Their bright cups, moved by the capricious wind,
  Can make no dream of eyes, black eyes or blue.
We in their fragrance feel a loved one's breath;
  Flowers call back men and women whom we knew.

The summer sea recalls fond, happy hours;
  We in the sunset see our dead once more;
In starlight holy loves upon us smile;
  With our own griefs the stormy thunders roar;
The zephyr breathes to us a name adored;
  We in the sunset see the dead once more.

All things are bound in closest unison
Throughout the world, by many a mystic thread.
The flower and love, the breeze and reverie,
Nature and man, and things alive and dead,
Are all akin, and bound in harmony
Throughout the world by many a mystic thread.

By permission. *Alice Stone Blackwell.*

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that soft little head
Pressed close to your face at time for bed;
For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight,
And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?
What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn:
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day
Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say?
What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet;
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes.
The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?
Now, what would you take?

Good Housekeeping.

THE PUMPKIN

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affections restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie?

O fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie!

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MAN AND THE PICNIC

Under the shellbark hickory tree
The picnic man he stands;
A woeful looking man is he,
With bruised and grimy hands;
And the soil that sticks to his trousers' knee,
Is the soil of several lands.

His hair is tumbled, his hat is torn,
His clothes are like the ground;
He wishes he had ne'er been born,
Or born, had ne'er been found.
He glares and scowls in wrathful scorn
As oft he looks around.

At early morn, all dressed in white,
He sought the picnic park;
His face was clean, his heart was light,
His loud song mocked the lark.
But now, although the day is bright,
His world, alas! is dark.

In joyous mood, at early morn,
He sat upon the stump,
But soon, as though upon a thorn
He sat, with mighty jump
He leaped aloft, and all forlorn
In haste he did crump.

For lo, in hordes the big black ants,
With nippers long and slim,

Went swiftly crawling up his pants,
And made it warm for him;
And through the woods they made him dance
With gasp, and groan, and vim.

And when the rustic feast is spread,
And she is sitting by.
His wildwood garland on her head,
The lovelight in her eye,
He—woe, oh, woe! would he were dead—
Sits in the custard pie.

And now they send him up the tree
To fix the picnic swing.
And up the shellbark's scraggy side,
They laugh to see him cling;
They cannot hear the words he cried,
"Dat fetch! dog gone! dat bing!"

And now he wisheth he were down,
And yet he cannot see,
Just how the giggle, stare and frown
Escaped by him may be;
He knows he cannot scramble down
With his back against the tree.

Sobbing and sliding and wailing,
Homeward alone he goes;
Clay, pie, and grass stain on his clothes,
More and more plainly shows;

And he vows that to any more picnics
He never will go, he knows.

But the morning comes, and its rising sun
Brings balm to his tattered breeks;
He thinks, after all, he had lots of fun,
And hopefully, gayly he speaks;
And he goes to picnics one by one,
Nine times in the next five weeks.

R. J. Burdette.

ANTONY IN ARMS

Lo, we are side by side. One dark arm furls
Around me like a serpent, warm and bare;
The other, lifted 'mid a gleam of pearls,
Holds a full golden goblet high in air;
Her face is shining through her cloudy curls
With light that makes me drunken unaware,
And with my chin upon my breast I smile
Upon her, darkening inward all the while.

And thro' the chamber curtains, backward rolled
By spicy winds that fan my fevered head,
I see a sandy flat slope, yellow as gold,
To the brown banks of Nilus wrinkling red
In the slow sunset; and mine eyes behold
The West, low down beyond the river's bed,

Grow sullen, ribbed with many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cyprian star.

. . . . . .

Lo, how her dark arm holds me!—I am bound
By the soft touch of fingers, light as leaves;
I drag my face aside, but at the sound
Of her low voice, I turn—and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my brow and round
My neck she twines her odorous arms and grieves,
Shedding upon a heart as soft as they
Tears 'tis a hero's task to kiss away!

And then she loosens from me, trembling still
Like a bright throbbing robe, and bids me "Go!"
When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
And her swart beauty whitens into snow;
And lost to use of life and hope and will,
I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong in annoy—
Then snatch her to me, flushed with shame and joy

Once more, O Rome, I would be son of thine—
This constant prayer my chained soul ever saith,
I thirst for honorable end—I pine
Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath.
But comfort such as this may not be mine.
I cannot even die a Roman death;
I seek a Roman's grave, a Roman's rest—
But, dying—I would die upon her breast!

Robert Buchanan

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The following beautiful composition, the original of which is in the G. A. R. hall museum at the State House, Topeka, Kansas, was captured during the Civil War, at Charleston, South Carolina, by a brother of Mrs. S. B. Helmer of Kendallville, Indiana; it is printed on very heavy satin and is quite a literary curiosity.

Thou to the Mercy-Seat our souls doth gather,
To do our duty unto Thee,
Our Father,
To Whom all praise, all honor should be given,
For Thou art the Great God
Who art in heaven,
Thou by Thy wisdom rul'st the world's whole frame.
Forever, therefore,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let
Thy kingdom come,
Let Thy commands opposèd be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and
Thy will be done.
And let our promptness to obey, be even
The very same
On earth as it is in heaven
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to
Give us this day
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and
Our daily bread;

With every needful thing do Thou relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity
And forgive us
All our misdeeds, for Him, Whom Thou didst please
To make an offering for
Our trespasses,
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us
As we forgive
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all
Those who trespass against us;
And, though, sometimes, Thou find'st we have forgot
This love to Thee, yet help
And lead us not
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us
Into temptation,
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial,
But deliver
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep
Us from evil;
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may be had,
For thine is the kingdom,
This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story
To Thee belongs.
The power and the glory

And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and

Forever.

Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally

Amen.

Charleston, South Carolina, July 4, 1823.

Anon.

WHAT TO FORGET

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life: they will come, but will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

Claremont Herald.

HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke, to breakfast of the best.
The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill:
Will looked it over:—"Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight!
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"
"What wonder, where?" "The clock, the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke,—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there!
I see no wonder, I declare!
Though maybe, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly, somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey, near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink;
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.

"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December:
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till the hour should close,
Still—'*Here she goes, and there she goes.*'
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick,
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait,—
Begin,—the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows,
With—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.

"Tom! with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff.
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick sha'n't win the bet."
And loud and long the chorus rose
Of—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
Her daughter: "Where is Mrs. B——?"
"When will she come, do you suppose?
Son?—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son! why that steady gaze and sad!
Those words,—that motion,—are you mad?
But here's your wife, perhaps she knows,
And—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire
That *she* against him should conspire;

And with more furious tone arose
The—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor,—run, run, run,—
For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black and Doctor White,
And Doctor Gray, with all your might!"

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered.
Then one proposed he should be bled,—
"No, leeched, you mean," the other said,—
"Clap on a blister!" roared another,—
"No! cup him,"—"No! trepan him, brother."
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge;
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection.
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills:
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her;

And by to-morrow I suppose
That—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"You are all fools!" the lady said,—
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run! bid the barber come anon."
"Thanks, mother!" thought her clever son;
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation sha'n't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lips no accent flows
But—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him,—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose,——
"A woman never—"
"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled,"—"No, no, a blister,"—
"A purge, you mean,"—"I say a clyster,"—
"No, cup him,"—"Leech him,"—"Pills! pills! pills!"
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver.

And triumph brightens up his face,
His finger yet shall win the race;
The clock is on the stroke of nine,
And up he starts,—"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty;
I never spent an hour so thrifty.
But you who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"

"Who?"

"The gentlemen,—I mean the two
Came yesterday,—are they below?"
"They galloped off an hour ago."
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

James Nack.

WORLD WITHOUT MEN

Aunt Samantha was visiting at a house in Buffalo. She is an old maid and very devout, always concluding her prayers with the gloria.

"Why does she say such funny things in her prayers?" asked the little daughter of the house.

"Why, what does she say?" replied the fond mamma.

"I don't remember all she says, but she always ends with 'World without men, ah, me.' "

Selected.

JUST SO

When everything goes crooked
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget
Just—you—smile!

It's hard to learn the lesson,
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin!

When someone tries to "do" you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant;
Just—you—laugh!

But if you find you're stuffy
(Sometimes, of course, you will)
And cannot smile nor grin nor laugh,
Just—keep—still!

Woman's Home Companion.

SORROW

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping, and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers.

Goethe.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING

This beautiful poem I have cherished many years in my scrap-book and it always gave me pleasure to read it and imagine what the author, whose name is seldom connected with anything outside the political arena, might have been had he been spared.

Bury me in the morning, mother,
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night.
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother,
I feel that it is in my heart,
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
For even to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

Stephen A. Douglas.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over sumthin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman upstairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and, sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and then smoke afterward?" suggested the ever dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It's burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

THERE'S A CROSS FOR ME

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

Ex-President Roosevelt appointed Eugene F. Ware Pension Commissioner, it is believed, because he loved Mr. Ware's poetry. Several years ago Ex-President Roosevelt read and admired "The Washerwoman's Song," by Mr. Ware, and when he went West to attend the reunion of the Rough Riders, he asked to meet the author. The two rode half way across Kansas together and became very good friends. The poem reads:

I

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

II

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long;
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

III

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;

But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

IV

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Savior for a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

V

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

VI

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip

Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a Friend
Who will keep her to the end.

By permission. *Eugene F. Ware.*

ORIGIN OF SCANDAL

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the selfsame day,
" 'Tis sad to think—"
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such, she must

Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was "that far gone, she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.
Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say:
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!"

Catholic Time

IT'S A GAY OLD WORLD

It's a gay old world when you're gay
And a glad old world when you're glad;
  But whether you play
  Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great
And a mean old world if you're small;
  It's a world full of hate
  For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone.
  The thing it must be
  In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

Anon.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW'S FUNNIEST POEM

Longfellow wrote this funny little poem for Blanch Rosevelt.

There was a little girl, she had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
  And when she was bad, she was horrid.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,
Help me to keep it simple, pure,
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life!
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content! *Anon.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

"I AM AS HAPPY AS YOU ARE"

Helen Keller, though born deaf, dumb and blind, has astonished the world by acquiring a complete education, despite her handicap.

My story is now told, and I hope, kind reader, you are convinced how little able I was to write it. I live in my own way the life that you do, and I am as happy as you are. The outward circumstances of our lives are but the shell of things. My life is pervaded by love as a cloud by light. Deafness is a barrier against intrusion, and blindness makes us oblivious to much that is ugly and revolting in the world. In the midst of unpleasant things, I move as one who wears an invisible cap.

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation infolds me like a cold, white mist as I sit alone and wait at Life's shut gate. Beyond there is light and music and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, inexorable, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes Hope with sweet, sad smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

Helen Keller.

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Not failure, but low aim is crime. *Lowell.*

A LONESOME PLACE

When you are away with the children,
The house is a lonesome place,
And in every nook and corner,
I fancy I see a face,
While I hear with a thrill the laughter,
That comes from the happy boys
Who are fighting aloft with the pillows,
And making a dreadful noise.

And over the arm of my rocker
Is peering a rosy face
That is dimpled with smiles, and whispers,
"Please, papa, take little Grace."
And I lay down my unread paper,
To answer the little prayer,
And find it a foolish fancy
That fades into empty air.

I vow I will never be crabbed,
Nor growl at the dreadful noise
That grumbles beneath the arches,
And comes from those boisterous boys,
Nor forget to bring home the dolly
That the dear little maid admired,
Nor be tempted to say, "My dear, go away,
For papa is dreadful tired."

The time is so surely coming,
Alas, it will come too soon!

When we will be old and feeble,
And sit in our easy shoon;
Then the house will be lone and silent
From the morn till the evening gray,
And no one will break that silence,
For the children are gone away.

By permission. *Rollin J. Wells.*

SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it.
It cheered a life that had been dark the while,
Which might have wrecked without it.
And so for that smile and fruitage rare,
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties.
It cheered a heart; new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for that word of golden cheer,
You'll reap a talent sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in goodness given.
You saved a soul when help was rare,
And won an honest heart forever.
And so, for that help you proffered there,
Kind friend, you'll reap a joy—sometime—somewhere.

Auburn No. 29768.

THE MAKER'S IMAGE

Crowned with the culture of the centuries
With honest mien and noble, manly pride,
He gazes fearless back across the Past,
Triumphant o'er the forces of the world
Fired by wisdom's sacred heritage,
Imbued with ardent trust and sanguine hope,
Strong driver of Progression's potent plow,
He presses onward, certain of success—
Upon his brow serene intelligence
Reigns sovereign consort of integrity.

This is the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over land and sea;
This is the Maker's image, this the Man,
Evolved in somber eons dead and gone,
That phenix-risen from the forge of Time,
In grandeur marches on to victory.
Yon clod is but the relic of the Past,
And burdened by the centuries that lie
Long-buried in a now-forgotten tomb,
Whence empty ages nevermore may rise.

So has God-given labor raised the Man,
That, chaos-conquering, his mighty arm
Now reaches proudly round the globe,
In signal triumph over Time and Space.
The gulf between him and the seraphim
Is straitly narrowed to a single step;
Toil-lifted from the gloom of ignorance,

He holds the key to solemn mystery
And with unclouded eyes perceives God's dream
In all its glory and its melody.
Say, where exists more splendid prophecy?

"Masters and rulers in all lands"—forsooth,
Who are the masters, and whose is the sway
Of sceptered power o'er the universe?
Whose hand is on the throttle of Advance
Save his upon whose sturdy open brow
There gleams the sweat of strong productive toil?
He is the lord and ruler in all lands,
Whose lightest word commands the elements,
Who summons Nature to his beck and call,
And whose most faithful servitor is Truth—
Who labors, labors to a noble end.

And so the Future shall be satisfied;
The world's last reckoning shall place this Man
Upon the pinnacle he shall deserve;
And he who shaped himself shall reap the rest
His being promises, led on by faith
Undaunted in the goodness of the Plan,
The want insatiate of higher things—
The plain impulse of immortality.

Albert Charlton Andrews.

Alas! to think how many people's creeds are contradicted by their deeds.

Anon.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY; OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—

And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide

Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconness dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)

First of November—the Earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

O. W. Holmes.

TO MY SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part,
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be yours, then, the task, if task is should be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
She reaped as she sowed, Lo! This is her son.

Margaret Johnstone Graflin.

LINES TO A SKELETON

The mss. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, near a perfect human skeleton. It was first published in the *Morning Chronicle*.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Author unknown.

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care:
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Harold Arnold Walters.

THE AGED STRANGER

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more.

"He fell in battle?—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

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Bret Harte.

OTHERS SHALL SING

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
All I fail of, win.
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made?
Hail to the coming singer!
Hail to the brave light-bringer!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE

Written by Sir William Blackstone, Knt., at the age of 18 years, when about to commence the study of law.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam,
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend,
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blessed my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!

Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded, rolled along,
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell! a long and last adieu!

. . . . . .

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair *Justice*, welcome all!

Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend!

The opportunity is often lost by deliberation. *Anon*

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes
  Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore.

JUST A BOY

With all the comedy there is about a boy's life there is a deep philosophy running through it all. Flashes of wisdom, too, deeper and more varied than the diamond's gleam. The world is full of knowledge and wisdom and erudition. The ages of research, investigation and exploration illumine the well-trodden path of the generations, but every baby boy that comes into the world finds out that fire is hot and water wet by taking hold of one and falling into the other, the same old way we all found them out. But it is the grand old school of experience; the only school men will learn at, each for himself.

You look at them, the boys of appetite and noise, with their careless, easy ways, their natural manners and movements on the baseball ground, their marvellous, systematic, indescribable, inimitable, complex, angular awkwardness in your parlors, and do you ever dream, looking at these sturdy young engines of energy, of the overshadowing destinies awaiting them; the mighty struggles mapped out for their earnest lives; the thrilling experiences in the world of arms; the grander triumphs of patient toil in the fields of science, art and philosophy, to the fadeless laurels in the empire of letters? Why, the world is at a boy's feet. Work, energy, conquest, leadership and statesmanship slumber in his arms and carefree heart.

Hannibal, standing before the Punic altar fires, and in lisping accents of childhood swearing eternal hatred

to Rome, was Hannibal at twenty-four commanding the army that swept down upon Italy like a mountain torrent, shook the power of the mistress of the world, and bade her defiance at her own gates, while fear-stricken her warriors and populace huddled and cowered behind her protecting walls.

Napoleon in infancy spearing flies with a pin, building snow forts at school and planning mimic battles with his playfellows, was lieutenant of the artillery at sixteen, general and victor at Toulon at twenty-four, and at last Emperor. However unworthy, it was by his manhood and the grace of his own right arm, his own brain, his own courage and dauntless ambition.

And the fair-faced soldiers of the empire, they who rode down upon the English squares at Waterloo, while the earth rocked beneath their feet, and the incense smoke from the altars of the battle-god shut out the sun and sky above their heads, who, with their young lives streaming from their gaping wounds, opened their pallid lips to cry, "Vive L'Empereur," as they died for honor and France, were boys—schoolboys—the boy conscripts of France, torn from their homes and their schools to stay the failing fortunes of the last grand army and the reeling empire. You do not know how soon these rollicking, happy-go-lucky fellows, making summer hideous with their baseball slang, may hold the state and its destinies in their grasp; how soon they alone may shape events and guide the current of public action.

Anon.

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by,
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laugh and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Finding the snow piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street:
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away!"
And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who was somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Selected.

A GREAT COMPLIMENT

"I met a man on the street yesterday, and he took me for Admiral Dewey."

"That's nothing, a man took me for something higher last week."

"Did he take you for Theodore Roosevelt?"

"No. Up higher."

"For the President himself?"

"No, he tapped me very kindly on my shoulder and said, 'Mein Gott! is it you?'"

Anon.

AN ADVENTURE ON WHEELS

Three smart young men and three nice girls
All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way,
To spend the day awheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes,
They in like
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the songbird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade.
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade,
They sat in twos like this!

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—crash! Great Scott!
The lot
Wereallmixeduplikethis! *Anon*

THE PAST RISES BEFORE ME LIKE A DREAM

Extract from a speech delivered at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis, Indiana, September 21, 1876.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered deep with flowers.

We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by

holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.

Selected.

HIS DAD

My dad, he makes the slickest kite
That ever was, by jing!
Why, it will sail clean out of sight,
When I let out the string.
The other kids they come to me
To get kite pointers now;
An' they're as glad as they can be
That my dad knows just how.

My dad kin take two wheels an' make
A coaster that is fine;
The other kids all want to take
Their pattern now from mine;
An' when we all slide down a hill,
Why, I kin pass by each
As though they all was standin' still!
Say, ain't my dad a peach?

My dad kin make a bow that sends
A arrow high!
You oughter see it when it bends
An' watch that arrow fly!
An' now, why, every kid you see
Tries hard to make a bow
As good as what dad made fer me,
But they can't do it, though!

My dad kin take a willer stick
Before the bark is dry,

An' make a whistle jest as slick
As any that you buy.
Gee, but the kids are jealous when
I blow it where they're at!
They all commence a-wishin' then
They had a dad like that!

They's nothin' much my dad can't do
If he makes up his mind;
An' he is mighty chummy, too,
One of the bully kind.
Some dads would yell, "Oh, go and play;
I'm busy as kin be!"
But my dad, he ain't built that way,
Not on your life, by gee!

E. A. Brininstool.

THE CHEERFUL WAY

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time:
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

Mrs. Barbauld.

MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings,—"it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come upstairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manoeuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and

nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back-hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap,—"never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room.

If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly,—

"Ha—hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha—hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady, with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man," shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed toward the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in extremity of his desperation,—"ma'am."

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's nightcap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am,—nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap" (here the lady hastily snatched off hers), "but I can't get it off, ma'am" (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). "It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not

been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest of pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly,—"certainly, ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion,—deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again,—"I

trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

. . . . . .

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, "where's my bedroom?"

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, "I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes tonight that ever were heard of."

"Wery likely, sir," replied Mr. Weller dryly.

"But of this I am determined, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again."

"That's the very prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "You rather want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitin'!"

"What do you mean by that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more; but, suddenly checking himself, turned round and bade his valet "Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door—shook his head—walked on—stopped—snuffed the candle—shook his head again—and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.

Charles Dickens.

BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME

Because you love me, I have found
New joys that were not mine before;
New stars have lightened up my sky
With glories growing more and more.
Because you love me I can rise
To the heights of fame and realms of power;
Because you love me I may learn
The highest use of every hour.

Because you love me I can choose
To look through your dear eyes and see
Beyond the beauty of the Now
Far onward to Eternity.
Because you love me I can wait
With perfect patience well possessed;
Because you love me all my life
Is circled with unquestioned rest;
Yes, even Life and even Death
Is all unquestioned and all blest.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells
How it dwells
On the Future; how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells;
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air,
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone.
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan from the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again,
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!
Was it the lawn that we loved the best.

With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim hay-mow with its fragrancies—
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

Why, I see her now, in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits *today*
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." . . . And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

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James Whitcomb Riley.

BUT ONLY ONE MOTHER

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one *mother* in the whole world.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

WHEN MOTHER SCRUBS

When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
  There's lively times, you bet;
There's faces wry, with howl and cry
  To keep out of the wet.
There's argument and weak excuse
  And faces full forlorn
When mother scrubs and digs and rubs
  Us every Sunday morn.

When mother scrubs us, there's a glow
  Of white comes o'er the scene,
A shedding of the old and new,
  Comes where the old has been;
A shrinkage in more ways than one,
  A wish we'd ne'er been born,
When mother scours with all her powers
  On every Sunday morn.

When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
  She gets all out of breath;
She pants and sweats and sighs and frets
  And scrubs us most to death.
She scrubs our backs till they are sore,
  Till skin and flesh are gone,
Then wonders why we'd rather die
  Than wake on Sunday morn.

No wonder Billy Buzzey says
  That I'm a thin-skinned jay;

I've got to be, 'cuz ma, you see,
Has scrubbed it all away.
Oh, won't we be a happy lot,
The wildest ever born,
When we're too big for ma to dig
And scrub on Sunday morn?

New York Herald.

'TIS LIFE BEYOND

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Broad seas still stretched beneath the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that far horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond.

Author unknown.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul in.

H. W. Beecher.

WHERE THE SPANKWEED GROWS

There's a corner in our garden, but our nurse won't tell me where,
That little boys must never see, but always must beware.
And in that corner, all the year, in rows—and rows—and rows,
A dreadful little flower called the
Spankweed
Grows!

My nursie says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face,
Or pulls his sister's hair should ever find that place,
The spankweed just would jump at him and dust his little clothes,
Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the
Spankweed
Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then
I'll go and find the spankweed place—it's somewhere in the glen.
And when I get a swingin' it an puttin' in my blows,
I bet there'll be excitement where the
Spankweed
Grows!

By permission
Life Publishing Company.

Paul West

Words break no bones;
Hearts though sometimes.

Robert Browning.

SENT TO HEAVEN

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone to rest;
To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender and true and sweet,
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.
I placed it, one summer's evening,
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.
I cried, in my passionate longing,
Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,

That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On Music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

Adelaide Ann Proctor

CHICKEN ON THE BRAIN

Near Erie there lives a colored person by the name of James Stewart, whom the community by common consent have dubbed Commodore Stewart. He is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises as follows:

"Well, Jim, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, nuffin', nuffin'! jes' walkin' roun'."

"What do you want with my chickens?"

"Nuffin' at all. I was only lookin' at 'em, day looks so nice."

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. This was a rather worn soft felt, a good deal too large for its wearer's head; and it seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand and move of itself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was,—

"What is the matter with your hat?"

"My hat? Dat's an ole hat. I'se fond of dat hat."

"Well, take it off and let's look at it."

"Take off dis hat? No, sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartin. Always keep my hat on when I'm out o' doors."

And with that Jim was about beating a hasty retreat when, at his first step, a low "kluk, kluk, kluk," was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his headgear. This was fatal, and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to a perfection wonder and perplexity blended, but not a trace of guilt. Slowly he spoke, as though explaining the matter to himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident.

"Well, if dat ain't de funniest t'ing I ebber did see. Why, dat dar chicken must have clum up de leg of my pantaloons."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime, circled in the shade,
The young contended as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These *were* thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Oliver Goldsmith.

YOU YOURSELF

Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure. If you can get yourself determined upon—find out what you are and what you are for—and if you can discover and develop the elements of value in your nature, your life will take on the beauty of orderliness and your need of the savings bank will be less and less, for you will be your own riches. I say if you can, for this procedure takes wisdom, and wisdom is a fruit which ripens slowly. Perhaps you are not yet wise; perhaps you are still incapable of self-analysis; perhaps you are confused amid the surfaces and appearances of life; perhaps your code of conduct is based upon the customs of the times and the sayings of the alleged sages; perhaps you are disheartened and discouraged—even in frenzy of retreat before the things in your life which seem to oppose you and beat you back. But even so, this is but a condition or mood which is not final. The condition will right itself, the mood will pass.

By permission.

Richard Wightman.

WHEN ALL IS DONE

To anyone who viewed the face of Paul Laurence Dunbar, after the long, hard race was done, there could but come the memory of this poem and one could not but be grateful to him for having said these so plainly and in such a simple way.

There was no trace of pain upon his features, naught that could suggest anything but peace and deep content. Those who loved him could not keep back the tears because of their loss, but no one who saw him at the last feared that he was otherwise than gloriously at rest! He had indeed "greeted the dawn," though it was near the hour of the setting of an earthly winter's sun that he broke the last of his prison bars, and freedom found at last.

When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"
Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,
Had not the power to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that through night I seek a dimmer shore;
Say rather that my morn has just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite
We met—and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows, at the time, were consoling:
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years,
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

Crawford.

COUSIN JOHN

A gray Thanksgiving morning,
In the farmhouse on the hill,
Looked soberly down on the deacon,
More gray and more sombre still;

As he sat in his armchair musing
By the fire that wouldn't go,
While his good wife, brisk and cheerful,
Was bustling to and fro;

And once she paused in passing
To touch him on the head,
"We mustn't forget what day it is;
Father, give thanks," she said.

"Give thanks," the deacon answered,
In a slow uncertain way—
"Give thanks that the farm is mortgaged
And our son has gone astray?

"No matter whose fault begun it,
The thing was done somehow,
And everything's gone ag'in' us
From that time up to now.

"I've heard the neighbors talking,
When I'd just catch 'Deacon Brown';
And 'driving away that boy of his,'
And 'the farm a-running down.'

"It's true enough, too, Abby,
  Leastways the latter part;
It's queer how things will slide sometimes
  With mighty little start.

. . . . . .

"I know He's just and righteous,
  But one thing I must say:
The things I've mostly prayed for
  Have gone the other way."

The deacon paused a moment
  For his handkerchief, just here,
While the patient wife sighed softly
  And brushed away a tear;

Then looked up as her husband
  Tossed something square and white.
"Here, wife, just read this letter,
  It came to me last night."

A puzzling letter surely,
  There was scarcely more than a line:
"Be sure and kill the turkey;
  A friend is coming to dine."

"Well, that strikes me," said the deacon,
  "As cool for this time o' year."
But his wife said, "Oh, it is Cousin John!
  You know he was always queer.

"This is just his way of saying
  He means to give us a call;

So, father, I guess we'll have to keep
Thanksgiving, after all."

. . . . . .

In proper time the turkey,
With goodies on each side,
Lay smoking on the table,
Quite calm and satisfied.

And the deacon mused in silence,
With his shabby best coat on,
While his wife was hurrying to the door
To welcome Cousin John.

But what, in the name of wonder,
Are the sounds the deacon hears?
He rises, and follows after,
For he cannot trust his ears.

Then stops in blank amazement
At the sight he looks upon,
"Here is Abigail clean gone crazy,
A huggin' and kissin' John."

No—it is not John who is saying,
In a voice of long ago,
"So you've killed the turkey, father?"
And "I am the friend, you know."

In a dream the deacon listens
While the voice goes on until

It says, "I've paid the mortgage,
And the homestead is ours still."

. . . . . .

That evening when the deacon
Knelt down beside his chair
The spirit of Thanksgiving
Would overflow his prayer.

And at its close he added,
"And, O Lord, from this day,
No matter what I ask for
Just do the other way."

C. T. B.

A GEM IN TRIBUTE

Those who deem it a sin to print obituary verse will forgive us for reproducing from the Salem *Pioneer-Register* this gem in memory of a little child.

Only a baby's grave—
A foot or two at the most
Of tear-dewed sod;
But a loving God
Knows what the little grave cost.

Only a baby's life,—
Brief as a perfumed kiss.
So fleet it goes;
But our Father knows
We are nearer to Him for this.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now:
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties.
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear;
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend:

Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

George P. Morris

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and twinkling spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little, little star.

Selected.

THE TELEPHONE—A MEMORY

The last heavy moving van had driven away. The owner of the house, a stern-faced man, had watched it out of sight, then turned back for one last glance about the familiar rooms to see that nothing had been forgotten. His tread sounded hollow in the deserted rooms; an air of loneliness filled the bare house, and something of its chill struck to his empty heart and made him shudder. With a sigh that was almost a groan, he returned to the hallway, when suddenly, near the telephone, he caught sight of a little sheet of paper. pinned to the wall, and covered with different names, some written carefully in violet ink—they were for constant reference—others were scribbled hastily in pencil, toward the last.

There it was before him, alive and tangible almost—the beautiful page of life that had been his for a few short years. All that he had made up his mind to forget was there—a fragment of human life on half a sheet of paper! With tender care, the man removed the thumb-pin and took the paper from the wall. It was a bright yellow color and as he stepped into the empty parlor the light seemed strangely reflected when he carried it to the window to read it.

At the top, her name was written: Louise, the most beautiful name he knew, for it was that of his beloved, and the number beside it, 105-08 Orange, was a veritable song of triumph. That was the beginning; she was in the country then, while he was working in the city

and planning this home that was to be their heaven; how often had he called that number to tell her of the progress that he was making, and to invite her to run in and see how he was getting on; what delightful little surprises he had arranged each time and how overjoyed she had been with his thoughtfulness! Several erasures followed. Then came the number of the florists, and the livery stable. Then there were several furniture stores; that was when he was gradually building their home. Then there followed T. Cook & Son, Florida; that stood for their honeymoon journey. Next there came Met. O. H.; newly married, they went to the opera every Friday evening. This was their happiest time, for they recognized their own love in the communion of beauty and harmony in the country of dreams, in the land that lay back of the curtain.

Directly below was the number of his bank. That was his work, the vital power which gave him bread and the means to create a fireside and a home, the very base of existence and its foundation. The number had been crossed out, for the bank had failed. Finally he had found another position in a bank, but only after a long interval, after months of care and anxiety; several names and numbers were written in on the edge as of temporary importance.

Then a man's name, struck through with a pencil, recalled one of their friends of high social standing, suddenly ruined and obliged to leave the city, so fragile and unstable is the wealth of this world.

Immediately below, the lines of hasty pencil scribbling

commenced. The violet ink ceased abruptly. First came the name of the doctor; and then the simple word, mother. That was the mother-in-law's number, the gentle lady who, keeping discreetly on one side not to trouble the happiness of the new household, came so quickly, so quickly when appealed to in the time of sickness, so glad to be with them and to help them.

Rougher and more hasty grew the writing. The number of an employment agency; that was to engage the nurse. The druggists . . . things were more serious then . . . the dairy . . . only pasteurized milk was to be used. Then the names of the grocer, the butcher and the baker. The household seemed run entirely by the telephone. That was because the mistress of the house was no longer in her accustomed place. She was in bed sick.

What followed, the man could but dimly see. A mist had gathered before his eyes. He grew paler still and the hand that held the paper tightened until the knuckles showed white.

There was a blank space and below, written in trembling letters, the name of the funeral director, and a number now illegible as though blotted out by the stain of a tear, and beside it; "two coffins, one small, one large."

Then—nothing.

Only dust—the end of all things in this world! The man looked pitifully at the paper for a moment, then kissing it, put it in his pocket. In a few minutes he had relived years of his life.

He went out, his head held high, carrying with him a heart full of sorrow and tender memories. In his agony he thought to himself: "I have had all that is best on earth, a wife, a fireside, and my work! What is there left?"

D. R. Anderson.

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood,
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school·
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word."

By permission. *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

MYSELF AND ME

I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late;
And I find myself a bully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And I could get along.

I never try to cheat me;
I'm as trustful as can be
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have
A pal that's all your own;
To be such company for yourself,
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
  And you'll find the crowds a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
  As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
  Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
  I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
  And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well yourself
  Will like you if you do.

George Cohan.

LIFE

Man's life means
Tender 'teens,
Teachable Twenties,
Tireless Thirties,
Fiery Forties,
Forcible Fifties,
Serious Sixties,
Sacred Seventies,
Aching Eighties,
Shortening Breath,
Death,
The Sod,
God.

Joseph Cook.

IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

John W. Chadwick.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
  Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
  And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
  As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
  With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
  Manlike, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
  Until I shall question thee.
You require your mutton shall always be hot,
  Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
  As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
  I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
  I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called Home,
  And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
  And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
  From my soft young cheek one day;

Will you love me, then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you would give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE FINISH OF THE RACE

It is the *finish* that is the win or lose of the race. Despair not then, nor let oft-repeated falls discourage thee. Rise up quickly from every defeat, and go bravely forward, keeping thine eyes and thy heart steadfastly fixed upon the goal: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Never give up the battle, but renew it day by day, and thou shalt be numbered with the "overcomers" at the "finish" of the race.

Author unknown.

THE IVY GREEN

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:

For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Charles Dickens

NOT KNOWING

I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And at each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,

Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It holds me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows!"

Mary G. Brainard.

THE COPY OF A GREAT MAN'S THOUGHTS

Oh, conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy!

One person who, if all the rest of the world were to caluminate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word, who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night or day, you may never be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy and your love the same.

Such is marriage if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime.

Anon.

THE ZIGZAG BOY AND GIRL

I know a little zigzag boy,
Who goes this way and that;
He never knows just where he puts
His coat, or shoes, or hat.

I know a little zigzag girl,
Who flutters here and there;
She never knows just where to find
Her brush to fix her hair.

If you are not a zigzag child,
You'll have no cause to say
That you forgot, for you will know
Where things are put away.

Selected.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance and in dream.
My thoughts like palms in exile
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem, the golden,
When suns set in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem, the golden,
When loftily they sing
O'er pain and sorrow olden
Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for his poor.

Jerusalem, the golden,
There all our birds that flew,

Our flowers but half unfolden,
  Our pearls that turned to dew
And all the glad life music
  Now heard no longer here
Shall come again to greet us
  As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem, the golden,
  I toil on day by day,
Heartsore each night with longing,
  I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
  My soul shall find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Translation of an old Latin hymn.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

THE DREAMERS

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The world has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts! With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the way—who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its

rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors—their vassals are the years.

Herbert Kaufman.

TINY THINGS

The murmur of a waterfall a mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights upon the spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream on dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill of a cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass at evening fall:
Too subtle are these harmonies for pen or rule,
Such music is not understood by any school,
But when the brain is overwrought, it hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power to make it well.

The memory of a kindly word far long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
The gleam of a sudden smile or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer,
That hush that means: I cannot speak but I have heard
The note that bears only a verse from God's own Word.
Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy,
But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things to make it well!

Scranton Truth.

GOD KNOWS BEST

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favorite breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock,
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Caroline A. Mason.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

W. H. Monk.

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antics toy so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy! There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth—
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny—
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south—
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as a hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

Thomas Hood.

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best;
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night wrack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and water deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

An eminent physician of New York City, during one of his frequent "runs" to Ulster county, related a pathetic little incident that came under his knowledge a year or so ago. The doctor was in the country enjoying a rest. During a ramble one day he noticed a sickly looking boy of about eight years of age resting by the roadside. Near the child, and gazing tenderly at him, was a sweet-faced old lady, whom he called "Granny." The child touched his cap politely to the doctor, and the little wan face lit up at a few kindly remarks that were made by the stranger. A day or two afterward the doctor was told that an old lady and a little boy wished to see him.

"I could do nothing at all to stop his coming," exclaimed the woman. "He says over an' over, ever since the day he saw you, that you can make him well an' like other boys. He gives me no peace, night or day, an' so I have taken the liberty of bringing him here to you to cure."

"The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I resolved to do my very best to effect a cure, and, in time, the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions." Last Thanksgiving day a home-made box was delivered by express at Dr. Shrady's home in New York City. The box contained a turkey and a little note, written in a boyish hand, which said:

"Dear doctor this is from the boy what you made

well i know the turkey is young and tender for i raised him from the egg myself."

"I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in all my professional experience than when that little country chap's turkey in the rough little box with the words 'expresses all pade' written on every side, was delivered to me."

Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

A MORNING PRAYER

Oh, may I be strong and brave today,
And may I be kind and true;
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and light
I would lift the world and when
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright
I come to the calm of the starlight night,
Let me rest in peace. Amen.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair:
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not wholly done;
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence hath heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

Ophelia G. Browning.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA, 1809

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Charles Wolfe.

GENTLE LIFE

This fair tree that shadows us from the sun hath grown many years in its place without more unhappiness than the loss of its leaves in winter, which the succeeding season doth generously repair, and shall we be less contented in the place where God has planted us? Or shall there go less time to the making of a man than to the growth of a tree? This stream floweth dimpling and laughing down to the great sea which it knoweth not, yet it doth not fret because the future is hidden; and it were doubtless wise in us to accept the mysteries of life as cheerfully and go forward with a merry heart, considering that we know enough to make us happy and keep us honest for today. A man should be well content if he can see so far ahead of him as the next bend in the stream. What lies beyond let him trust in the hand of God.

Henry Van Dyke.

By permission.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT

I was sitting alone, toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts.
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won;

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble.' "
I said; "It will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day will be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when he sees such building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But, oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,

And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur."

So my thoughts are never more gloomy
My faith no longer is dim,
And my heart is strong and restful
And my eyes are turned toward Him.

Mrs. Herrick Johnson.

THE LONG WAIT

Bill Nye, when a young man, once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving of a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."

Harper's Weekly.

TRANSFIGURED

To careless eyes she is not fair:
This verdict careless lips declare,
And wonder why, against the charm
Of beauty, vivid, rich and warm
The face they deem so cold and dull
To him should be so beautiful.

Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Now, is he right or wrong? Oh, say,
Doth he behold her face, or they?

Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow; a palimpsest
To his own gaze alone confessed;
On him, in gravely gracious mood,
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

This is the face she turns to him,
Oh, say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees—
That face no artist's skill can limn
The love-fair face she turns to him.

Carlotta Perry.

IMMORTALITY

Critics pronounce this one of the daintiest productions of its kind in existence.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.
The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How would we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn for a' that."
They argued through the summer; autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon;
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality.

Joseph Jefferson.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WEIGHING THE BABY

Starr was the outgrown baby now; there was a new baby in the nursery — a very, very new one. He was so new that Starr was sure he could not feel much acquainted yet with anybody, and that was why he cried so often.

"He's kind of homesick, I guess," Starr said. "Course he cries! I cried that time I was at my grandfather's 'thout my mother. Folks always cry when they're homesick."

There were so many beautiful things about that new baby! Starr haunted the nursery all day long, to make sure of not missing any of them. He watched Nurse Mary wash and dress the baby every morning in front of the open fire. That was the most beautiful thing of all! Such round, dimply little elbows and knees! curly, curly little legs! Such a soft little fuzz on the small, round head that Nurse Mary insisted was hair!

Every week they weighed the new baby, and every week he had gained about half a pound. It surprised Starr a little, and made him rather uncertain about the homesick theory.

"I didn't gain half-pounds when I was homesick," he reflected. "I got just as unfat, an' he keeps a-gettin' fatter! Maybe that isn't the reason he cries."

The eighth week the new baby weighed fifteen pounds, and Starr was very proud indeed—as proud, Nurse Mary said, as if he weighed fifteen pounds himself. He got his slate and pencil and "reduced" the fifteen pounds to ounces, to make it sound still more

splendid. Starr was "in" denominative numbers now, in his 'rithmetic, so he could do a little sum like that as easy as anything.

"One hundred 'n' eighty," he announced, looking up from his slate. Then he hurried back to the nursery to tell Nurse Mary.

"The baby weighs a hundred 'n' eighty ounces," he said, triumphantly; "twelve times fifteen, you know —that's the way you do it. There's twelve ounces in a pou"—

"Twelve," exclaimed Nurse Mary in surprise, "I thought in my time sixteen ounces made a pound."

"Avoirdupois weight," Starr said, looking scornful, "but the baby's *Troy* weight."

"Troy weight?" Nurse Mary looked up over the new baby's little bald head in more surprise still. The scorn on Starr's face grew and grew till it covered up all his little gold-brown freckles.

"*Course*, Troy weight!" he cried. "I hope you don't s'pose we'd weigh the baby avoirdupois, same as coal and flour and—and butter! It's Troy weight you weigh precious things by—gold and silver and di'monds —and the baby." And Starr dropped a kiss into the little, warm, sweet well of the baby's neck.

Sunday School Visitor.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

Shakespeare.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

These lines were written in response to President Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers for three year's service, issued July 2, 1862.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;

And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs.
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

Author unknown.

TO MY FRIEND ON HER EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

Transpose! hey, presto! it is done!
Eighteen is changed to eighty-one!
How much such trifling change may mean.
A woman's lifetime lies between,
With all she's thought and done and seen.
Twixt 81 and young 18.

Would she again the figures change?
I doubt. If so, her feet might range
Some path that led not near that friend,
Lover and husband to the end,
Who walked with her toward set of sun
From nigh 18 to 81.

Each thinks he would have changed his lot,
But so, believe me, would he not.

No path like that which winds and bends,
Marked by the milestones of our friends,
O'er arid spaces and o'er green
From 81 back to 18.

What mean the phrases "young and old"?
Just arbitrary terms, I hold.
Dull spirit, unresponsive heart,
No throb for friends, or books, or art.
This is old age wherever seen,
In 81 or in 18.

Old Time can change the husk alone,
Within unchanged is she we've known.
Warm heart, free hand and open mind,
A gracious mien, a manner kind,
All these the years have not undone,
Betwixt 18 and 81.

Eighteen years old was once her boast,
Now "eighty-one years young" we toast,
For who shall dare to gauge the soul
By years? 'Tis not in Time's control.
As young in heart is she I ween,
At 81 as at 18.

Ann Virginia Culbertson.

BE SURE

Be sure that on Life's common street
Are crossways, where God's chariots meet.

Frank W. Gunsaulus D.D.

LITTLE HAL

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone—
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein;
All eyes were turned on high;
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky.
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped
"O God, thy will be done!"

Then suddenly a rifle grasped
And aimed it at his son;
"Jump—far out, boy, into the wave,
Jump, or I fire," he said;
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump! Jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved,
And for the ship struck out;
On board we haled the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms 'round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy—
Then fainted on the deck. *Colton*

WHATEVER THE WEATHER MAY BE

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say,—
Supposin' today was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because ye cried,
Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make yer own summer," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,

It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the Spring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold;
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fire-place,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

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EVER TRUE

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!

Selected.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun:*

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in *The Sun*, it's so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 West Ninety-fifth St.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds.

All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have on

enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus.

The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

By permission. *Casual Essays of the Sun.*

GARFIELD ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this Nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the Nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with God and each other that this Nation should be saved from its enemies; that all its glories should be restored. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event, and under that covenant with God, t keep the faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember:

He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,
For God is marching on.

For an hundred that can bear adversity, there is hardly one that can bear prosperity. *Carlyle.*

THE VERACIOUS HUNTING STORIES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

"It was several months before I could obtain a commission in the army, and for several months I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentlemanlike manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both out of town, with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country.

"The very recollection of these amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw through the windows of my bedroom that a large pond not far off was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down stairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew from out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intentions; I soon came within shot, when levelling my piece, I observed to my sorrow that even the flint had sprung from the cock, by the violence of the shock I had just received.

"There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, leveled my piece against the wild fowl, and my fist against one of my eyes. (The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.) A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons and three couple

of teals. Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. . . . . .

"You have heard, I dare say, of the hunter's and sportsman's saint and patron, St. Hubert, and of the noble stag that appeared to him in the forest with the holy cross between its antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship and seen this stag a thousand times, either painted in churches or embroidered on the stars of his knights; so that upon the honor of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not such crossed stags even at the present day.

"But rather let me tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would allow. Thus I let fly at him and hit him just on the middle of forehead between his antlers; it stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine, full-grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground with one shot, which at once gave me the haunch, and cherry sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like of which I had never tasted before."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain; and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

The Emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with saber

drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence—twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray moustaches, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury.

and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprised all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks

its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset—Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Domberg, with his German light-horse; and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange

battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words, "Blucher, or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frichemont. Here is the turning-point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments; the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle-plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tri-colored flag fluttering about our eagles; all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The

Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout: they heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*" which had replaced the "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster, at every step.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword: no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

Victor Hugo.

THE MINUET

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling like a human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheek, too—oh, how funny!
Really, quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her smile so kind and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtsying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did, my dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

Mary Mapes Dodge.

IF I WERE YOU

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't, because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope:
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offence, if I were you;

I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I;
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

George H. Murphy.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES DICKENS

Her majesty the queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") has written the following verses in commemoration of the establishment of the "Tiny Tim" Cot in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital of London:

I love him so for all the good
His soul was wont to see
In wretched, torn, misunderstood,
Unknown humanity.

In the darkness he found light; in pain
And error love divine.
He taught sad hearts to laugh again,
And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring,
He pitied moth and snake,
And had a song for ev'ry wing,
And balm for ev'ry ache!

Carmen Sylva.

LIBERTY OR DEATH!

The following speech, delivered by Patrick Henry March 23, 1775, in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, sounded the death knell of British rule in the Colonies:

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

. . . . . .

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and

have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

. . . . . .

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone; there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable. and let it come! I repeat it, sir; Let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

WHEN TIME COMES CREEPING

When I noticed your ad in the *Fra*, asking for selections for your edition of "Heart Throbs" Volume Two, there came to my mind lines written long ago by Elizabeth Gould, which appealed to me because they are so pathetic and so true, for we forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apology and knows no reason why the old time caress should be a thing of the past. I recall the lines, but do not remember that there was any title to the same.

Put your arm around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting, at life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave,
When old time comes creeping,
And finds us weeping,
Loved ones gone;
Just a little petting, at life's setting,
For I'm old, alone, and tired,
And my long life's work is done.

Elizabeth Gould.

NOW

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing.
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.

Anon.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love *ad libitum* and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.

H. M. S.

LINES ON BACK OF A CONFEDERATE NOTE

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of a Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it;
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle can tell,
Of a liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled by and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare, that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it—
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.
But our boys thought little of price or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it brought us our bread today,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, "it passed."

Major S. A. Jones.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best? *Selected.*

MY LITTLE SON

My little son, my little son, he calls to me forever
Across the gulfs and through the mists which shroud him from my sight;
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the turmoil,
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the night.

My son, my little son, I see in clearest vision
The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown of golden hair.
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hillside glows with sunset.
And the little boy, my darling that I loved so, is not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths at night-time,
Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds are fast asleep;
Does he wander up and down them with the winds in endless play-time?
Does he read in sudden manhood all the wonders of the deep?

My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind and rain;
He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the darkness,
Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to God again.

George Frederick Scott.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART

You never can forget her. She was so very young and innocent and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn book in church. She alone, of all the world, did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at your size, and your learning, and of your faint foreshadowing of a sandy moustache, and believed you every inch a man. When at those stupid evening parties, when boys who should have been in the nursery and girls who should have eaten suppers of bread and milk and gone to sleep hours before, waltzed and flirted, and made themselves ill over oysters and late suppers, you were favored by a glance of her eye or a whisper from her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a certain memorable eve she polkaed with the druggist's clerk, and never looked at you, how miserable you were. It is funny to think of now, but it was not so funny then, for you were awfully in earnest.

Once, at a picnic, she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so like a bride that you fairly trembled. Some time, you thought, in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand beside the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a golden ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her for a moment some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not let you kiss her,

she did not seem angry. And then you were parted, somehow, for a little while, and when you met again she was walking with a gentleman of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you. Shortly after this some well-meaning gossip informed you that she was engaged to the tall gentleman and that it was a "splendid match." It was terrible news to you, and sent you off to the great city, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity, and began to make money and to call love stuff and nonsense.

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown children—aye, even two or three toddling grandchildren about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fireproof safe at your counting-house when you go home at night. And you thought you had forgotten that little episode of your nineteenth year, until the other day when you read of her death. You know she had come to be a rather stout matron who wore glasses, but your heart went back and you saw her smiling and blushing, with her golden hair, dreaming of wedding robes and rings, and you laid your gray old head upon your office desk and wept for the memory of your first sweetheart.

From an Old Scrapbook.

The shallows murmur
But the deeps are dumb.

Ascribed to Goethe.

BABY BELL

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds

And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
The love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime·

And clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears.

And all our thoughts ran into tears
    Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
    Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
    The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
    She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
    Out of this world of ours!

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Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A LITTLE PRAYER

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
  From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
  And make me live to Thee.

Anne Steele.

AND THESE WORDS WERE CARVED OVER HIS MANTEL

"I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened."

When the world seems dark and you seem to see trouble ahead—read the above.

CLARIBEL'S PRAYER

The day with cold gray feet clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell,
But Waking Blue Eyes smiled, " 'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And Father,"—still arose another pleading prayer—
"Oh, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell,
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Claribel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell.

Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night
The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"Oh, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! Oh, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? Oh, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns, and bearing palms," he said.
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose-lips fell.

"Oh, sweetest herald, say my brother lives," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night-wind rose and fell.
'O child," the herald wept, " 'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

Lynde Palmer.

REAL VICTORY

To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From her own wrecks the thing she contemplates;
Never to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free;
This above life, love, empire and victory.

Shelley.

Of speech unguarded
Man doth oft repent
But not of keeping silence.

King Robert of Jerusalem.

TRUE

The following poem is noteworthy not only for its beauty, but for the remarkable fact that its 252 words are all monosyllables. The poem appears to have been written without a thought of its structural peculiarity.

The fair frail blooms which loved the sun
Grew faint at touch of cold,
And chilled and pale, fell one by one,
Dead in the dust and mold.

In yon tall tree, now bleached and thinned.
A nest swings frayed and lone.
All soaked with rain and rent by wind,—
Its fair freight fledged and flown.

Where are the birds, the moths, the bees,
And scores of glad free things
Which thronged the ground, the grass, the trees
Or thrilled the air with wings?

Gone with the warmth, and bloom and light
Born of the sun and sky,
Ere yet there fell this grief and blight,
And the chill night drew nigh.

On the low bough that arched the gate
When days were warm and long,
A wren, that has no nest or mate,
Droops, all too sad for song.

Shorn of its fruit, still clings the vine,
Its fair robes torn and sere;

No tint is left, nor sound, nor sign,
  Of all that June held dear.

But here, where down the dim, wet walks
  The blanched leaves whirl and beat,
One rose looks through the bare brown stalks,
  And charms the air with sweet,—

As one brave heart, when all the truth
  On earth seems dead or lost,
Still keeps the faith and fire of youth,
  And smiles in spite of frost.

Ah, though the friends I once held dear
  Are far, or false, or flown,
I need not grieve, for you are here,
  My hope, my love, my own!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
  And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

Frances S. Osgood.

SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half as pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always—
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.

Daniel O'Connell.

LINCOLN'S HEART THROBS

(From speech by Chauncey Depew at centenary celebration.)

President Lincoln rarely, with all his wit, humor and faculty for apt illustration, said anything which would hurt the feelings of his hearer. He cared little for poetry, but in early youth he had found in an old almanac a poem which he committed to memory and repeated often all through his life. It was entitled "Mortality," and the first verse was:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave."

He reverenced the sentiment of that poem. Probably reminiscent of the loved and lost he often repeated this verse from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all." This line, in one of his inaugurals, summed up the philosophy of his life. He was six feet four inches in height, with muscles of steel, and in early life among the rough, cruel, hard-drinking youth of the neighborhood was the strongest of them all, but his strength was always used to protect the weak against the strong, and to humble the bully, who is the terror of such

communities. During his youth and early manhood he lived where drinking was so common it was the habit, and the young men were all addicted to whiskey and tobacco chewing, but the singular purity of his nature was such that notwithstanding the ridicule of his surroundings, he never used either alcohol or tobacco. He is our only President who came to that great office from absolutely original American frontier conditions.

I first saw Mr. Lincoln when he stepped off his car for a few minutes at Peekskill, while on his way to Washington for his inauguration. He was cheerful and light-hearted, though he traveled through crowds, many of whom were enemies, part of the time in secret and all the time in danger of assassination. I met him frequently three years afterward when care, anxiety and long-continued overwork had made him look prematurely aged.

I was one of the committee in charge of the funeral train which was bearing his body to his home while on its way through the state of New York. The hostile hosts of four years before were now standing about the roadway with bared heads, weeping. As we sped over the rails at night the scene was the most pathetic ever witnessed. At every crossroads the glare of innumerable torches illumined the whole population, from age to infancy, kneeling on the ground and their clergymen leading in prayers and hymns. The casket was placed in the Capitol at Albany that we all might have a farewell look at the great President. The youthful confidence of my first view was gone, also the troubled

and worn look of the closing years of his labors, but there rested upon the pallid face and noble brow an expression in death of serenity, peace and happiness.

We are celebrating within a few months of each other the tercentenary of Milton and the centenaries of Poe and Darwin. Our current literature of the daily, weekly and monthly press is full of eulogy of the Puritan poet, of his influence upon English literature and the English language, and of his immortal work, "Paradise Lost." There are not in this vast audience twenty people who have read "Paradise Lost," while there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the United States who has not read Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. Few gathered to pay tribute to that remarkable genius, Edgar Allan Poe, and yet in every schoolhouse in the land today the children are reciting or hearing read extracts from the address of Lincoln. Darwin carved out a new era in scientific research and established the truth of one of the most beneficent principles for the progress and growth of the world. Yet Darwin's fame and achievements are for the select few in the higher realms of liberal learning. But for Lincoln the acclaim goes up today to him as one of the few foremost men of all the ages, from statesmen and men of letters of every land, from the halls of Congress and of the legislatures, from the seats of justice, from colleges and universities, and above and beyond all, from the homes of the plain people of the United States.

Chauncey Depew.

BORROWIN' THE BABY

Good mornin'. My ma sent me
To ast you how you was,
An' hope you're well—you know 'at is
Th' way she allus does.
My ma, she sez you're strangers,
But then she kind o' thought
She'd like to borry th' baby
'At you folkses has got.

My ma sets by th' window
An' watches you an' him,
An' kind o' smiles an' cries at onct,
'Cause he's like baby Jim.
Who's Jim? He was *our* baby—
We named him after pa.
Say, can we borry your baby
A little while for ma?

My ma, she sez she wouldn't
Mind if your baby cried—
She sez 'at's music in her ears
Since little Jim has died.
She sez she'll be good to him,
An' she'd like a whole lot
If we can borry th' baby
'At you folkses has got.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

From "The Trail to Boyland." Copyright 1904.
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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

(Senator Elihu Root's favorite selection)

How happy is he born or taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
  Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bonds
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view —
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
  In trust to Fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
  In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.

Albert G. Greene.

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record—
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Edna Dean Proctor.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Alpha

Night. Silence. A struggle for the light.

And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light."

He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them.

He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help.

A tiny craft in sight of new shores; he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was. He had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot.

He did not know the language of the planet upon which Providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody, every one of God's children, understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Someone said: "He came from heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said: "If it should be a girl."

And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. "A good cry," someone said. He did not understand, but he kept on crying.

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice —the doctor's, strong and reassuring. And one was a mother's voice. There was none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By and by somebody laughed softly and said, in coaxing tones:

"There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his way at once to two places—his bedroom and the dining-room.

He looked young, but made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveler. Knew the best room in the house, demanded it, and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them.

Found that "gracious hollow that God made" in his mother's shoulder that fit his head as pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it when he was a tiny baby "with no language but a cry."

Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he had learned, and all the elegant phrasing

the colleges had taught him, could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! Had to go to school the first day he got here. He had to begin his lessons at once. Got praised when he learned them. Got punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in this world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned how many more ways suffering can be self-inflicted.

Reached for the moon and cried because he couldn't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lessons in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

By and by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a higher accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt just like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry.

Grew so that he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. When people praised his laughter the most—"it was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes.

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to

sleep. Cried again one day when his hair was white because he was tired of work and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then he turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same things he began to study when he was a baby.

OMEGA

Until at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him, just as they had done at first. Darkened was the room and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time.

There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a grave look and carried a book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother voice had passed into silence. But that was the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he heard, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again, but all his school-acquired wealth of many-syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing, had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not from his eyes.

Then someone bending over him said, "He came from heaven," Now someone, stooping above him, said, "He has gone to heaven." The blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him now bade him godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

So the baby had walked in a little circle after all, as all men, lost in a great wilderness, are said always to do.

As was written thousands of years ago: "The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."

He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By and by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come into this world he went out of it.

Silence. Light.

R. J. Burdette.

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I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE BREAKING PLOW

I am the plow that turns the sod
That has lain for a thousand years;
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers nod
And the wolf her wild cub rears,
I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,
I am first to stir the soil,
I bring the glory of wheat and corn
For the crowning of those who toil;
I am civilization's seal and sign
Yea, I am the mighty pen
That writes the sod with a pledge divine,
A promise to pay with bread and wine
For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were,
And the birth of things to be,
My coming makes the earth to stir
With a new and strange decree;
After its slumbers, deep and long,
I waken the drowsy sod,
And sow my furrow with lifts of song
To gladden the heart of the mighty throng
Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose
Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
Have whitened the grassy sea;
Before me curls the wavering smoke
Of the Indian's smoldering fire,
Behind me rise —was it God who spoke?—
At the toil-enchanted hammer's stroke,
The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who *does*,
For the joy of him and his,
I rouse the slumbering world that was
To the diligent world that is;
Oh, seer with vision that looks away
A thousand years from now,
The marvelous nation your eyes survey,
Was born of the purpose that here, today,
Is guiding the breaking plow.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

JUDGE NOT

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

By permission. *Joaquin Miller.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN

It was in description and meditation that Byron excelled. . . . (Yet). His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry, the hero of every tale, the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron; and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world, the Tagus with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom, the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forest of cork trees and willows, the glaring marble of Pentelicus, the banks of the Rhine, the glaciers of Clarens, the sweet lake of Leman, the dell of Egeria, with its summer birds and rustling lizards, the shapeless ruins of Rome overgrown with ivy and wallflowers, the stars, the sea, the mountains, all were mere accessories, the background to one dark and melancholy figure.—*Macaulay.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him to earth again—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime;
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; e'en from thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean; and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

FORGET THEE?

"Forget thee?"—If to dream by night and muse on thee
by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's
protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an
hour,

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest-birds forget their
sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing
dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "moun-
tains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered
spot;—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt
be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and
fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart shall grow less glad
for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O bid not mine to
rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining
love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me
not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be
forgot!

John Moultrie.

JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS

Josh Billings relateth his first experience with the gong thusly:

I never can erradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the fust gong I ever herd. I was settin on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin the line botes a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy (where I usen to liv), and her gondolers and gallus wimmin. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with; there are times when a man breakes luce from hisself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevin, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse of true luv never did run smoothe (this is Shakespeare's opinion, too). Just as I was duin my bes —dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjus jump I struck the center ov the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle of the street snortin like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, nu

hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string of bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down, I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn; I was jest on the pint ov thinken ov somethin else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin by a string the bottom ov a old brass kettle. He kawled me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong, I saw the kussed thing, he said supper was ready, and axed me ef I wud have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

THE FUTURE

'Tis well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near:
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

Anon.

SEVEN TIMES THREE

Love

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee tonight."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;

But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

Jean Ingelow

PET'S PUNISHMENT

Oh, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses.

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her better
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty jeweled fetters.

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

J. Ashby-Sterry.

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE

The first item in the common-sense creed is obedience.

Do your work with a whole heart! Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protest is to fail absolutely.

When you revolt, why, revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to limbo! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself.

But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted and slipshod work.

If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself.

The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart.

There are boats that mind the helm and boats that don't. Those that don't get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to lavishly obey this man nor that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case and does the thing.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who

has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way—the world has it in for him because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them. But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.

By permission. *Elbert Hubbard.*

AN EVENT

You see him strut along the street,
His head is in the air;
A wondrous thing has just occurred,
And he has time to spare
In which to tell, with much detail,
This great event to you.
"Last night," he whispers, "just at eight
My baby said, 'Ah goo!'"

Kingdoms may totter on their base
And in some deep abyss
Kings fall, but all things else are naught
Compared with news like this.
The household gods are upside down
And there is more ado
Than moving time or cleaning time
When baby says, "Ah goo!"

By permission Life Publishing Company. *Tom Masson.*

OLD FRIENDS

There are no friends like old friends
  And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
  As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
  Though born of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
  We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
  Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean,
  Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
  Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
  Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends
  To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
  O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows,
  The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
  Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
  To calm our frequent fears.

When shadows fall and deepen
  Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
  Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
  Who wait the other side.

David Banks Sickles.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.

SNOWBOUND

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may the wide earth o'er
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our needs is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,

Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Whittier.

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"Religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good."—*Swedenborg.*

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor
That was his deed; he did it well.
What was his creed? I cannot tell.

"Blessed in his basket and his store"
In sitting down and rising up
The more he got, the more he gave,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead in each good task
What was his creed? I do not ask.

His charity was like the snow
Soft, white and silent as its fall
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves a pall

For flowers and weed drooping below,
What was his creed? The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people, young and old,
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed as well as pray,
What was his creed? I cannot say.

In *words* he did not put his trust
His faith in words he never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need a friend was he.
What was his creed? He told not me.

He put his faith in goodness, and he
Worked well with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed, for life is brief.
What was his creed? What's his belief?

Author unknown.

REMEMBER

You do not have to fight—
You do not have to struggle—
You only have to know.

Author unknown.

HANNAH JANE

She isn't half so handsome as when twenty years agone,
At her old home in Piketon, Parson Avery made us one;
Th' great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin as white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mess it was! and soft and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling; her little notes to me
Were full of crooked pothooks, and the worst orthography;
Her "dear" she spelled with double *e*, and kiss with but one *s*,
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,
And every rule of syntax that old Murray made she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I was young;
Her form and face o'er balanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a little more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us well knew,
Said—which I believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers once so shapely now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little are we one;
The beauty rare that more than hid that great defect is gone.
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception and levee,
The brightest, wittiest and most famed of women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men,
And sometimes sigh with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,

Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on "Hell,"

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama Claims.

I can't forget—just at this point another form appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,
And wonder what my share would be, if Justice should decide.

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;
On that we married, and thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,
And love for me, and faith in me, and back of that a *will.*

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember when my coat (the only one I had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and in fact, most "shocking bad."
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made;
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay;
I got a coat and wore it; but alas! poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which t' appear in court;
She made her last year's bonnet do, that I might have a hat;
Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs after that!

No negro ever worked so hard, a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.

What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be concealed;
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted;
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl, where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in every race;
I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the base.

She made me take each fall the stump; she said 'twas my career;
The wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed
'Twas the best one of the session, those comments she could read;
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,
She sent them to me in a note with half the words misspelt.

At twenty-eight the State House; on the bench at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers and grew, and made my point in life, but she—
Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has been,
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true;
For me she rubbed herself quite out—I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give great praise to me,
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! the contract 'twixt Hannah, God and me,
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think, I know, down in my heart,
That, if either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on the final day,
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,
I'll yield the palm, for God is just, and he knows Hannah Jane.

Petroleum V. Nasby (*D. R. Locke*).

THE RETURN

He sought the old scenes with eager feet,—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh! for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."
He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.
Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned the truth,—
One may go back to the place of his birth,—
He cannot go back to his youth.

John Burroughs.

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